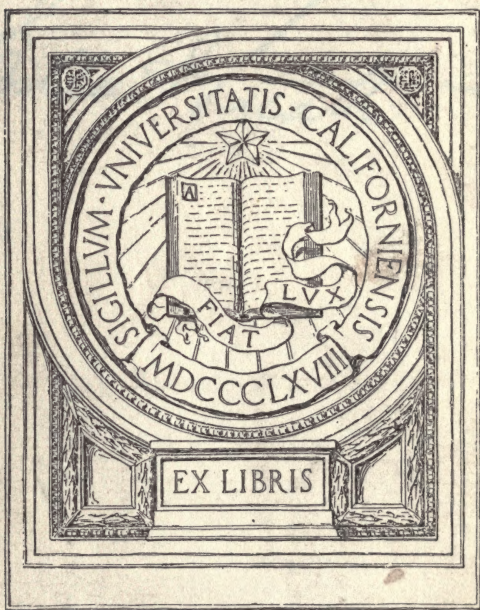


*Tennison*



IN MEMORIAM  
Mary J. L. Mc Donald

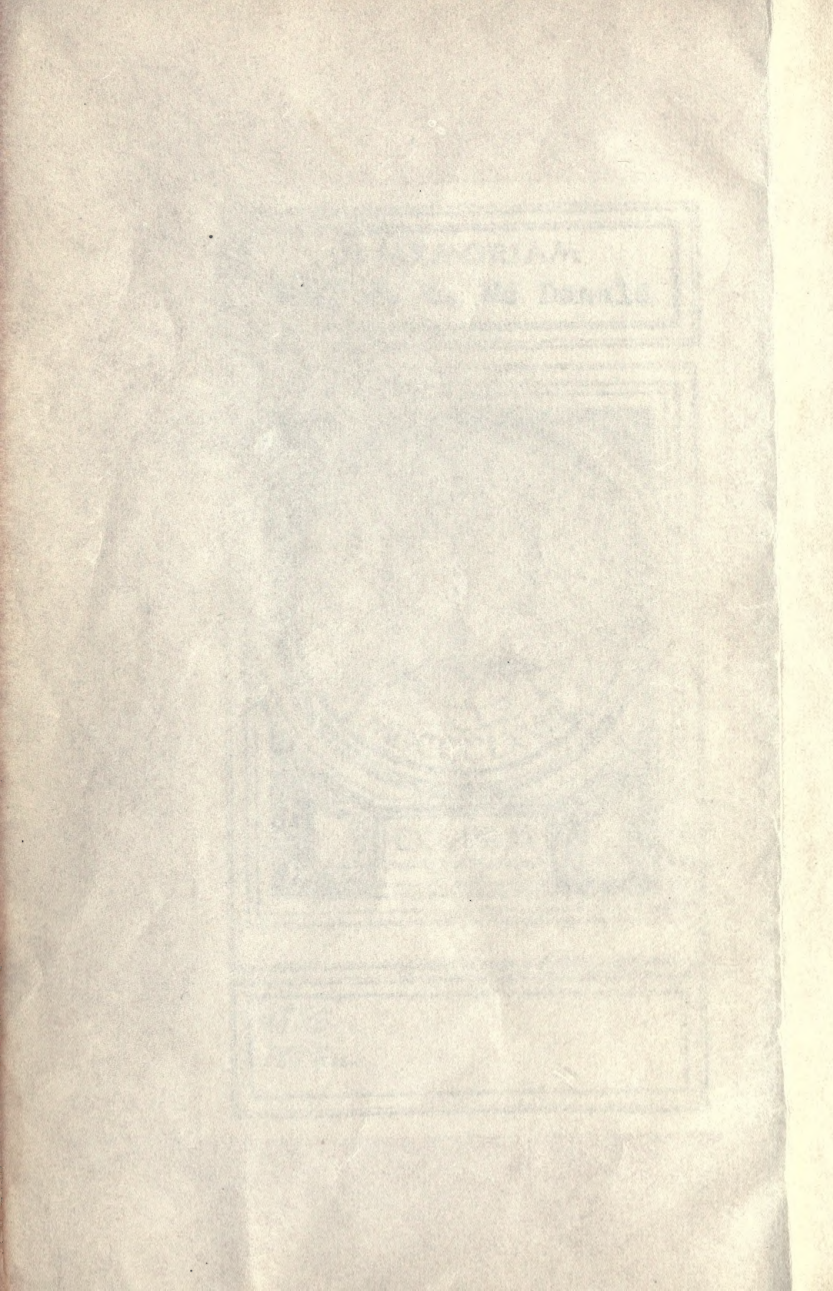


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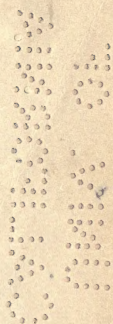
















*"An arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword."*



THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
ALFRED TENNYSON;

POET LAUREATE.

COMPLETE EDITION,

ILLUSTRATED.



CHICAGO AND NEW YORK:  
BELFORD, CLARKE & COMPANY,  
PUBLISHERS.

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ALFRED TENNYSON

POET LAUREATE

COMPLETE EDITION

IN MEMORIAM

Mary J. L. McDonald

WILLIAM CLARKE & COMPANY  
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

TROW'S  
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.



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# POEMS.

(PUBLISHED 1830.)

## TO THE QUEEN.

REVERED, beloved—O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria,—since your Royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you  
time

To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,  
And thro' wild March the throstle  
calls,

Where all about your palace-walls  
The sunlit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;  
For tho' the faults were thick as dust  
In vacant chambers, I could trust  
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood  
As noble till the latest day!

May children of our children say,  
“She wrought her people lasting good;

“Her court was pure; her life serene;  
God gave her peace; her land re-  
posed;

A thousand claims to reverence  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

“And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons, when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet

“By shaping some august decree,  
Which kept her throne unshaken  
still,  
Broad based upon her people's will,  
And compassed by the inviolate sea.”

MARCH, 1851.

## CLARIBEL.

### A MELODY.

#### I.

WHERE Claribel low-lieth *his burial*  
The breezes pause and die,  
Letting the rose-leaves fall:  
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth  
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,  
With an ancient melody  
Of an inward agony,  
Where Claribel low-lieth.

#### 2.

At eve the beetle boometh  
Athwart the thicket lone:  
At noon the wild bee hummeth  
About the moss'd headstone:  
At midnight the moon cometh,  
And looketh down alone.

#### 3.

Her song the lintwhite swelleth,  
The clear-voiced mayis dwelleth,  
The callow throstle lispeth,  
The slumberous wave outwelleth  
The babbling runnel crispeth,  
The hollow grot replieth  
Where Claribel low-lieth.

## LILIAN.

## I.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,  
 Flitting, fairy Lilian;  
 When I ask her if she love me,  
 Claps her tiny hands above me,  
 Laughing all she can;  
 She'll not tell me if she love me,  
 Cruel little Lilian.

## 2.

When my passion seeks  
 Pleasance in love-sighs  
 She, looking thro' and thro' me  
 Thoroughly to undo me,  
 Smiling, never speaks:  
 So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,  
 From beneath her gather'd wimple  
 Glancing with black-beaded eyes,  
 Till the lightning laughs dimple  
 The baby-roses in her cheeks;  
 Then away she flies.

## 3.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!  
 Gayety without eclipse  
 Wearieth me, May Lilian:  
 Thro' my very heart it thrilleth  
 When from crimson-threaded lips  
 Silver-treble laughter trilleth;  
 Prythee weep, May Lilian.

## 4.

Praying all I can,  
 If prayers will not hush thee,  
 Airy Lilian,  
 Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,  
 Fairy Lilian.

## ISABEL.

## I.

EYES not down-dropped nor over-bright,  
 but fed  
 With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,  
 Clear, without heat, undying, tended by  
 Pure vestal thoughts in the trans-  
 lucent fane [pread,  
 Of her still spirit; locks not wide dis-

Madonna-wise on either side her  
 head;  
 Sweet lips whereon perpetually did  
 The summer calm of golden charity,  
 Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,  
 Revered Isabel, the crown and  
 head,  
 The stately flower of female fortitude,  
 Of perfect wifehood, and pure low-  
 lihead.

## 2.

The intuitive decision of a bright  
 And thorough-edged intellect to part  
 Error from crime; a prudence to  
 withhold;  
 The laws of marriage character'd  
 Upon the blanched tablets of her  
 heart;  
 A love still burning upward, giving  
 To read those laws; an accent very low  
 In blandishment, but a most silver flow  
 Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,  
 Right to the heart and brain, tho' un-  
 described,  
 Winning its way with extreme gen-  
 thro' all the outworks of suspicious  
 pride;  
 A courage to endure and to obey;  
 A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,  
 Crown'd Isabel, thro' all her placid life,  
 The queen of marriage, a most perfect  
 wife.

## 3.

The mellowed reflex of a winter moon;  
 A clear stream flowing with a muddy  
 one,  
 Till in its onward current it absorbs  
 With swifter movement and in  
 purer light  
 The vexed eddies of its wayward  
 A leaning and upbearing parasite,  
 Clothing the stem, which else had  
 fallen quite,  
 With cluster'd flower-bells and am-  
 Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on  
 each other—  
 Shadow forth thee;—the world  
 (Though all her fairest forms are types  
 of thee,  
 And thou of God in thy great charity)  
 Of such a finish'd, chasten'd purity.



MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."  
*Measure for Measure.*

With blackest moss the flower-plots  
Were thickly crusted, one and all :  
The rusted nails fell from the knots  
That held the peach to the garden-  
wall. [strange :  
The broken sheds look'd sad and  
Unlifted was the clinking latch :  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.  
She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !"

Her tears fell with the dews at even ;  
Her tears fell ere the dews were  
dried :  
She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
Either at morn or eventide.  
After the flitting of the bats,  
When thickest dark did trance the  
sky,  
She drew her casement-curtain by,  
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.  
She only said, "The night is  
dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !"

Upon the middle of the night,  
Waking she heard the night-fowl  
crow :  
The cock sung out an hour ere light :  
Not from the dark fen the oxen's low  
Came to her : without hope of change,  
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,  
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed  
morn  
About the lonely moated grange.  
She only said, "The day is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !"

About a stone-cast from the wall  
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,  
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
All silver-green with gnarled bark :  
For leagues no other tree did mark  
The level waste, the rounding gray.  
She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !"

And ever when the moon was low,  
And the shrill winds were up and  
away,  
In the white curtain, to and fro,  
She saw the gusty shadow sway.  
But when the moon was very low,  
And wild winds bound within their  
cell,  
The shadow of the poplar fell  
Upon her bed, across her brow.  
She only said, "The night is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !"

All day within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creak'd ;  
The blue fly sung in the pane ; the  
mouse [shriek'd,  
Behind the mouldering wainscot  
Or from the crevice peered about.  
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without.  
She only said, "My life is dreary,  
He cometh not," she said ;  
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead !"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
Which to the wooing wind aloof  
The poplar made, did all confound  
Her sense ; but most she loathed the  
hour  
When the thick-moated sunbeam lay  
Athwart the chambers, and the day  
Was sloping toward his western bower.  
Then said she, "I am very dreary,  
He will not come," she said ;  
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,  
O God, that I were dead !"

TO ———.

1.

CLEAR-HEADED friend, whose joyful  
 scorn, [atwain  
 Edged with sharp laughter, cuts  
 The knots that tangle human  
 creeds, [strain  
 The wounding cords that bind and  
 The heart until it bleeds,  
 Ray-fringed eyelids of the morn  
 Roof not a glance so keen as  
 thine :  
 If aught of prophecy be mine,  
 Thou wilt not live in vain.

2.

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit ;  
 Falsehood shall bare her plaited  
 brow : [now  
 Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not  
 With shrilling shafts of subtle wit,  
 Nor martyr-flames, nor trenchant  
 swords  
 Can do away that ancient lie ;  
 A gentler death shall Falsehood die,  
 Shot thro' and thro' with cunning words.

3.

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch,  
 Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost  
 need,  
 Thy kingly intellect shall feed,  
 Until she be an athlete bold,  
 And weary with a finger's touch  
 Those writhed limbs of lightning  
 speed ; [old,  
 Like that strange angel which of  
 Until the breaking of the light,  
 Wrestled with wandering Israel,  
 Past Yabbok brook the livelong  
 night,  
 And heaven's mazed signs stood still  
 In the dim tract of Penuel.

MADELINE.

1.

THOU art not steeped in golden lan-  
 guors,  
 No tranced summer calm is thine,  
 Ever varying Madeline.

Thro' light and shadow thou dost  
 range,

Sudden glances, sweet and strange,  
 Delicious spites and darling angers,  
 And airy forms of flitting change.

2.

Smiling, frowning, evermore,  
 Thou art perfect in love-lore.  
 Revelings deep and clear are thine  
 Of wealthy smiles ; but who may know  
 Whether smile or frown be fleetest ?  
 Whether smile or frown be sweeter,  
 Who may know ?

Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow  
 Light-gloomings over eyes divine,  
 Like little clouds, sun-fringed, are thine,  
 Ever varying Madeline.

Thy smile and frown are not aloof  
 From one another,  
 Each to each is dearest brother ;  
 Hues of the silken sheeny woof  
 Momently shot into each other.  
 All the mystery is thine ;  
 Smiling, frowning, evermore,  
 Thou art perfect in love-lore,  
 Ever varying Madeline.

3.

A subtle, sudden flame,  
 By veering passion fann'd,  
 About thee breaks and dances ;  
 When I would kiss thy hand,  
 The flush of anger'd shame  
 O'erflows thy calmer glances,  
 And o'er black brows drops down  
 A sudden-curved frown.  
 But when I turn away,  
 Thou, willing me to stay,  
 Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest ;  
 But, looking fixedly the while,  
 All my bounding heart entanglest  
 In a golden-netted smile ;  
 Then in madness and in bliss,  
 If my lips should dare to kiss  
 Thy taper fingers amorously,  
 Again thou blushest angrily ;  
 And o'er black brows drops down  
 A sudden-curved frown.



SONG.—THE OWL

I.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round;  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

2.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the  
thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay:  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG.

TO THE SAME.

I.

THY tuwhits are lull'd I wot,  
Thy tuwhoos of yesternight,  
Which upon the dark afloat,  
So took echo with delight,  
So took echo with delight,  
That her voice untuneful grown,  
Wears all day a fainter tone.

2.

I would mock thy chaunt anew;  
But I cannot mimic it;  
Not a whit of thy tuwhoo,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
Thee to woo to thy tuwhit,  
With a lengthen'd loud halloo,  
Tuwhoo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tuwhoo-o-o.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE  
ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
In the silken sail of infancy,  
The tide of time flow'd back with me,  
The forward-flowing tide of time:

And many a sheeny summer-morn,  
Adown the Tigris I was borne,  
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,  
High-walled gardens green and old;  
True Mussulman was I and sworn,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'  
The low and bloomed foliage, drove  
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and  
clove

The citron-shadows in the blue:  
By garden porches on the brim,  
The costly doors flung open wide,  
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,  
And broider'd sofas on each side:  
In sooth it was a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans  
guard

The outlet, did I turn away  
The boat-head down a broad canal  
From the main river sluiced, where all  
The sloping of the moon-lit sward  
Was damask-work, and deep inlay  
Of braided blooms unmown, which  
crept

Adown to where the water slept.  
A goodly place, a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won  
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on  
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,  
Until another night in night  
I enter'd, from the clearer light,  
Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm,  
Imprisoning sweets, which as they  
clomb [dome  
Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the  
Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal  
Is rounded to as clear a lake.  
From the green rivage many a fall  
Of diamond rillels musical,

Thro' little crystal arches low  
 Down from the central fountain's flow  
 Fall'n silver-chiming, seem'd to shake  
 The sparkling flints beneath the prow.  
 A goodly place, a goodly time,  
 For it was in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn  
 A walk with vary-color'd shells  
 Wander'd engrain'd. On either side  
 All round about the fragrant marge  
 From fluted vase, and brazen urn  
 In order, eastern flowers large,  
 Some dropping low their crimson bells  
 Half-closed, and others studded wide  
 With disks and tiars, fed the time  
 With odor in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove  
 In closest coverture upsprung,  
 The living airs of middle night  
 Died round the bulbul as he sung;  
 Not he: but something which possess'd  
 The darkness of the world, delight,  
 Life, anguish, death, immortal love,  
 Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd,  
 Apart from place, withholding time,  
 But flattering the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots  
 Slumber'd: the solemn palms were  
     ranged  
 Above, unwoo'd of summer wind:  
 A sudden splendor from behind  
 Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-  
     green,  
 And, flowing rapidly between  
 Their interspaces, counterchanged  
 The level lake with diamond-plots  
 Of dark and bright. A lovely time,  
 For it was in the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,  
 Distinct with vivid stars inlaid.  
 Grew darker from that under-flame:  
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,  
 With silver anchor left afloat,

In marvel whence that glory came  
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank  
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,  
 Enranced with that place and time,  
 So worthy of the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn--  
 A realm of pleasance, many a mound,  
 And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn  
 Full of the city's stilly sound,  
 And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round  
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,  
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,  
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks  
 Graven with emblems of the time,  
 In honor of the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed vision unawares  
 From the long alley's latticed shade  
 Emerged, I came upon the great  
 Pavilion of the Caliphat.  
 Right to the carven cedarn doors,  
 Flang inward over spangled floors,  
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs  
 Ran up with golden balustrade,  
 After the fashion of the time,  
 And humor of the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight  
 As with the quintessence of flame,  
 A million tapers flaring bright  
 From twisted silvers look'd to shame  
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd  
 Upon the mooned domes aloof  
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd  
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof  
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous  
     time,  
 To celebrate the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly  
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,  
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes  
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays  
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl  
 Tressed with redolent ebony,  
 In many a dark delicious curl,  
 Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone



The sweetest lady of the time,  
Well worthy of the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,  
Pure silver, underpropt a rich  
Throne of the massive ore, from which  
Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,  
Engarlanded and diaper'd  
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.  
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd  
With merriment of kingly pride,  
Sole star of all that place and time,  
I saw him—in his golden prime,  
THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID!

## ODE TO MEMORY.

## 1.

THOU who stealest fire,  
From the fountains of the past,  
To glorify the present; oh, haste,  
Visit my low desire!  
Strengthen me, enlighten me!  
I faint in this obscurity,  
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

## 2.

Come not as thou camest of late,  
Flinging the gloom of yesternight  
On the white day; but robed in soften'd  
light

Of orient state.

Whilome thou camest with the morning  
mist,

Even as a maid, whose stately brow  
The dew-impearled winds of dawn have  
kiss'd,

When she, as thou,  
Stays on her floating locks the lovely  
freight [shoots  
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest  
Of orient green, giving safe pledge of  
fruits,

Which in wintertide shall star  
The black earth will brilliance rare.

## 3.

Whilome thou camest with the morning  
mist,

And with the evening cloud,  
Showering thy gleaned wealth into my  
open breast,

(Those peerless flowers which in the  
rudest wind

Never grow sere,  
When rooted in the garden of the mind,  
Because they are the earliest of the  
year).

Nor was the night thy shroud.  
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken  
rest [Hope.

Thou leddest by the hand thine infant  
The eddying of her garments caught  
from thee [the cope

The light of thy great presence; and  
Of the half-attain'd futurity,

Though deep not fathomless,  
Was cloven with the million stars  
which tremble

O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.  
Small thought was there of life's dis-  
tress; [could dull

For sure she deem'd no mist of earth  
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and  
beautiful:

Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,  
Listening the lordly music flowing from  
The illimitable years.

O strengthen me, enlighten me!

I faint in this obscurity,  
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

## 4.

Come forth I charge thee, arise,  
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad  
eyes! [ing vines

Thou comest not with shows of flaunt-  
Unto mine inner eye,  
Divinest Memory!

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall  
Which ever sounds and shines

A pillar of white light upon the wall  
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:

Come from the woods that belt the  
gray hill-side,

The seven elms, the poplars four  
That stand beside my father's door,  
And chiefly from the brook that loves  
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed  
sand,

Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,  
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,  
In every elbow and turn,

The filter'd tribute of the rough wood-land.

O ! hither lead thy feet !

Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat [folds,

Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled Upon the ridged wolds,

When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud

Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,

What time the amber morn

Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

## 5.

Large dowries doth the raptured eye

To the young spirit present

When first she is wed ;

And like a bride of old

In triumph led,

With music and sweet showers

Of festal flowers,

Unto the dwelling she must sway. [Memory,

Well hast thou done, great artist

In setting round thy first experiment

With royal frame-work of wrought gold ; [essay,

Needs must thou dearly love thy first

And foremost in thy various gallery

Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls

Upon the storied walls ;

For the discovery

And newness of thine art so pleased thee, [fairest

That all which thou hast drawn of

Or boldest since, but lightly weighs

With thee unto the love thou bearest

The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,

Ever retiring thou dost gaze

On the prime labor of thine early days :

No matter what the sketch might be ;

Whether the high field on the bushless pike,

Or even a sand-built ridge

Of heaped hills that mound the sea,

Overblown with murmurs harsh,

Or even a lowly cottage whence we see

Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,

Where from the frequent bridge,

Like emblems of infinity,

The trenched waters run from sky to sky ;

Or a garden bower'd close

With plaited alleys of the trailing rose, [grots,

Long alleys falling down to twilight

Or opening upon level plots

Of crowned lilies, standing near

Purple-spiked lavender :

Whither in after life retired

From brawling storms,

From weary wind,

With youthful fancy reinspired,

We may hold converse with all forms

Of the many-sided mind,

And those whom passion hath not blinded,

Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone,

Were how much better than to own

A crown, a sceptre, and a throne !

O strengthen me, enlighten me !

I faint in this obscurity,

Thou dewy dawn of memory.

## SONG.

## I.

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours

Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers :

To himself he talks ;

For at eventide, listening earnestly,

At his work you may hear him sob and sigh

In the walks ;

Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks

Of the mouldering flowers :

Heavily hangs the broad sunflower

Over its grave i' the earth so chilly ;

Heavily hangs the hollyhock,

Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

## 2.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,

As a sick man's room when he taketh repose

An hour before death ;



My very heart faints and my whole  
 soul grieves [leaves,  
 At the moist rich smell of the rotting  
 And the breath  
 Of the fading edges of box  
 beneath,  
 And the year's last rose.  
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
 Over its grave i' the earth so  
 chilly,  
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,  
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

## ADELINE.

## 1.

MYSTERY of mysteries,  
 Faintly smiling Adeline,  
 Scarce of earth nor all divine,  
 Nor unhappy, nor at rest,  
 But beyond expression fair  
 With thy floating flaxen hair;  
 Thy rose-lips and full blue eyes  
 Take the heart from out my breast.  
 Wherefore those dim looks of thine,  
 Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

## 2.

Whence that aery bloom of thine,  
 Like a lily which the sun  
 Looks thro' in his sad decline,  
 And a rose-bush leans upon,  
 Thou that faintly smilest still,  
 As a Naiad in a well,  
 Looking at the set of day,  
 Or a phantom two hours old  
 Of a maiden past away,  
 Ere the placid lips be cold?  
 Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,  
 Spiritual Adeline?

## 3.

What hope or fear or joy is thine?  
 Who talketh with thee, Adeline?  
 For sure thou art not all alone:  
 Do beating hearts of salient  
 springs  
 Keep measure with thine own?  
 Hast thou heard the butterflies  
 What they say betwixt their wings?

Or in stillest evenings  
 With what voice the violet woos  
 To his heart the silver dew?  
 Or when little airs arise,  
 How the merry bluebell rings  
 To the mosses underneath?  
 Hast thou look'd upon the breath  
 Of the lilies at sunrise?  
 Wherefore that faint smile of thine,  
 Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

## 4.

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,  
 Some spirit of a crimson rose  
 In love with thee forgets to close  
 His curtains, wasting odorous sighs  
 All night long on darkness blind.  
 What aileth thee? whom waitest thou  
 With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow,  
 And those dew-lit eyes of thine  
 Thou faint smiler, Adeline?

## 5.

Lovest thou the doleful wind  
 When thou gazest at the skies?  
 Doth the low-tongued Orient  
 Wander from the side of the morn,  
 Dripping with Sabæan spice  
 On thy pillow, lowly bent  
 With melodious airs lovelorn,  
 Breathing Light against thy face  
 While his locks a-dropping twined  
 Round thy neck in subtle ring  
 Make a carcanet of rays,  
 And ye talk together still,  
 In the language wherewith Spring  
 Letters cowslips on the hill?  
 Hence that look and smile of thine.  
 Spiritual Adeline.

## A CHARACTER.

WITH a half-glance upon the sky  
 At night he said, "The wanderings  
 Of this most intricate Universe  
 Teach me the nothingness of thin  
 Yet could not all creation pierce  
 Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty : that the dull  
Saw no divinity in grass,  
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air ;  
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,  
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his  
hair,  
And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue : not the gods  
More purely, when they wish to charm  
Pallas and Juno sitting by :  
And with a sweeping of the arm,  
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,  
Devolved his rounded periods.

Most delicately hour by hour  
He canvass'd human mysteries,  
And trod on silk, as if the winds  
Blew his own praises in his eyes,  
And stood aloof from other minds  
In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,  
Himself unto himself he sold :  
Upon himself himself did feed :  
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,  
And other than his form of creed,  
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

### THE POET.

THE poet in a golden clime was born,  
With golden stars above ;  
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the  
scorn of scorn,  
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good  
and ill  
He saw thro' his own soul.  
The marvel of the everlasting will,  
An open scroll,

Before him lay : with echoing feet he  
threaded  
The secretest walks of fame :  
The viewless arrows of his thoughts  
were headed  
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver  
tongue,  
And of so fierce a flight,  
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung,  
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which  
bore  
Them earthward till they lit ;  
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field  
flower  
The fruitful wit

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth  
anew,  
Where'er they fell, behold,  
Like to the mother plant in semblance,  
grew  
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to  
fling  
The winged shafts of truth,  
To throng with stately blooms the  
breathing spring  
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with  
beams,  
Tho' one did fling the fire.  
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many  
dreams  
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the  
world  
Like one great garden show'd,  
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark  
upcurl'd,  
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august  
sunrise  
Her beautiful bold brow,  
When rites and forms before his burn-  
ing eyes  
Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden  
robes  
Sunn'd by those orient skies :  
But round about the circles of the  
globes  
Of her keen eyes



And in her raiment's hem was traced  
in flame

WISDOM, a name to shake  
All evil dreams of power,—a sacred  
name.

And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they  
ran,

And as the lightning to the thunder  
Which follows it, riving the spirit of  
man,

Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words.  
No sword

Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,  
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his*  
word

She shook the world.

### THE POET'S MIND.

#### I.

VEX not thou the poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit:  
Vex not thou the poet's mind;  
For thou canst not fathom it.  
Clear and bright it should be ever,  
Flowing like a crystal river;  
Bright as light, and clear as wind.

#### 2.

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not anear;  
All the place is holy ground;  
Hollow smile and frozen sneer  
Come not here.  
Holy water will I pour  
Into every spicy flower  
Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it  
around. [cheer.  
The flowers would faint at your cruel  
In your eye there is death,  
There is frost in your breath  
Which would blight the plants.  
Where you stand you cannot hear  
From the groves within  
The wild-bird's din.

In the heart of the garden the merry  
bird chants,  
It would fall to the ground if you came  
in.

In the middle leaps a fountain  
Like sheet lightning,  
Ever brightening  
With a low melodious thunder;  
All day and all night it is ever drawn  
From the brain of the purple moun-  
tain

Which stands in the distance yonder:  
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,  
And the mountain draws it from  
Heaven above,

And it sings a song of undying love;  
And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and  
full, [so dull;

You never would hear it; your ears are  
So keep where you are: you are foul  
with sin; [came in.

It would shrink to the earth if you

### THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and  
saw, [ning foam,  
Betwixt the green brink and the run-  
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and  
bosoms prest [they mused,  
To little harps of gold; and while  
Whispering to each other half in fear,  
Shrill music reach'd them on the  
middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither  
away? fly no more.

Whither away from the high green field,  
and the happy blossoming shore?

Day and night to the billow the foun-  
tain calls;

Down shower the gambolling waterfalls  
From wandering over the lea:

Out of the live-green heart of the dells  
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,

And tick with white bells the clover-  
hill swells

High over the full-toned sea:

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,  
 Come hither to me and to me :  
 Hither, come hither and frolic and play;  
 Here it is only the mew that wails ;  
 We will sing to you all the day :  
 Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,  
 For here are the blissful downs and dales,  
 And merrily, merrily carol the gales,  
 And the spangle dances in bight and bay,  
 And the rainbow forms and flies on the land  
 Over the islands free ;  
 And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand ;  
 Hither, come hither and see ;  
 And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,  
 And sweet is the color of cove and cave,  
 And sweet shall your welcome be :  
 O hither, come hither, and be our lords  
 For merry brides are we :  
 We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words :  
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten  
 With pleasure and love and jubilee ;  
 O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten  
 When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords  
 Runs up the ridged sea.  
 Who can light on as happy a shore  
 All the world o'er, all the world o'er?  
 Whither away ? listen and stay : mariner,  
 mariner, fly no more.

### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

#### 1.

LIFE and Thought have gone away  
 Side by side,  
 Leaving door and windows wide :  
 Careless tenants they !

#### 2.

All within is dark as night :  
 In the windows is no light ;  
 And no murmur at the door,  
 So frequent on its hinge before.

#### 3.

Close the door, the shutters close,  
 Or thro' the windows we shall see  
 The nakedness and vacancy  
 Of the dark deserted house.

#### 4.

Come away : no more of mirth  
 Is here or merry-making sound.  
 The house was builded of the earth,  
 And shall fall again to ground.

#### 5.

Come away : for Life and Thought  
 Here no longer dwell ;  
 But in a city glorious—  
 A great and distant city—have bought  
 A mansion incorruptible.  
 Would they could have stayed with us !

### THE DYING SWAN.

#### 1.

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,  
 Wide, wild, and open to the air,  
 Which had built up everywhere  
 An under-roof of doleful gray.  
 With an inner voice the river ran,  
 Adown it floated a dying swan,  
 And loudly did lament.  
 It was the middle of the day.  
 Ever the weary wind went on,  
 And took the reed-tops as it went.

#### 2.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,  
 And white against the cold-white sky,  
 Shone out their crowning snows.  
 One willow over the river wept,  
 And shook the wave as the wind did sigh ;  
 Above in the wind was the swallow,  
 Chasing itself at its own wild will,  
 And far thro' the marsh green and still  
 The tangled water-courses slept,  
 Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.



## 3.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the  
soul

Of that waste place with joy  
Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear  
The warble was low, and full and clear;  
And floating about the under-sky,  
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach  
stole;

Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear,  
But anon her awful jubilant voice,  
With a music strange and manifold,  
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;  
As when a mighty people rejoice  
With shawms, and with cymbals, and  
harps of gold,

And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd  
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,  
To the shepherd who watcheth the  
evening star. [ing weeds,

And the creeping mosses and clamber-  
And the willow-branches hoar and  
dank, [reeds,

And the wavy swell of the southing  
And the wave-worn horns of the echo-  
ing band. [throng

And the silvery marish-flowers that  
The desolate creeks and pools among,  
Were flooded over with eddying song.

## A DIRGE.

## 1.

Now is done thy long day's work;  
Fold thy palms across thy breast,  
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk  
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

## 2.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander;  
Nothing but the small cold worm  
Fretteth thine enshrined form.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander  
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

## 3.

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed;  
Chanteth not the brooding bee  
Sweeter tones than calumny?

Let them rave.

Thou wilt never raise thine head  
From the green that folds thy grave

Let them rave.

## 4.

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;  
The woodbine and eglare  
Drip sweeter dew than traitor's tear.

Let them rave.

Rain makes music in the tree  
O'er the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

## 5.

Round thee blow, self-pleacned deep,  
Bramble-roses, faint and pale,  
And long purples of the dale.

Let them rave.

These in every shower creep  
Thro' the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

## 6.

The gold-eyed kingcups fine;  
The frail bluebell peereth over  
Rare broidry of the purple clover.

Let them rave.

Kings have no such couch as thine,  
As the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

## 7.

Wild words wander here and there;  
God's great gift of speech abused  
Makes thy memory confused:

But let them rave.

The balm-cricket carols clear  
In the green that folds thy grave.

Let them rave.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gath-  
ering light

Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,  
And all about him roll'd his lustrous  
eyes;

When, turning round a cassia, full in  
view  
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,  
And talking to himself, first met his  
sight: [walks are mine."  
"You must begone," said Death, "these  
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans  
for flight; [is thine:  
Yet ere he parted said, "This hour  
Thou art the shadow of life, and as the  
tree [neath,  
Stands in the sun and shadows all be-  
So in the light of great eternity  
Life eminent creates the shade of death;  
The shadow passeth when the tree shall  
fall,  
But I shall reign forever over all."

### THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,  
Oriana.  
There is no rest for me below,  
Oriana.  
When the long dun wolds are ribb'd  
with snow,  
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,  
Oriana,  
Alone I wander to and fro,  
Oriana.  
Ere the light on dark was growing,  
Oriana,  
At midnight the cock was crowing,  
Oriana:  
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,  
We heard the steeds to battle going,  
Oriana;  
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,  
Oriana.  
In the yew-wood black as night,  
Oriana,  
Ere I rode into the fight,  
Oriana,  
While blissful tears blinded my sight  
By star-shine and by moonlight,  
Oriana,  
I to thee my troth did plight,  
Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,  
Oriana:  
She watch'd my crest among them all,  
Oriana:  
She saw me fight, she heard me call,  
When forth there stept a foeman tall,  
Oriana,  
Atween me and the castle wall,  
Oriana.  
The bitter arrow went aside,  
Oriana:  
The false, false arrow went aside,  
Oriana:  
The damned arrow glanced aside,  
And pierced thy heart, my love, my  
bride,  
Oriana!  
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,  
Oriana!  
Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,  
Oriana.  
Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays,  
Oriana.  
Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace,  
The battle deepen'd in its place,  
Oriana;  
But I was down upon my face,  
Oriana.  
They should have stabb'd me where I  
lay,  
Oriana!  
How could I rise and come away,  
Oriana?  
How could I look upon the day?  
They should have stabb'd me where I  
lay,  
Oriana—  
They should have trod me into clay,  
Oriana.  
O breaking heart that will not break,  
Oriana!  
O pale, pale face so sweet and meek,  
Oriana!  
Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,  
And then the tears run down my cheek,  
Oriana: [seek,  
What wantest thou? whom dost thou  
Oriana?



I cry aloud : none hear my cries,  
 Oriana.  
 Thou comest between me and the skies,  
 Oriana.  
 I feel the tears of blood arise  
 Up from my heart unto my eyes,  
 Oriana.  
 Within thy heart my arrow lies,  
 Oriana.

O cursed hand ! O cursed blow !  
 Oriana !  
 O happy thou that liest low,  
 Oriana !  
 All night the silence seems to flow  
 Beside me in my utter woe,  
 Oriana.  
 A weary, weary way I go,  
 Oriana.  
 When Norland winds pipe down the  
 sea,  
 Oriana,  
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,  
 Oriana.  
 Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,  
 I dare not die and come to thee,  
 Oriana.  
 I hear the roaring of the sea,  
 Oriana.

## CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbor villages  
 Playing mad pranks along the healthy  
 leas ;  
 Two strangers meeting at a festival ;  
 Two lovers whispering by an orchard  
 wall ; [ease ;  
 Two lives bound fast in one with golden  
 Two graves grass-green beside a gray  
 church-tower,  
 Wash'd with still rains and daisy-blos-  
 somed ;  
 Two children in one hamlet born and  
 bred ;  
 So runs the round of life from hour to  
 hour.

## THE MERMAN.

## 1.

WHO would be  
 A merman bold,  
 Sitting alone,  
 Singing alone  
 Under the sea,  
 With a crown of gold,  
 On a throne ?

## 2.

I would be a merman bold ; [day ;  
 I would sit and sing the whole of the  
 I would fill the sea-halls with a voice  
 of power ; [and play  
 But at night I would roam abroad  
 With the mermaids in and out of the  
 rocks, [sea-flower ;  
 Dressing their hair with the white  
 And holding them back by their flow-  
 ing locks  
 I would kiss them often under the sea,  
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd  
 me  
 Laughingly, laughingly ;  
 And then we would wander away,  
 away [and high,  
 To the pale-green sea-groves straight  
 Chasing each other merrily.

## 3.

There would be neither moon nor star,  
 But the wave would make music above  
 us afar— [night—  
 Low thunder and light in the magic  
 Neither moon nor star.  
 We would call aloud in the dreamy  
 dells, [cry  
 Call to each other and whoop and  
 All night, merrily, merrily ;  
 They would pelt me with starry spangles  
 and shells, [between,  
 Laughing and clapping their hands  
 All night, merrily, merrily :  
 But I would throw to them back in  
 mine  
 Turkis and agate and almondine :  
 Then leaping out upon them unseen  
 I would kiss them often under the sea,  
 And kiss them again till they kiss'd  
 me  
 Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh ! what a happy life were mine  
Under the hollow-hung ocean green !  
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea ;  
We would live merrily, merrily.

### THE MERMAID.

I.

Who would be  
A mermaid fair,  
Singing alone,  
Combing her hair  
Under the sea,  
In a golden curl  
With a comb of pearl,  
On a throne ?

2.

I would be a mermaid fair ;  
I would sing to myself the whole of  
the day ; [my hair ;  
With a comb of pearl I would comb  
And still as I comb'd I would sing  
and say, [me ? ”

“ Who is it loves me ? who loves not  
I would comb my hair till my ring-  
lets would fall,

Low adown, low adown,  
From under my starry sea-bud crown  
Low adown and around, [gold  
And I should look like a fountain of  
Springing alone

With a shrill inner sound,  
Over the throne

In the midst of the hall :

Till that great sea-snake under the sea  
From his coiled sleeps in the central  
deeps

Would slowly trail himself sevenfold  
Round the hall where I sate, and look  
in at the gate [of me.

With his large calm eyes for the love  
And all the mermen under the sea  
Would feel their immortality  
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

3.

But at night I would wander away,  
away, [flowing locks,

I would fling on each side my low-  
And lightly vault from the throne and  
play [rocks ;

With the mermen in and out of the

We would run to and fro, and hide and  
seek, [son shells,  
On the broad sea-wolds in the crim-  
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the  
sea. [shriek,

But if any came near I would call, and  
And adown the steep like a wave I  
would leap [from the dells ;

From the diamond-ledges that jut  
For I would not be kiss'd by all who  
would list, [sea ;

Of the bold merry mermen under the  
They would sue me, and woo me, and  
flatter me,

In the purple twilights under the sea ;  
But the king of them all would carry  
me,

Woo me, and win me, and marry me,  
In the branching jaspers under the sea ;  
Then all the dry pied things that be  
In the hueless mosses under the sea  
Would curl round my silver feet silently.  
All looking up for the love of me.

And if I should carol aloud, from aloft  
All things that are forked, and horned,  
and soft [of the sea,  
Would lean out from the hollow sphere  
All looking down for the love of me.

### SONNET TO J. M. K.

My hope and heart is with thee—thou  
wilt be

A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest  
To scare church-harpies from the  
master's feast ; [thee ;

Our dusted velvets have much need of  
Thou art no sabbath-drawler of old saws,  
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd  
homily ;

But spur'd at heart with fieriest energy  
To embattail and to wall about thy cause  
With iron-worded proof, hating to hark  
The humming of the drowsy pulpit-  
drone [worn-out clerk

Half God's good sabbath, while the  
Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from  
a throne [dark

Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the  
Arrows of lightnings. I will stand and  
mark.



*"Out flew the web and floated wide ;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;  
'The curse is come upon me,' cried  
The Lady of Shalott."*

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.



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# POEMS.

(PUBLISHED 1832.)

[This division of this volume was published in the winter of 1832. Some of the poems have been considerably altered. Others have been added, which, with one exception, were written in 1833.]

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

### PART I.

ON either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And thro' the field the road runs by  
    To many tower'd Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
    The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver  
Thro' the wave that runs forever  
By the island in the river  
    Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle imbowers  
    The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,  
Slide the heavy barges trail'd  
By slow horses; and unhail'd  
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd  
    Skimming down to Camelot:  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
    The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
    Down to tower'd Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy  
    Lady of Shalott."

### PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day  
A magic web of colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
    To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
    Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
    Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,  
    Goes by to tower'd Camelot;  
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two:  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often thro' the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights,  
    And music, went to Camelot:  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed;  
"I am half-sick of shadows," said  
    The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A redcross knight forever kneeled  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot:  
And from his blazon'd baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armor rung,  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather.  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burned like one burning flame to-  
gether,

As he rode down to Camelot.  
As often thro' the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight  
glow'd; [trode;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse  
From underneath his helmet flow'd  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,

As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,  
"Tirra lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces thro' the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She look'd down to Camelot.

Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror crack'd from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me," cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

## PART IV.

IN the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks com-  
plaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over tower'd Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seer in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she  
lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Thro' the noises of the night  
She floated down to Camelot;  
And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,  
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;

For ere she reach'd upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
A corse between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame  
And round the prow they read  
name,

*The Lady of Shalott.*



Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer:  
And they cross'd themselves for fear,  
All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little space:  
He said, "She has a lovely face:  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
The Lady of Shalott."

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

With one black shadow at its feet,  
The house thro' all the level shines,  
Close-latticed to the brooding heat,  
And silent in its dusty vines:  
A faint-blue ridge upon the right,  
An empty river-bed before,  
And shallows on a distant shore,  
In glaring sand and inlets bright.

But "Ave Mary," made she moan,  
And "Ave Mary," night and  
morn, [alone,  
And "Ah," she sang, "to be all  
To live forgotten, and love for-  
lorn."

She, as her carol sadder grew,  
From brow and bosom slowly down  
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew  
Her streaming curls of deepest brown  
To left and right, and made appear,  
Still-lighted in a secret shrine,  
Her melancholy eyes divine,  
The home of woe without a tear.

And "Ave Mary," was her moan,  
"Madonna, sad is night and  
morn";

And "Ah," she sang, "to be all  
alone, [lorn."  
To live forgotten, and love for-

Till all the crimson changed, and past  
Into deep orange o'er the sea,  
Low on her knees herself she cast,  
Before Our Lady murmur'd she;  
Complaining, "Mother, give me grace  
To help me of my weary load."  
And on the liquid mirror glow'd  
The clear perfection of her face.

"Is this the form," she made her  
moan, [morn?"

"That won his praises night and  
And "Ah," she said, "but I wake  
alone, [lorn."

I sleep forgotten, I wake for-

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would  
bleat,

Nor any cloud would cross the vault,  
But day increased from heat to heat,

On stony drought and steaming salt;  
Till now at noon she slept again,

And seem'd knee-deep in mountain  
grass,

And heard her native breezes pass,  
And runlets babbling down the glen.

She breathed in sleep a lower  
moan, [morn,

And murmuring, as at night and  
She thought, "My spirit is here  
alone,

Walks forgotten, and is forlorn."

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream:  
She felt he was and was not there.

She woke: the babble of the stream  
Fell, and without the steady glare

Shrank one sick willow sere and small.  
The river-bed was dusty-white;

And all the furnace of the light  
Struck up against the blinding wall.

She whisper'd, with a stifled moan  
More inward than at night or

morn, [alone  
"Sweet Mother, let me not here

Live forgotten and die forlorn."

And, rising, from her bosom drew  
Old letters breathing of her worth,

For "Love," they said, "must needs  
be true,

To what is loveliest upon earth."

An image seem'd to pass the door,  
To look at her with slight, and say,

"But now thy beauty flows away,  
So be alone forevermore."

"O cruel heart," she changed her  
tone, [scorn,

"And cruel love, whose end is  
Is this the end to be left alone,

To live forgotten, and die for-  
lorn!"

But sometimes in the falling day  
 An image seem'd to pass the door,  
 To look into her eyes and say,  
 "But thou shalt be alone no more."  
 And flaming downward over all  
 From heat to heat the day decreased,  
 And slowly rounded to the east  
 The one black shadow from the wall.  
 "The day to night," she made her moan, [morn,  
 "The day to night, the night to  
 And day and night I am left alone  
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

At eve a dry cicala sung,  
 There came a sound as of the sea ;  
 Backward the lattice-blind she flung,  
 And lean'd upon the balcony.  
 There all in spaces rosy-bright  
 Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears,  
 And deepening through the silent spheres,  
 Heaven over Heaven rose the night.  
 And weeping then she made her moan, [not morn,  
 "The night comes on that knows  
 When I shall cease to be all alone,  
 To live forgotten, and love forlorn."

### ELEANORE.

#### I.

THY dark eyes open'd not, [lish air,  
 Nor first reveal'd themselves to Eng-  
 For there is nothing here,  
 Which, from the outward to the in-  
 ward brought,  
 Moulded thy baby thought.  
 Far off from human neighborhood,  
 Thou wert born, on a summer  
 morn,  
 A mile beneath the cedar-wood.  
 Thy bounteous forehead was not fann'd  
 With breezes from our oaken  
 glades, [land  
 But thou wert nursed in some delicious  
 Of lavish lights, and floating shades :

And flattering thy childish thought  
 The oriental fairy brought,  
 At the moment of thy birth,  
 From old well-heads of haunted rills,  
 And the hearts of purple hills, [shore,  
 And shadow'd coves on a sunny  
 The choicest wealth of all the  
 earth,  
 Jewel or shell, or starry ore,  
 To deck thy cradle, Eleanore.

#### 2

Or the yellow-banded bees,  
 Thro' half-open lattices  
 Coming in the scented breeze,  
 Fed thee, a child, lying alone,  
 With whitest honey in fairy gar-  
 dens cull'd—  
 A glorious child, dreaming alone,  
 In silk-soft folds, upon yielding  
 down,  
 With the hum of swarming bees  
 Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

#### 3.

Who may minister to thee?  
 Summer herself should minister  
 To thee, with fruitage golden-  
 rinded  
 On golden salvers, or it may be,  
 Youngest Autumn, in a bower [blinded  
 Grape thicken'd from the light and  
 With many a deep-hued bell-like  
 flower  
 Of fragrant trailers, when the air  
 Sleepeth over all the heaven,  
 And the crag that fronts the Even,  
 All along the shadowing shore,  
 Crimsons over an inland mere,  
 Eleanore !

#### 4.

How may full-sail'd verse express,  
 How may measured words adore  
 The full-flowing harmony  
 Of thy swan-like stateliness,  
 Eleanore?  
 The luxuriant symmetry  
 Of thy floating gracefulness,  
 Eleanore?

Every turn and glance of thine,  
Every lineament divine,  
Eleänore,

And the steady sunset glow,  
That stays upon thee? For in  
thee [single :

Is nothing sudden, nothing  
Like two streams of incense free

From one censer, in one  
shrine, [gle,

Thought and motion min-  
Mingle ever. Motions flow

To one another, even as tho'  
They were modulated so

To an unheard melody,

Which lives about thee, and a sweep  
Of richest pauses, evermore

Drawn from each other mellow-deep :

Who may express thee, Eleänore?

## 5.

I stand before thee, Eleänore ;

I see thy beauty gradually unfold,  
Daily and hourly, more and more.

I muse, as in a trance, the while

Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,  
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile.

I muse, as in a trance, whene'er

The languors of thy love-deep eyes  
Float on to me. I would I were

So tranced, so wrapt in ecstasies,

To stand apart, and to adore,

Gazing on thee forevermore,

Serene, imperial Eleänore !

## 6.

Sometimes, with most intensity

Gazing, I seem to see [asleep,  
Thought folded over thought, smiling

Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and  
deep [quite,

In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd  
I cannot veil, or droop my sight,

But am as nothing in its light :

As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set,  
Ev'n while we gaze on it, [slowly grow

Should slowly round his orb, and  
To a full face, there like a sun remain

Fix'd—then as slowly fade again,

And draw itself to what it was be-  
fore ;

So full, so deep, so slow,  
Thought seems to come and go  
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleä-  
nore.

## 7.

As thunder-clouds that, hung on high,  
Roof'd the world with doubt and  
fear,

Floating thro' an evening atmosphere,  
Grow golden all about the sky ; [less,  
In thee all passion becomes passion-  
Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness,

Losing his fire and active might

In a silent meditation,

Falling into a still delight,

And luxury of contemplation :

As waves that up a quiet cove

Rolling slide, and lying still

Shadow forth the banks at will :

Or sometimes they swell and move,

Pressing up against the land,

With motions of the outer sea :

And the self-same influence

Controlleth all the soul and  
sense

Of Passion gazing upon thee.

His bow-string slacken'd languid Love,

Leaning his cheek upon his hand,

Droops both his wings, regarding  
thee,

And so would languish evermore,

Serene, imperial Eleänore.

## 8.

But when I see thee roam, with tresses  
unconfined,

While the amorous, odorous wind

Breathes low between the sunset and  
the moon ;

Or, in a shadowy saloon,

On silken cushions half reclined ;

I watch thy grace ; and in its  
place

My heart a charmed slumber keeps,

While I muse upon thy face ;

And a languid fire creeps

Thro' my veins to all my frame,

Dissolvingly and slowly : soon

From thy rose-red lips MY name  
Floweth ; and then, as in a swoon,



With dinning sound my ears are rife,  
 My tremulous tongue faltereth,  
 I lose my color, I lose my breath,  
 I drink the cup of a costly death,  
 Brimm'd with delirious draughts of  
 warmest life.

I die with my delight, before  
 I hear what I would hear from  
 thee ;

Yet tell my name again to me,  
 I *would* be dying evermore,  
 So dying ever, Eleänore.

### THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,  
 His double chin, his portly size,  
 And who that knew him could forget  
 The busy wrinkles round his eyes ?  
 The slow wise smile that, round about  
 His dusty forehead dryly curl'd,  
 Seem'd half-within and half-without,  
 And full of dealings with the world ?

In yonder chair I see him sit, [cup ;  
 Three fingers round the old silver  
 I see his gray eyes twinkle yet  
 At his own jest—gray eyes lit up  
 With summer lightnings of a soul  
 So full of summer warmth, so glad,  
 So healthy, sound, and clear and whole,  
 His memory scarce can make me sad.

Yet fill my glass : give me one kiss :  
 My own sweet Alice, we must die ;  
 There's somewhat in this world amiss  
 Shall be unriddled by and by.  
 There's somewhat flows to us in life,  
 But more is taken quite away.  
 Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife,  
 That we may die the self-same day.

Have I not found a happy earth ?  
 I least should breathe a thought of  
 pain.

Would God renew me from my birth  
 I'd almost live my life again.

So sweet it seems with thee to walk,  
 And once again to woo thee mine—  
 It seems in after-dinner talk  
 Across the walnuts and the wine—

To be the long and listless boy  
 Late-left an orphan of the squire,  
 Where this old mansion mounted high  
 Looks down upon the village spire :  
 For even here, where I and you  
 Have lived and loved alone so long,  
 Each morn my sleep was broken thro'  
 By some wild skylark's matin song.

And oft I heard the tender dove  
 In firry woodlands making moan ;  
 But ere I saw your eyes, my love,  
 I had no motion of my own.  
 For scarce my life with fancy play'd  
 Before I dream'd that pleasant  
 dream—

Still hither, thither idly sway'd  
 Like those long mosses in the stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear  
 The milldam rushing down with noise,  
 And see the minnows everywhere  
 In crystal eddies glance and poise,  
 The tall flag-flowers when they sprung  
 Below the range of stepping-stones,  
 Or those three chestnuts near, that  
 hung  
 In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that,  
 When after roving in the woods  
 ('Twas April then), I came and sat  
 Below the chestnuts, when their  
 buds  
 Were glistening to the breezy blue ;  
 And on the slope, an absent fool,  
 I cast me down, nor thought of you,  
 But angled in the higher pool.

A love-song I had somewhere read,  
 An echo from a measured strain,  
 Beat time to nothing in my head  
 From some odd corner of the brain.  
 It haunted me, the morning long,  
 With weary sameness in the rhymes,  
 The phantom of a silent song,  
 That went and came a thousand  
 times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood  
 I watch'd the little circles die ;  
 They past into the level flood,  
 And there a vision caught my eye :

The reflex of a beauteous form,  
A glowing arm, a gleaming neck,  
As when a sunbeam wavers warm  
Within the dark and dimpled beck.

For you remember, you had set,  
That morning, on the casement's edge  
A long green box of mignonette,  
And you were leaning from the  
ledge:

And when I raised my eyes, above  
They met with two so full and  
bright—  
Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,  
That these have never lost their light.

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear  
That I should die an early death;  
For love possess'd the atmosphere,  
And fill'd the breast with purer  
breath.

My mother thought, What ails the boy?  
For I was alter'd, and began  
To move about the house with joy,  
And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam  
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it never still,  
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,  
The dark round of the dripping  
wheel,

The very air about the door  
Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,  
When April nights began to blow,  
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,  
I saw the village lights below;

I knew your taper far away,  
And full at heart of trembling hope,  
From off the wold I came, and lay  
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the  
mill: [sits!]

And "by that lamp," I thought, "she  
The white chalk-quarry from the hill  
Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits.

"O that I were beside her now!

O will she answer if I call?

O would she give me vow for vow,  
Sweet Alice, if I told her all?"

Sometimes I saw you sit and spin;  
And, in the pauses of the wind,  
Sometimes I heard you sing within;  
Sometimes your shadow cross'd the  
blind.

At last you rose and moved the light,  
And the long shadow of the chair  
Flitted across into the night,  
And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak,  
The lanes, you know, were white with  
May, [cheek  
Your ripe lips moved not, but your  
Flush'd like the coming of the day;  
And so it was—half-sly, half-shy,  
You would, and would not, little one!  
Although I pleaded tenderly,  
And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought  
To yield consent to my desire:  
She wish'd me happy, but she thought  
I might have look'd a little higher;  
And I was young—too young to wed:  
"Yet must I love her for your sake;  
Go fetch your Alice here," she said:  
Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride:  
But, Alice, you were ill at ease;  
This dress and that by turns you tried,  
Too fearful that you should not  
please.

I loved you better for your fears,  
I knew you could not look but well;  
And dews, that would have fall'n in  
tears,  
I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings,  
The doubt my mother would not see;  
She spoke at large of many things,  
And at the last she spoke of me;  
And turning look'd upon your face,  
As near this door you sat apart,  
And rose, and, with a silent grace  
Approaching, press'd you heart to  
heart.

Ah, well—but sing the foolish song  
I gave you, Alice, on the day  
When, arm in arm, we went along,  
A pensive pair, and you were gay

With bridal flowers—that I may seem,  
 As in the nights of old to lie  
 Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,  
 While those full chestnuts whisper  
 by.

It is the miller's daughter,  
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
 That I would be the jewel  
 That trembles at her ear :  
 For hid in ringlets day and night,  
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
 About her dainty, dainty waist,  
 And her heart would beat against me,  
 In sorrow and in rest :  
 And I should know if it beat right,  
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
 And all day long to fall and rise  
 Upon her balmy bosom,  
 With her laughter or her sighs,  
 And I would lie so light, so light,  
 I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells—  
 True love interprets—right alone.  
 His light upon the letter dwells,  
 For all the spirit is his own.  
 So, if I waste words now, in truth,  
 You must blame Love. His early  
 rage  
 Had force to make me rhyme in youth,  
 And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone,  
 Like mine own life to me thou art,  
 Where Past and Present, wound in one,  
 Do make a garland for the heart :  
 So sing that other song I made,  
 Half-anger'd with my happy lot,  
 The day, when in the chestnut shade  
 I found the blue Forget-me-not.

Love that hath us in the net,  
 Can he pass, and we forget?  
 Many suns arise and set.  
 Many a chance the years beget.  
 Love the gift is Love the debt.  
 Even so.

Love is hurt with jar and fret.  
 Love is made a vague regret.  
 Eyes with idle tears are wet.  
 Idle habit links us yet.  
 What is love? for we forget :  
 Ah, no! no!

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True  
 wife, [entwine ;  
 Round my true heart thine arms  
 My other dearer life in life,  
 Look thro' my very soul with thine !  
 Untouch'd with any shade of years,  
 May those kind eyes forever dwell !  
 They have not shed a many tears,  
 Dear eyes, since first I knew them  
 well.

Yet tears they shed : they had their  
 part

Of sorrow : for when time was ripe,  
 The still affection of the heart  
 Became an outward breathing type,  
 That into stillness past again,  
 And left a want unknown before ;  
 Although the loss that brought us pain,  
 That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,  
 The woven arms, seem but to be  
 Weak symbols of the settled bliss,  
 The comfort, I have found in thee :  
 But that God bless thee, dear—who  
 wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind—  
 With blessings beyond hope or thought,  
 With blessings which no words can  
 find.

Arise, and let us wander forth,  
 To yon old mill across the wolds ;  
 For look, the sunset, south and north.  
 Winds all the vale in rosy folds,  
 And fires your narrow casement glass,  
 Touching the sullen pool below :  
 On the chalk-hill the bearded grass  
 Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

#### FATIMA.

O LOVE, Love, Love! O withering  
 might!  
 O sun, that from thy noonday height



Shudderest when I strain my sight,  
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,  
Lo, falling from my constant mind,  
Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and  
blind,  
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours  
Below the city's eastern towers:  
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers:  
I roll'd among the tender flowers:  
I crush'd them on my breast, my  
mouth:  
I look'd athwart the burning drouth  
Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his  
name, [came  
From my swift blood that went and  
A thousand little shafts of flame  
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.  
O Love, O fire! once he drew  
With one long kiss my whole soul  
thro'  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know  
He cometh quickly: from below  
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens,  
blow  
Before him, striking on my brow.  
In my dry brain my spirit soon,  
Down-deepening from swoon to  
swoon,  
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire  
And from beyond the noon a fire  
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher  
The skies stoop down in their desire;  
And, isled in sudden seas of light,  
My heart, pierced thro' with fierce  
delight,  
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,  
All naked in a sultry sky,  
Droops blinded with his shining eye:  
I *will* possess him or will die.  
I will grow round him in his place,  
Grow, live, die looking on his face,  
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

ÆNONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier  
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.  
The swimming vapor slopes athwart  
the glen,  
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from  
pine to pine,  
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either  
hand  
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway  
down  
Hang rich in flowers, and far below  
them roars  
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n  
ravine  
In cataract after cataract to the sea.  
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus  
Stands up and takes the morning: but  
in front  
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,  
The crown of Troas.

Hither came at noon  
Mournful Ænone, wandering forlorn  
Of Paris, once her playmate on the  
hills.  
Her cheek had lost the rose, and round  
her neck  
Floated her hair or seem'd to float in  
rest. [vine,  
She, leaning on a fragment twined with  
Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-  
shade  
Sloped downward to her seat from the  
upper cliff.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
For now the noonday quiet holds the  
hill:  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass:  
The lizard, with his shadow on the  
stone,  
Rests like a shadow, and the cicada  
sleeps.  
The purple flowers droop: the golden  
bee  
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.  
My eyes are full of tears my heart of  
love,

My heart is breaking, and my eyes are  
dim,  
And I am all aweary of my life.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Hear me O Earth, hear me O Hills, O  
Caves

That house the cold crown'd snake! O  
mountain brooks,

I am the daughter of a River-God,  
Hear me, for I will speak, and build  
up all

My sorrow with my song, as yonder  
walls

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,  
A cloud that gather'd shape : for it may  
be

That, while I speak of it, a little while  
My heart may wander from its deeper  
woe.

"O mother Ida, many fountain'd Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
I waited underneath the dawning hills,  
Aloft the mountain lawn was dewy-dark,  
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain  
pine :

Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris,  
Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd,  
white-hooved,  
Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Far-off the torrent call'd me from the  
cleft :

Far up the solitary morning smote  
The streaks of virgin snow. With  
down-dropt eyes

I sat alone : white-breasted like a star  
Fronting the dawn he moved ; a leap-  
ard skin

Droop'd from his shoulder, but his  
sunny hair

Cluster'd about his temples like a  
God's ;

And his cheek brighten'd as the foam-  
bow brightens

When the wind blows the foam, and  
all my heart

When forth to embrace him coming ere  
he came.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
He smiled, and opening out his milk-  
white palm

Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian  
gold,

That smelt ambrosially, and while I  
look'd

And listen'd, the full-flowing river of  
speech

Came down upon my heart.

"My own CEnone,  
Beautiful-brow'd CEnone, my own soul,  
Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind  
engrav'n

"For the most fair," would seem to  
award it thine,

As lovelier than whatever Oread haunt  
The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace  
Of movement, and the charm of married  
brows.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
He prest the blossom of his lips to  
mine,

And added, 'This was cast upon the  
board,

When all the full-faced presence of the  
Gods

Ranged in the halls of Peleus ; where-  
upon

Rose feud, with question unto whom  
'twere due :

But light-foot Iris brought it yester-eve,  
Delivering that to me, by common  
voice

Elected umpire. Herè comes to-day,  
Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each  
This meed of fairest. Thou, within the  
cave

Behind yon whispering tuft of oldest  
pine,

Mayst well behold them unbeheld, un-  
heard

Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of  
Gods.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
It was the deep midnoon : one silvery  
cloud

Had lost his way between the piny sides  
Of this long glen. Then to the bower  
they came,

Naked they came to that smooth-  
swarded bower,  
And at their feet the crocus brake like  
fire,  
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,  
Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose,  
And overhead the wandering ivy and  
vine,  
This way and that, in many a wild festoon  
Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs  
With bunch and berry and flower thro'  
and thro'.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit,  
And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud,  
and lean'd  
Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant  
dew.  
Then first I heard the voice of her, to  
whom  
Coming thro' Heaven, like a light that  
grows  
Larger and clearer, with one mind the  
Gods  
Rise up for reverence. She to Paris  
made  
Proffer of royal power, ample rule  
Unquestion'd, overthrowing revenue  
Wherewith to embellish state, 'from  
many a vale  
And river-sunder'd champaign clothed  
with corn,  
Or labor'd mines undrainable of ore.  
Honor, she said, 'and homage, tax and  
toll,  
From many an inland town and haven  
large,  
Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing  
citadel  
In glassy bays among her tallest  
towers.'

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Still she spake on and still she spake  
of power,  
'Which in all action is the end of all;  
Power fitted to the season; wisdom  
bred  
And throned of wisdom—from all  
neighbor crowns  
Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand

Fail from the sceptre-staff. Such boon  
from me,  
From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to  
thee king-born,  
A shepherd all thy life but yet king-  
born,  
Should come most welcome, seeing  
men, in power  
Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd  
Rest in a happy place and quiet seats  
Above the thunder, with undying bliss  
In knowledge of their own supremacy.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
She ceased, and Paris held the costly  
fruit  
Out at arm's-length, so much the  
thought of power  
Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where  
she stood  
Somewhat apart, her clear and bared  
limbs  
O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed  
spear  
Upon her pearly shoulder leaning cold,  
The while, above, her full and earnest  
eye  
Over her snow-cold breast and angry  
cheek  
Kept watch, waiting decision, made  
reply.

" 'Self-reverence, self-knowledge,  
self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sover-  
eign power,  
Yet not for power (power of herself  
Would come uncalled for), but to live  
by law,  
Acting the law we live by without fear;  
And, because right is right, to follow  
right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of conse-  
quence.'

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Again she said: 'I won thee not with  
gifts.  
Sequel of guerdon could not alter me  
To fairer. Judge thou me by what I  
am,  
So shalt thou find me fairest.



Yet, indeed,  
 If gazing on divinity disrobed  
 Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of  
 fair,  
 Unbiass'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee  
 sure  
 That I should love thee well and cleave  
 to thee,  
 So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,  
 Shall strike within thy pulse, like a  
 God's,  
 To push thee forward thro' a life of  
 shocks,  
 Dangers, and deeds, until endurance  
 grow  
 Sinew'd with action, and the full-grown  
 will,  
 Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,  
 Commensure perfect freedom.'  
 "Here she ceased,  
 And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, 'O  
 Paris,  
 Give it to Pallas!' but he heard me  
 not,  
 Or hearing would not hear me, woe is  
 me!

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,  
 Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
 Italian Aphrodite beautiful,  
 Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Pa-  
 phian wells,  
 With rosy slender fingers backward  
 drew  
 From her warm brows and bosom her  
 deep hair  
 Ambrosial, golden round her lucid  
 throat  
 And shoulder: from the violets her  
 light foot  
 Shone rosy white, and o'er her rounded  
 form  
 Between the shadows of the vine  
 bunches  
 Floated the glowing sunlights, as she  
 moved.

"Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
 She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,  
 The herald of her triumph, drawing  
 nigh

Half-whisper'd in his ear, 'I promise  
 thee  
 The fairest and most loving wife in  
 Greece.'  
 She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight  
 for fear:  
 But when I look'd, Paris had raised his  
 arm,  
 And I beheld great Here's angry eyes,  
 As she withdrew into the golden cloud,  
 And I was left alone within the bower;  
 And from that time to this I am alone,  
 And I shall be alone until I die.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
 Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not  
 fair?  
 My love hath told me so a thousand  
 times.  
 Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,  
 When I passed by, a wild and wanton  
 pard,  
 Eyed like the evening star, with play-  
 ful tail  
 Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most  
 loving is she?  
 Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that  
 my arms  
 Were wound about thee, and my hot  
 lips prest  
 Close, close to thine in that quick-fall-  
 ing dew  
 Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn  
 rains  
 Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

"O mother, hear me yet before I die.  
 They came, they cut away my tallest  
 pines,  
 My dark tall pines, that plumed the  
 craggy ledge  
 High over the blue gorge, and all be-  
 tween  
 The snowy peak and snow-white cat-  
 aract  
 Foster'd the callow eaglet—from be-  
 neath  
 Whose thick mysterious bows in the  
 dark morn  
 The panther's roar came muffled, while  
 I sat  
 Low in the valley. Never, never more

Shall lone Ænone see the morning mist  
Sweep thro' them; never see them  
overlaid  
With narrow moon-lit slips of silver  
cloud,  
Between the loud stream and the trem-  
bling stars.

"O mother, hear me yet before I  
die.  
I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd  
folds,  
Among the fragments tumbled from  
the glens,  
Or the dry thickets, I could meet with  
her,  
The Abominable, that uninvited came  
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,  
And cast the golden fruit upon the  
board,  
And bred this change; that I might  
speak my mind,  
And tell her to her face how much I  
hate  
Her presence, hated both of Gods and  
men.

"O mother, hear me yet before I  
die.  
Hath he not sworn his love a thousand  
times;  
In this green valley, under this green  
hill,  
Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this  
stone?  
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with  
tears?  
O happy tears, and how unlike to  
these!  
O happy Heaven, how canst thou see  
my face?  
O happy earth, how canst thou bear  
my weight?  
O death, death, death, thou ever-float-  
ing cloud,  
There are enough unhappy on this  
earth,  
Pass by the happy souls, that love to  
live:  
I pray thee, pass before my light of  
life

And shadow all my soul, that I may  
die.  
Thou weighest heavy on the heart  
within,  
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

"O mother, hear me yet before I  
die  
I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts  
Do shape themselves within me, more  
and more,  
Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear  
Dead sounds at night come from the  
inmost hills,  
Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly  
see  
My far-off doubtful purpose, as a  
mother

Conjectures of the features of her child  
Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder  
comes  
Across me: never child be born of me,  
Unblest, to vex me with his father's  
eyes!

"O mother, hear me yet before I  
die.  
Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,  
Lest their shrill happy laughter come  
to me  
Walking the cold and starless road of  
Death  
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love  
With the Greek woman. I will rise  
and go  
Down into Troy, and ere the stars come  
forth  
Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she  
says  
A fire dances before her, and a sound  
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.  
What this may be I know not, but I  
know  
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and  
day,  
All earth and air seem only burning  
fire.

## THE SISTERS.

WE were two daughters of one race :  
She was the fairest in the face :

The wind is blowing in turret and  
tree.

They were together, and she fell ;  
Therefore revenge became me well  
O the Earl was fair to see !

She died : she went to burning flame :  
She mix'd her ancient blood with  
shame.

The wind is howling in turret and  
tree.

Whole weeks and months, and early  
and late,

To win his love I lay in wait :  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I made a feast ; I bade him come ;  
I won his love, I brought him home.

The wind is roaring in turret and  
tree.

And after supper, on a bed,  
Upon my lap he laid his head :  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest :  
His ruddy cheek upon my breast.

The wind is raging in turret and  
tree.

I hated him with the hate of hell,  
But I loved his beauty passing well.  
O the Earl was fair to see !

I rose up in the silent night :

I made my dagger sharp and bright,  
The wind is raving in turret and  
tree.

As half-asleep his breath he drew,  
Three times I stabb'd him thro' and  
thro'.

O the Earl was fair to see !

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head,  
He look'd so grand when he was  
dead.

The wind is blowing in turret and  
tree.

I wrapt his body in the sheet,  
And laid him at his mother's feet  
O the Earl was fair to see !

TO ———.

## WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

I SEND you here a sort of allegory,  
(For you will understand it) of a  
soul,  
A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts,  
A spacious garden full of flowering  
weeds,  
A glorious Devil, large in heart and  
brain,  
That did love Beauty, only (Beauty  
seen  
In all varieties of mould and mind,)  
And Knowledge for its beauty ; or if  
Good,  
Good only for its beauty, seeing not  
That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge  
are three sisters  
That dote upon each other, friends to  
man,  
Living together under the same roof,  
And never can be sunder'd without  
tears,  
And he that shuts Love out, in turn  
shall be  
Shut out from Love, and on her thresh-  
old lie  
Howling in outer darkness. Not for  
this  
Was common clay ta'en from the com-  
mon earth,  
Moulded by God, and temper'd with  
the tears  
Of angels to the perfect shape of man.



## THE PALACE OF ART.

I BUILT my soul a lordly pleasure-house,  
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

I said, "O Soul, make merry and carouse,  
Dear soul, for all is well."

A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnish'd brass, [bright  
I chose. The ranged ramparts  
From level meadow-bases of deep grass  
Suddenly scaled the light.

Thereon I built it firm. Of ledge or shelf

The rock rose clear, or winding stair.  
My soul would live alone unto herself  
In her high palace there.

And "while the world runs round and round," I said,

"Reign thou apart, a quiet king,  
Still as, while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade  
Sleeps on his luminous ring."

To which my soul made answer readily :

"Trust me, in bliss I shall abide  
In this great mansion, that is built for me,  
So royal-rich and wide."

\* \* \* \* \*

Four courts I made, East, West and South and North,

In each a squared lawn, wherefrom  
The golden gorge of dragons spouted forth

A flood of fountain-foam.

And round the cool green courts there ran a row

Of cloisters, branch'd like mighty woods,

Echoing all night to that sonorous flow  
Of spouted fountain-floods.

And round the roofs a gilded gallery

That lent broad verge to distant lands,  
Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky

Dip'd down to sea and sands.

From those four jets four currents in one swell [low

Across the mountain stream'd be-  
In misty folds, that floating as they fell  
Lit up a torrent-bow.

And high on every peak a statue seem'd  
To hang on tiptoe, tossing up

A cloud of incense of all odor steam'd  
From out a golden cup.

So that she thought, "And who shall gaze upon

My palace with unblinded eyes,  
While this great bow will waver in the sun,

And that sweet incense rise?"

For that sweet incense rose and never fail'd, [higher,

And, while day sank or mounted  
The light aerial gallery, golden rail'd,  
Burnt like a fringe of fire.

Likewise the deep-set windows, stain'd and traced, [fires

Would seem slow-flaming crimson  
From shadow'd grots of arches interlaced,

And tipt with frost-like spires.

\* \* \* \* \*

Full of long-sounding corridors it was,

That over-vaulted grateful gloom,  
Thro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,

Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,

All various, each a perfect whole  
From living Nature, fit for every mood  
And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green and blue,

Showing a gaudy summer-morn,  
Where with puff'd cheek the belted hunter blew

His wreathed bugle horn.

One seem'd all dark and red,—a tract  
 of sand,  
 And some one pacing there alone,  
 Who paced forever in a glimmering  
 land,  
 Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry  
 waves. [fall  
 You seem'd to hear them climb and  
 And roar rock-thwarted under bellow-  
 ing caves,  
 Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a f'ill-ried river winding slow  
 By herds upon an endless plain,  
 The ragged rims of thunder brooding  
 low,  
 With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry  
 toil, [Behind  
 In front they bound the sheaves.  
 Were realms of upland, prodigal in oil,  
 And hoary to the wind.

And one, a foreground black with stones  
 and slags,  
 Beyond, a line of heights, and higher  
 All barr'd with long white cloud the  
 scornful crags,  
 And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home,—gray  
 twilight pour'd  
 On dewy pastures, dewy trees,  
 Softer than sleep,—all things in order  
 stored,  
 A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape  
 fair,  
 As fit for every mood of mind,  
 Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern,  
 was there,  
 Not less than truth design'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,  
 In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,  
 Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx  
 Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,  
 Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair  
 Wound with white roses, slept St.  
 Cecily;  
 An angel looked at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise,  
 A group of Houris bow'd to see  
 The dying Islamite, with hands and  
 eyes  
 That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son  
 In some fair space of sloping greens  
 Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,  
 And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,  
 To list a footfall, ere he saw  
 The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian  
 king to hear  
 Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,  
 And many a tract of palm and rice,  
 The throne of Indian Cama slowly  
 sail'd  
 A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew un-  
 clasp'd, [borne:  
 From off her shoulder backward  
 From one hand droop'd a crocus: one  
 hand grasp'd  
 The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flushed Ganymede, his rosy  
 thigh  
 Half-buried in the Eagle's down,  
 Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky  
 Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair  
 Which the supreme Caucasian mind  
 Carved out of Nature for itself, was  
 there,  
 Not less than life, design'd.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then in the towers I placed great bells  
 that swung, [sound;  
 Moved of themselves, with silver  
 And with choice paintings of wise men  
 I hung  
 The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph  
 strong, [mild;  
 Beside him Shakespeare bland and  
 And there the world-worn Dante  
 grasp'd his song,  
 And somewhat grimly smiled.

And there the Ionian father of the rest;  
 A million wrinkles carved his skin;  
 A hundred winters snow'd upon his  
 breast,  
 From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set  
 Many an arch high up did lift,  
 And angels rising and descending met  
 With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd  
 With cycles of the human tale  
 Of this wide world, the times of every  
 land  
 So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,  
 Toi'd onward, prick'd with goods  
 and stings;  
 Here play'd a tiger, rolling to and fro  
 The heads and crowns of kings;

Here rose an athlete, strong to break  
 or bind  
 All force in bonds that might endure,  
 And here once more like some sick  
 man declin'd,  
 And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod: and those  
 great bells  
 Began to chime. She took her  
 throne:  
 She sat betwixt the shining Oriels,  
 To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost Oriels' color'd  
 flame  
 Two godlike faces gazed below;  
 Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Ver-  
 ulam,  
 The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their  
 motion were  
 Full-welling fountain-heads of  
 change, [fair  
 Betwixt the slender shafts were blazon'd  
 In diverse raiment strange:

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber,  
 emerald, blue,  
 Flush'd in her temples and her eyes,  
 And from her lips, as morn from Mem-  
 non, drew  
 Rivers of melodies.

No nightingale delighteth to prolong  
 Her low preamble all alone,  
 More than my soul to hear her echo'd  
 song  
 Throb thro' the ribbed stone;

Singing and murmuring in her feastful  
 mirth,  
 Joying to feel herself alive,  
 Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible  
 earth,  
 Lord of the senses five;

Communing with herself: "All these  
 are mine,  
 And let the world have peace or wars  
 'Tis one to me." She—when young  
 night divine  
 Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious  
 toils—  
 Lit light in wreaths and anadems,  
 And pure quintessences of precious oils  
 In hollow'd moons of gems

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands  
 and cried,  
 "I marvel if my still delight  
 In this great house so royal-rich, and  
 wide,  
 Be flatter'd to the height.



"O all things fair to sate my various  
eyes ! [well !  
O shapes and hues that please me  
O silent faces of the Great and Wise,  
My Gods, with whom I dwell !

"O God-like isolation which art mine,  
I can but count thee perfect gain,  
What time I watch the darkening  
droves of swine  
That range on yonder plain.

"In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient  
skin,  
They graze and wallow, breed and  
sleep ;  
And oft some brainless devil enters in,  
And drives them to the deep."

Then of the moral instinct would she  
prate,  
And of the rising from the dead,  
As hers by right of full-accomplish'd  
Fate ;  
And at the last she said :

"I take possession of man's mind and  
deed,  
I care not what the sects may brawl.  
I sit as God holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all."

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Full oft the riddle of the painful earth  
Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone,  
Yet not the less held she her solemn  
mirth,  
And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prosper'd : so  
three years  
She prosper'd : on the fourth she fell,  
Like Herod, when the shout was in his  
ears,  
Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly,  
God, before whom ever lie bare  
The abysmal deeps of Personality,  
Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she  
turn'd her sight,  
The airy hand confusion wrought,  
Wrote "Mene, mene," and divided  
quite  
The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude  
Fell on her, from which mood was  
born [mood  
Scorn of herself ; again, from out that  
Laughter at her self-scorn.

"What ! is not this my place of  
strength," she said,  
"My spacious mansion built for me,  
Whereof the strong foundation-stones  
were laid  
Since my first memory ?"

But in dark corners of her palace stood  
Uncertain shapes ; and unawares  
On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears  
of blood,  
And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades enclosing hearts  
of flame,  
And, with dim fretted foreheads all,  
On corpses three-months old at noon  
she came,  
That stood against the wall.

A spot of dull stagnation, without light  
Or power of movement, seem'd my  
soul,  
'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite  
Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of  
sand ;  
Left on the shore ; that hears all night  
The plunging seas draw backward from  
the land  
Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance  
Join'd not, but stood, and standing  
saw  
The hollow orb of moving Circumstance  
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had  
curl'd. [hall,

"No voice," she shriek'd in that lone  
"No voice breaks thro' the stillness of  
this world :

One deep, deep silence all ! "

She, mouldering with the dull earth's  
mouldering sod,

Inwapt tenfold in slothful shame,  
Lay there exiled from eternal God,  
Lost to her place and name ;

And death and life she hated equally,  
And nothing saw, for her despair,  
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,  
No comfort anywhere ;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,  
And ever worse with growing time,  
And ever unrelieved by dismal tears,  
And all alone in crime :

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt  
round

With blackness as a solid wall,  
Far off she seem'd to hear the dully  
sound  
Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking  
slow,  
In doubt and great perplexity,  
A little before moon-rise hears the low  
Moan of an unknown sea ;

And knows not if it be thunder or a  
sound [cry

Of rocks thrown down, or one deep  
Of great wild beasts ; then thinketh,

"I have found  
A new land, but I die."

She howl'd aloud, "I am on fire within.  
There comes no murmur of reply.  
What is it that will take away my sin,  
And save me lest I die ? "

So when four years were wholly finished,  
She threw her royal robes away,  
"Make me a cottage in the vale," she  
said,  
"Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers,  
that are

So lightly, beautifully built :  
Perchance I may return with others  
there

When I have purged my guilt."

## LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,

Of me you shall not win renown :  
You thought to break a country heart  
For pastime, ere you went to town.  
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled  
I saw the snare, and I retired :  
The daughter of a hundred Earls,  
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

I know you proud to bear your  
name,  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,  
Too proud to care from whence I  
came.  
Nor would I break for your sweet sake  
A heart that dotes on truer charms.  
A simple maiden in her flower  
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

Some meeker pupil you must find,  
For were you queen of all that is,  
I could not stoop to such a mind.  
You sought to prove how I could love,  
And my disdain is my reply.  
The lion on your old stone gates  
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

You put strange memories in my  
head. [blown  
Not thrice your branching limes have  
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.  
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies :  
A great enchantress you may be ;  
But there was that across his throat  
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

When thus he met his mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind,  
She spake some certain truths of you.

Indeed I heard one bitter word  
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;  
Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
There stands a spectre in your hall :  
The guilt of blood is at your door :  
You changed a wholesome heart to gall,  
You held your course without remorse,  
To make him trust his modest worth,  
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,  
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :  
You pine among your halls and towers :  
The languid light of your proud eyes  
Is wearied of the rolling hours.  
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,  
But sickening of a vague disease,  
You know so ill to deal with time,  
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
If Time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars at your gate,  
Nor any poor about your lands ?  
Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,  
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,  
Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
And let the foolish yeoman go.

### THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year ;  
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day ;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine ;  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline :  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break :  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.



They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:  
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?  
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,  
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;  
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,  
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;  
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:  
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

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#### NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.  
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;  
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;  
And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills ; the frost is on the pane :  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,  
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,  
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now ;  
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;  
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;  
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;  
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,  
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night forevermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green ;  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor ;  
Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden more :  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set  
About the parlor-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother ; call me before the day is born,  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

## CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.  
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !  
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,  
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !  
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;  
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !  
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there !  
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !  
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.  
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in ;  
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,  
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,  
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet ;  
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,  
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call ;  
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;  
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,  
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ;  
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;  
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,  
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,  
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said ;  
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,  
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, " It's not for them : it's mine."  
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.  
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,  
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.



So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know  
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.  
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.  
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;  
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.  
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;  
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;  
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.  
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—  
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done  
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—  
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—  
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—  
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—  
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—  
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

### THE LOTOS-EATERS.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed  
toward the land, [ward soon."  
"This mounting wave will roll us shore-  
In the afternoon they came unto a land,  
In which it seemed always afternoon.  
All round the coast the languid air did  
swoon, [dream.  
Breathing like one that hath a weary  
Full-faced above the valley stood the  
moon: [der stream  
And like a downward smoke, the slen-  
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall  
did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a down-  
ward smoke, [did go;  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn,  
And some thro' wavering lights and  
shadows broke, [low.  
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam be-  
They saw the gleaming river seaward  
flow

From the inner land: far off, three  
mountain-tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with  
showery drops,  
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the  
woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown  
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts  
the dale  
Was seen far inland, and the yellow  
down [ing vale  
Border'd with palm, and many a wind-  
And meadow, set with slender galin-  
gale:  
A land where all things always seem'd  
the same!  
And round about the keel with faces  
pale,  
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-  
eaters came.



*"O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not  
wander more."*

THE LOTOS-EATERS.





Branches they bore of that enchanted  
 stem, [they gave  
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof  
 To each, but whoso did receive of  
 them, [wave  
 And taste, to him the gushing of the  
 Far, far away did seem to mourn and  
 rave [spake,  
 On alien shores; and if his fellow  
 His voice was thin, as voices from the  
 grave; [awake,  
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all  
 And music in his ears his beating heart  
 did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow  
 sand, [shore;  
 Between the sun and moon upon the  
 And sweet it was to dream of Father-  
 land, [evermore  
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but  
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the  
 oar, [foam.  
 Weary the wandering fields of barren  
 Then some one said, "We will return  
 no more"; [home  
 And all at once they sang, "Our island  
 Is far beyond the wave; we will no  
 longer roam."

## CHORIC SONG.

## I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer  
 falls [grass,  
 Than petals from blown roses on the  
 Or night-dews on still waters between  
 walls  
 Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;  
 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
 Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes:  
 Music that brings sweet sleep down  
 from the blissful skies.  
 Here are cool mosses deep,  
 And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
 And in the stream the long-leaved  
 flowers weep, [hangs in sleep.  
 And from the craggy ledge the poppy

## 2.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heavi-  
 ness, [tress,  
 And utterly consumed with sharp dis-

While all things else have rest from  
 weariness? [alone,  
 All things have rest: why should we toil  
 We only toil, who are the first of  
 things,  
 And make perpetual moan,  
 Still from one sorrow to another  
 thrown:  
 Nor ever fold our wings,  
 And cease from wanderings,  
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy  
 balm: [sings,  
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit  
 "There is no joy but calm!"  
 Why should we only toil, the roof and  
 crown of things?

## 3.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,  
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the  
 bud [there  
 With winds upon the branch, and  
 Grows green and broad, and takes no  
 care,  
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon  
 Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow  
 Falls, and floats adown the air.  
 Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,  
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mel-  
 low,  
 Drops in a silent autumn night.  
 All its allotted length of days,  
 The flower ripens in its place,  
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath  
 no toil,  
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

## 4.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,  
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.  
 Death is the end of life; ah, why  
 Should life all labor be?  
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward  
 fast,  
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.  
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?  
 All things are taken from us, and be-  
 come [Past.  
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful  
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we  
 have  
 To war with evil? Is there any peace

In ever climbing up the climbing wave?  
All things have rest, and ripen toward  
the grave

In silence; ripen, fall and cease:  
Give us long rest or death, dark death,  
or dreamful ease.

## 5.

How sweet it were, hearing the down-  
ward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
To dream and dream, like yonder  
amber light, [the height;  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on  
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;  
Eating the Lotos day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the  
beach, [spray;  
And tender curving lines of creamy  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melan-  
choly; [memory,  
To muse and brood and live again in  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an  
urn of brass!

## 6.

Dear is the memory of our wedded  
lives, [wives  
And dear the last embraces of our  
And their warm tears: but all hath suf-  
fer'd change; [are cold:  
For surely now our household hearths  
Our sons inherit us: our looks are  
strange: [trouble joy.  
And we should come like ghosts to  
Or else the island princes over-bold  
Have eat our substance, and the mini-  
strel sings [Troy,  
Before them of the ten-years' war in  
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten  
things.  
Is there confusion in the little isle?  
Let what is broken so remain.  
The Gods are hard to reconcile:  
'Tis hard to settle order once again.  
There is confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labor unto aged breath,

Sore task to hearts worn out with many  
wars [pilot-stars.  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the

## 7.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and  
moly, [blowing lowly)  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us,  
With half-dropt eyelids still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing  
slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave thro' the thick-  
twined vine— [falling  
To watch the emerald-color'd water  
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath  
divine! [ling brine,  
Only to hear and see the far-off spark-  
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out  
beneath the pine.

## 8.

The Lotos blooms below the barren  
peak: [creek:  
The Lotos blows by every winding  
All day the wind breathes low with  
mellow tone:  
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the  
yellow Lotos-dust is blown.  
We have had enough of action, and of  
motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard,  
when the surge was seething free,  
Where the wallowing monster spouted  
his foam-fountains in the sea.  
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with  
an equal mind, [reclined  
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie  
On the hills like Gods together, care-  
less of mankind. [bolts are hurl'd  
For they lie beside their nectar, and the  
Far below them in the valleys, and the  
clouds are lightly curl'd  
Round their golden houses, girdled with  
the gleaming world:  
Where they smile in secret, looking  
over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earth-  
quake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and  
 sinking ships, and praying hands.  
 But they smile, they find a music cen-  
 tred in a doleful song  
 Steaming up, a lamentation and an  
 ancient tale of wrong,  
 Like a tale of little meaning tho' the  
 words are strong;  
 Chanted from an ill-used race of men  
 that cleave the soil,  
 Sow the seed, and reap the harvest  
 with enduring toil,  
 Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and  
 wine and oil;  
 Till they perish and they suffer—some,  
 'tis whispered—down in hell  
 Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian  
 valleys dwell, [asphodel.  
 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of  
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet  
than toil, the shore  
 Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind  
 and wave and oar; [wander more.  
 O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not

### A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their  
 shade, [long ago  
 "The Legend of Good Women,"  
 Sung by the morning star of song, who  
 made  
 His music heard below;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose  
 sweet breath [that fill  
 Preluded those melodious bursts  
 The spacious times of great Elizabeth  
 With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his  
 art [strong gales  
 Held me above the subject, as  
 Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho'  
 my heart,  
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In  
 every land  
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,  
 Beauty and anguish walking hand in  
 hand  
 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient  
 song [ing stars,  
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burn-  
 And I heard sounds of insult, shame,  
 and wrong,  
 And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clang-  
 ing hoofs: [sanctuaries;  
 And I saw crowds in column'd  
 And forms that pass'd at windows and  
 on roofs  
 Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes  
 tall  
 Dislodging pinnacle and parapet  
 Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;  
 Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with  
 heated blasts [tongues of fire;  
 That run before the fluttering  
 White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and  
 masts,  
 And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in  
 brazen plates, [divers woes,  
 Scaffolds, still sheets of water,  
 Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron  
 grates,  
 And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as,  
 when to land [self-same way,  
 Bluster the winds and tides the  
 Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level  
 sand,  
 Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start in  
 pain, [strove to speak,  
 Resolved on noble things, and  
 As when a great thought strikes along  
 the brain,  
 And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew  
 down  
 A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,  
 That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town.  
 And then, I know not how,



All those sharp fancies by down lapsing  
 thought [and did creep  
 Stream'd onward, lost their edges,  
 Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd,  
 and brought  
 Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wandered  
 far  
 In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in  
 coolest dew, [star  
 'The maiden splendors of the morning  
 Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and  
 lean [neath  
 Upon the dusky brushwood under-  
 Their broad curved branches, fledged  
 with clearest green,  
 New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey  
 done,  
 And with dead lips smiled at the  
 twilight plain, [sun,  
 Half-fall'n across the threshold of the  
 Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead  
 air, [rill;  
 Not any song of bird or sound of  
 Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre  
 Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jas-  
 mine turn'd [to tree,  
 Their humid arms festooning tree  
 And at the root thro' lush green  
 grasses burn'd  
 The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves,  
 I knew [dawn  
 The tearful glimmer of the languid  
 On those long, rank, dark wood-  
 walks drench'd in dew,  
 Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the  
 green,  
 Pour'd back into my empty soul  
 and frame [been  
 The times when I remember to have  
 Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone  
 'Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that  
 unblissful clime,  
 "Pass freely thro': the wood is all  
 thine own,  
 Until the end of time."

At length I saw a lady within call,  
 Still than chisell'd marble, stand-  
 ing there;  
 A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,  
 And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with  
 surprise  
 Froze my swift speech; she turn-  
 ing on my face  
 The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,  
 Spoke slowly in her place.

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my  
 name:  
 No one can be more wise than  
 destiny. [I came  
 Many drew swords and died. Where'er  
 I brought calamity."

"No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair  
 field [died."  
 Myself for such a face had boldly  
 answer'd free; and turning I appeal'd  
 To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks  
 averse,  
 To her full height her stately  
 stature draws; [with a curse:  
 "My youth," she said, "was blasted  
 This woman was the cause.

"I was cut off from hope in that sad  
 place,  
 Which yet to name my spirit  
 loathes and fears:  
 My father held his hand upon his face:  
 I, blinded with my tears,

"Still strove to speak: my voice was  
 thick with sighs  
 As in a dream. Dimly I could  
 descry [wolfish eyes,  
 The stern black-bearded kings with  
 Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay  
afloat;  
The crowds, the temples, waver'd,  
and the shore;  
The bright death quiver'd at the vic-  
tim's throat;  
Touch'd; and I knew no more."

Whereto the other with a downward  
brow : [plunging foam,  
"I would the white cold heavy-  
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me  
deep below,  
Then when I left my home."

Her slow full words sank thro' the  
silence drear, [ing sea;  
As thunder-drops fall on a sleep-  
Sudden I heard a voice that cried,  
"Come here,  
That I may look on thee."

I turning saw, throned on a flowery  
rise,  
One sitting on a crimson scarf un-  
roll'd; [bold black eyes,  
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and  
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile,  
began : [so I sway'd  
"I govern'd men by change, and  
All moods. 'Tis long since I have  
seen a man.  
Once, like the moon, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of the  
blood [flow.  
According to my humor ebb and  
I have no men to govern in this wood :  
That makes my only woe.

"Nay—yet it chafes me that I could  
not bend. [mine eye  
One will; nor tame and tutor with  
That dull cold-blooded Cæsar. Pry-  
thee, friend,  
Where is Mark Antony?

"The man, my lover, with whom I  
rode sublime [by God :  
On Fortune's neck : we sat as God  
The Nilus would have risen before his  
time  
And flooded at our nod.

"We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep,  
and lit [O my life  
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus.  
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the  
wit,  
The flattery and the strife,

"And the wild kiss, when fresh from  
war's alarms,  
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,  
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,  
Contented there to die!

"And there he died : and when I heard  
my name [brook my fear  
Sigh'd forth with life I would not  
Of the other : with a worm I balk'd  
his fame.  
What else was left? look here!"

(With that she tore her robe apart,  
and half [to sight  
The polish'd argent of her breast  
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with  
a laugh,  
Showing the asp's bite.)

"I died a Queen. The Roman soldier  
found [my brows,  
Me lying dead, my crown about  
A name forever!—lying robed and  
crown'd,  
Worthy a Roman spouse."

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest  
range [and glance  
Struck by all passion, did fall down  
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all  
change  
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for  
delight; [the ground  
Because with sudden motion from  
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd  
with light  
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his  
keenest darts; [ing rings  
As once they drew into two burn-  
All beams of Love, melting the mighty  
hearts  
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I  
 heard [the lawn,  
 A noise of some one coming thro'  
 And singing clearer than the crested  
 bird,  
 That claps his wings at dawn

"The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel  
 From craggy hollows pouring,  
 late and soon, [the dell,  
 Sound all night long, in falling thro'  
 Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel  
 Floods all the deep-blue gloom  
 with beams divine:  
 All night the splinter'd crags that wall  
 the dell  
 With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sun-  
 shine laves [the door  
 The lawn of some cathedral, thro'  
 Hearing the holy organ rolling waves  
 Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd  
 and tied [I, when that flow  
 To where he stands, — so stood  
 Of music left the lips of her that died  
 To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,  
 A maiden pure; as when she went  
 along [come light,  
 From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with wel-  
 With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads  
 the count of crimes  
 With that wild oath." She ren-  
 der'd answer high:

"Not so, nor once alone; a thousand  
 times  
 I would be born and die.

"Single I grew, like some green plant,  
 whose root [beneath,  
 Creeps to the garden water-pipes  
 Feeding the flower; but ere my flower  
 to fruit  
 Changed, I was ripe for death.

"My God, my land, my father,—these  
 did move  
 Me from my bliss of life, that Na-  
 ture gave,  
 Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of  
 love  
 Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, 'No fair He-  
 brew boy [among  
 Shall smile away my maiden blame  
 The Hebrew mothers'—emptied of all  
 joy,  
 Leaving the dance and song,

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,  
 Leaving the promise of my bridal  
 bower, [glow  
 The valleys of grape-loaded vines that  
 Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us.  
 Anon [den;  
 We heard the lion roaring from his  
 We saw the large white stars rise one  
 by one,  
 Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying  
 flame, [hills.  
 And thunder on the everlasting  
 I heard Him, for He spake, and grief  
 became  
 A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was roll'd into  
 the sky, [my desire,  
 Strength came to me that equal'd  
 How beautiful a thing it was to die  
 For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to  
 dwell, [will;  
 That I subdued me to my father's  
 Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,  
 Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race  
 Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from  
 Aroer [face  
 On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her  
 Glow'd, as I look'd at her.



She lock'd her lips : she left me where  
 I stood : [afar,  
 "Glory to God," she sang, and past  
 Thridding the sombre boskage of the  
 wood,  
 Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,  
 As one that from a casement leans  
 his head, [denly,  
 When midnight bells cease ringing sud-  
 And the old year is dead.

"Alas ! alas !" a low voice, full of care,  
 Murmur'd beside me : " Turn and  
 look on me : [fair,  
 I am that Rosamond, whom men call  
 If what I was I be.

"Would I had been some maiden  
 coarse and poor ! [light !  
 O me, that I should ever see the  
 Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor  
 Do hunt me, day and night."

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope  
 and trust : [tamely died !  
 To whom the Egyptian : "O, you  
 You should have clung to Fulvia's  
 waist, and thrust  
 The dagger thro' her side."

With that sharp sound the white dawn's  
 creeping beams, [mystery  
 Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the  
 Of folded sleep. The captain of my  
 dreams  
 Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the  
 dark, [last trance  
 Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her  
 Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of  
 Arc,  
 A light of ancient France ;

Or her, who knew that Love can van-  
 quish Death, [her king,  
 Who kneeling, with one arm about  
 Drew forth the poison with her balmy  
 breath,  
 Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labors longer from the deep  
 Gold-mines of thought to lift the  
 hidden ore [sleep  
 That glimpses, moving up, than I from  
 To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With  
 what dull pain [to strike  
 Compass'd, how eagerly I sought  
 Into that wondrous track of dreams  
 again !  
 But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath  
 been blest, [years,  
 Desiring what is mingled with past  
 In yearnings that can never be exprest  
 By signs or groans or tears ;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with  
 choicest art, [sweet,  
 Failing to give the bitter of the  
 Wither beneath the palate, and the  
 heart  
 Faints, faded by its heat.

## MARGARET.

## I.

O SWEET pale Margaret,  
 O rare pale Margaret,  
 What lit your eyes with tearful power,  
 Like moonlight on a falling shower ?  
 Who lent you, love, your mortal dower  
 Of pensive thought and aspect pale,  
 Your melancholy sweet and frail  
 As perfume of the cuckoo-flower ?  
 From the westward-winding flood,  
 From the evening-lighted wood,  
 From all things outward you have  
 won  
 A tearful grace, as tho' you stood  
 Between the rainbow and the sun  
 The very smile before you speak,  
 That dimples your transparent cheek,  
 Encircles all the heart, and feedeth  
 The senses with a still delight  
 Of dainty sorrow without sound,  
 Like the tender amber round,  
 Which the moon about her spreadeth,  
 Moving thro' a fleecy night.

## 2.

You love, remaining peacefully,  
 To hear the murmur of the strife,  
 But enter not the toil of life.  
 Your spirit is the calmed sea,  
 Laid by the tumult of the fight.  
 You are the evening star, always  
 Remaining betwixt dark and  
 bright :  
 Lull'd echoes of laborious day  
 Come to you, gleams of mellow  
 light  
 Float by you on the verge of night.

## 3.

What can it matter, Margaret,  
 What songs below the waning stars  
 The lion-heart, Plantagenet,  
 Sang looking thro' his prison bars ?  
 Exquisite Margaret, who can tell  
 The last wild thought of Chatelet,  
 Just ere the fallen axe did part  
 The burning brain from the true  
 heart, [well ?  
 Even in her sight he loved so

## 4.

A fairy shield your Genius made  
 And gave you on your natal day.  
 Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,  
 Keeps real sorrow far away.  
 You move not in such solitudes,  
 You are not less divine,  
 But more human in your moods,  
 Than your twin-sister, Adeline.  
 Your hair is darker, and your eyes  
 Touch'd with a somewhat darker  
 hue,  
 And less ærially blue  
 But ever trembling thro' the dew  
 Of dainty-woful sympathies.

## 5.

O sweet pale Margaret,  
 O rare pale Margaret,  
 Come down, come down, and hear me  
 speak :  
 Tie up the ringlets on you cheek :  
 The sun is just about to set.  
 The arching limes are tall and shady,  
 And faint, rainy lights are seen,  
 Moving in the leafy beech.

Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,  
 Where all day long you sit between  
 Joy and woe, and whisper each.  
 Or only look across the lawn,  
 Look out below your bower-eaves,  
 Look down, and let your blue eyes dawn  
 Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves.

## THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD ! sing me something well.  
 While all the neighbors shoot thee  
 round, [ground,  
 I keep smooth plats of fruitful  
 Where thou may'st warble, eat, and  
 dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all  
 Are thine ; the range of lawn and  
 park :

The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,  
 All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the Spring,  
 Thy sole delight is, sitting still,  
 With that gold dagger of thy bill  
 To fret the Summer jenneting.

A golden bill ! the silver tongue,  
 Cold February loved, is dry :  
 Plenty corrupts the melody  
 That made thee famous once, when  
 young :

And in the sultry garden-squares,  
 Now thy flute-notes are changed to  
 coarse,

I hear thee not at all, or hoarse  
 As when a hawk hawks his wares.  
 Take warning ! he that will not sing  
 While yon sun prospers in the blue,  
 Shall sing for want, ere leaves are  
 new,  
 Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD  
YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
 And the winter winds are wearily sigh-  
 ing :

Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
 And tread softly and speak low,  
 For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year you must not die ;  
 You came to us so readily,  
 You lived with us so steadily,  
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move :  
 He will not see the dawn of day.  
 He hath no other life above.  
 He gave me a friend, and a true true-  
 love

And the New-year will take 'em away.  
 Old year you must not go ;  
 So long as you have been with us,  
 Such joy as you have seen with us,  
 Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;  
 A jollier year we shall not see.  
 But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,  
 And tho' his foes speak ill of him,  
 He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die ;  
 We did so laugh and cry with you,  
 I've half a mind to die with you,  
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
 But all his merry quips are o'er.  
 To see him die across the waste  
 His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
 But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.  
 The night is starry and cold, my  
 friend, [my friend,  
 And the New-year blithe and bold,  
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow  
 I heard just now the crowing cock.  
 The shadows flicker to and fro :  
 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.  
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :  
 What is it we can do for you ?  
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
 Alack ! our friend is gone,  
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :  
 Step from the corpse, and let him in  
 That standeth there alone,  
 And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor,  
 my friend, [friend,  
 And a new face at the door, my  
 A new face at the door.

## TO J. S.

THE wind, that beats the mountain,  
 blows  
 More softly round the open wold,  
 And gently comes the world to those  
 That are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made,  
 Or else I had not dare to flow  
 In these words toward you, and invade  
 Even with a verse your holy woe.

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,  
 Those in whose laps our limbs are  
 nursed,  
 Fall into shadow, soonest lost :  
 Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love  
 He lends us ; but, when love is  
 grown  
 To ripeness, that on which it throve,  
 Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas !  
 In grief I am not all unlearn'd ;  
 Once thro' mine own doors Death did  
 pass ;  
 One went, who never hath return'd.

He will not smile—not speak to me  
 Once more. Two years his chair  
 is seen  
 Empty before us. That was he  
 Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer ; for this star  
 Rose with you thro' a little arc  
 Of heaven, nor having wander'd far  
 Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother : his mute dust  
 I honor and his living worth :  
 A man more pure and bold and just  
 Was never born unto the earth.



I have not look'd upon you nigh,  
 Since that dear soul hath fall'n  
 asleep.  
 Great Nature is more wise than I:  
 I will not tell you not to weep.

And tho' mine own eyes fill with dew,  
 Drawn from the spirit thro' the  
 brain,  
 I will not even preach to you,  
 "Weep, weeping dulls the inward  
 pain."

Let Grief be her own mistress still.  
 She loveth her own anguish deep  
 More than much pleasure. Let her  
 will  
 Be done—to weep or not to weep.

I will not say "God's ordinance  
 Of Death is blown in every wind";  
 For that is not a common chance  
 That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone  
 In all our hearts, as mournful light  
 That broods above the fallen sun,  
 And dwells in heaven half the  
 night.

Vain solace! Memory standing nea.  
 Cast down her eyes, and in her  
 throat  
 Her voice seem'd distant, and a tear  
 Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth,  
 How *should* I soothe you anyway,  
 Who miss the brother of your youth?  
 Yet something I did wish to say:

For he too was a friend to me:  
 Both are my friends, and my true  
 breast

Bleedeth for both: yet it may be  
 That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would  
 make [cease;  
 Grief more. 'Twere better I should  
 Although myself could almost take  
 The place of him that sleeps in  
 peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:  
 Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,  
 While the stars burn, the moons in-  
 crease,  
 And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.  
 Nothing comes to thee new or  
 strange,  
 Sleep full of rest from head to feet;  
 Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

---

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,  
 Within this region I subsist,  
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
 And languish for the purple seas?

It is the land that freemen till,  
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,  
 The land, where girt with friends  
 or foes  
 A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,  
 A land of just and old renown,  
 Where Freedom broadens slowly  
 down  
 From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,  
 But by degrees to fulness wrought,  
 The strength of some diffusive  
 thought [spread.  
 Hath time and space to work and

Should banded unions persecute  
 Opinion, and induce a time  
 When single thought is civil crime,  
 And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to  
 land

The name of Britain trebly great—  
 Tho' every channel of the State  
 Should almost choke with golden  
 sand—

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth,  
 Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,  
 And I will see before I die  
 The palms and temples of the South.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet :  
Above her shook the starry lights :  
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stapt she down thro' town and  
field  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men reveal'd  
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle-altar gazing down,  
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,  
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears ;

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright our days and light our  
dreams,

Turning to scorn with lips divine  
The falsehood of extremes !

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-  
brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,  
Love, that endures not sordid ends,  
For English natures, freemen, friends,  
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,  
Nor feed with crude imaginings  
The herd, wild hearts and feeble  
wings,

That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might  
To weakness, neither hide the ray  
From those, not blind, who wait for  
day,  
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds ;  
But let her herald, Reverence, fly  
Before her to whatever sky  
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the  
years ;  
Cut Prejudice against the grain :  
But gentle words are always gain :  
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place, or touch,  
Of pension, neither count on praise :  
It grows to guerdon after-days :  
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch ;

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;  
Not master'd by some modern term ;  
Not swift nor slow to change, but  
firm :  
And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lip may fall  
With Life, that, working strongly,  
binds—  
Set in all lights by many minds,  
To close the interests of all.

For Nature, also, cold and warm,  
And moist and dry devising long,  
Thro' many agents making strong,  
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control  
Our being, lest we rust in ease.  
We all are changed by still degrees,  
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free  
To ingroove itself with that, which  
flies,  
And work, a joint of state, that plies  
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;  
For all the past of Time reveals  
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,  
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife  
A motion toiling in the gloom—  
The Spirit of the years to come  
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits  
 Completion in a painful school ;  
 Phantoms of other forms of rule,  
 New Majesties of mighty States—  
 The warders of the growing hour,  
 But vague in vapor, hard to mark ;  
 And round them sea and air are  
 dark  
 With great contrivances of Power.  
 Of many changes, aptly join'd,  
 Is bodied forth the second whole.  
 Regard gradation, lest the soul  
 Of Discord race the rising wind ;  
 A wind to puff your idol-fires,  
 And heap their ashes on the head ;  
 To shame the boast so often made,  
 That we are wiser than our sires.  
 O yet, if Nature's evil star  
 Drive men in manhood, as in youth,  
 To follow flying steps of Truth  
 Across the brazen bridge of war—  
 If New and Old, disastrous feud,  
 Must ever shock, like armed foes,  
 And this be true, till Time shall  
 close,  
 That Principles are rain'd in blood ;  
 Not yet the wise of heart would cease  
 To hold his hope thro' shame and  
 guilt,  
 But with his hand against the hilt,  
 Would pace the troubled land, like  
 Peace ;  
 Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,  
 Would serve his kind in deed and  
 word, [sword,  
 Certain, if knowledge bring the  
 That knowledge takes the sword away—  
 Would love the gleams of good that  
 broke  
 From either side, nor veil his eyes :  
 And if some dreadful need should  
 rise [stroke :  
 Would strike, and firmly, and one  
 To-morrow yet would reap to-day,  
 As we bear blossom of the dead,  
 Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed  
 Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

## THE GOOSE.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,  
 Her rags scarce held together ;  
 There strode a stranger to the door,  
 And it was windy weather.  
 He held a goose upon his arm,  
 He utter'd rhyme and reason,  
 "Here, take the goose, and keep you  
 warm,  
 It is a stormy season."  
 She caught the white goose by the leg.  
 A goose—'twas no great matter.  
 The goose let fall a golden egg  
 With cackle and with clatter.  
 She dropt the goose, and caught the  
 pelf,  
 And ran to tell her neighbors ;  
 And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,  
 And rested from her labors.  
 And feeding high, and living soft,  
 Grew plump and able-bodied ;  
 Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,  
 The parson smirk'd and nodded.  
 So sitting, served by man and maid,  
 She felt her heart grow prouder :  
 But ah ! the more the white goose laid  
 It clack'd and cackled louder.  
 It clutter'd here, it chuckled there ;  
 It stirr'd the old wife's mettle :  
 She shifted in her elbow-chair,  
 And hurl'd the pan and kettle.  
 "A quinsy choke thy cursed note !"  
 Then wax'd her anger stronger.  
 "Go, take the goose, and wring her  
 throat,  
 I will not bear it longer."  
 Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the  
 cat ;  
 Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer,  
 The goose flew this way and flew that,  
 And fill'd the house with clamor.  
 As head and heels upon the floor  
 They floundered all together,  
 There strode a stranger to the door,  
 And it was windy weather :



He took the goose upon his arm,  
 He utter'd words of scorning;  
 "So keep you cold, or keep you warm,  
 It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and  
 plain,  
 And round the attics rumbled,  
 Till all the tables danced again,  
 And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,  
 The blast was hard and harder.  
 Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,  
 And a whirlwind clear'd the larder;  
 And while on all sides breaking loose  
 Her household fled the danger,  
 Quoth she, "The Devil take the  
 goose,  
 And God forget the stranger!"

## ENGLISH IDYLS AND OTHER POEMS.

(PUBLISHED 1842.)

### THE EPIC.

AT Francis Allen's on the Christmas-  
 eve,—  
 The game of forfeits done—the girls all  
 kiss'd  
 Beneath the sacred bush and past  
 away— [Hall,  
 The parson Holmes, the poet Everard  
 The host, and I sat round the wassail-  
 bowl,  
 Then half-way ebb'd: and there we  
 held a talk,  
 How all the old honor had from Christ-  
 mas gone,  
 Or gone, or dwindled down to some odd  
 games  
 In some odd nooks like this; till I,  
 tired out [pond,  
 With cutting eights that day upon the  
 Where, three times slipping from the  
 outer edge, [stars,  
 I bump'd the ice into three several  
 Fell in a doze; and half-awake I heard  
 The parson taking wide and wider  
 sweeps,  
 Now harping on the church-commis-  
 sioners,  
 Now hawking at Geology and schism;  
 Until I woke, and found him settled  
 down

Upon the general decay of faith  
 Right thro' the world, "at home was  
 little left, [none  
 And none abroad: there was no anchor,  
 To hold by." Francis, laughing, clapt  
 his hand  
 On Everard's shoulder, with "I hold by  
 him."  
 "And I," quoth Everard, "by the was-  
 sail-bowl."  
 "Why yes," I said, we knew your gift  
 that way  
 At college: but another which you had  
 I mean of verse (for so we held it then),  
 What came of that?" "You know,"  
 said Frank, "he burnt  
 His epic, his King Arthur, some twelve  
 books"— [O, sir,  
 And then to me demanding why?  
 He thought that nothing new was said,  
 or else  
 Something so said 'twas nothing—that  
 a truth  
 Looks freshest in the fashion of the  
 day: [ask.  
 God knows: he has a mint of reasons:  
 It pleased me well enough." "Nay,  
 nay," said Hall, [times?  
 "Why take the style of those heroic  
 For nature brings not back the Mas-  
 todon,

Nor we those times ; and why should  
 any man  
 Remodel models ? these twelve books  
 of mine [worth,  
 Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-  
 Mere chaff and draff, much better  
 burnt." "But I,"  
 Said Francis, "pick'd the eleventh from  
 this hearth,  
 And have it : keep a thing, its use will  
 come.  
 I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes."  
 He laugh'd, and I, though sleepy, like  
 a horse  
 That hears the corn-bin open, prick'd  
 my ears ;  
 For I remember'd Everard's college  
 fame  
 When we were Freshmen : then at my  
 request  
 He brought it ; and the poet little  
 urged, [ment,  
 But with some prelude of disparage-  
 Read, mouthing out his hollow oes and  
 aes,  
 Deep-chested music, and to this result.

### MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter  
 sea ; [man,  
 Until King Arthur's table, man by  
 Had fall'n in Lyonness about their  
 Lord,  
 King Arthur : then, because his wound  
 was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the  
 field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
 That stood on a dark strait of barren  
 land.  
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was  
 full.  
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir  
 Bedivere :

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
 The goodliest fellowship of famous  
 knights  
 Whereof this world holds record. Such  
 a sleep  
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think  
 that we  
 Shall never more, at any future time,  
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly  
 deeds, [halls  
 Walking about the gardens and the  
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
 I perish by this people which I made,—  
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come  
 again  
 To rule once more—but let what will  
 be, be,  
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
 That without help I cannot last till  
 morn. [bur,  
 Thou therefore take my brand Excali-  
 Which was my pride : for thou remem-  
 berest how  
 In those old days, one summer noon,  
 an arm  
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-  
 derful,  
 Holding the sword—and how I rowed  
 across [king :  
 And took it, and have worn it, like a  
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
 In aftertime, this also shall be known :  
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere :  
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly  
 bring me word."  
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee  
 thus,  
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the  
 helm. [man.  
 A little thing may harm a wounded  
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring  
 thee word."  
 So saying, from the ruined shrine he  
 stept  
 And in the moon athwart the place of  
 tombs,  
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient  
 men,



BLANCHARD DEL.

*"But she that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,  
And call'd him by his name."*

MORTE D'ARTHUR.



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Old knights, and over them the sea-  
wind sang [stepping down

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He,  
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed  
rock,

Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Ex-  
calibur,

And o'er him, drawing it, the winter  
moon,

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,  
ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against  
the hilt:

For all the haft twinkled with diamond  
studs,

[work  
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth  
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long

That both his eyes were dazzled, as he  
stood,

This way and that dividing the swift  
mind,

In act to throw: but at the last it  
seem'd

Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
There in the many-knotted waterflags,

That whistled stiff and dry about the  
marge.

So strode he back slow to the wounded  
king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Be-  
divere:

"Hast thou performed my mission  
which I gave?

What is it thou hast seen or what  
hast heard?" [veré:

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-

"I heard the ripple washing in the  
reeds,

And the wild water lapping on the  
crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint  
and pale:

"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and  
thy name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:

For surer sign had follow'd, either  
hand,

Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the  
thing

I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring  
me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second  
time

Across the ridge, and paced beside  
the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in  
thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased,  
he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy

note, [earth,  
Should thus be lost forever from the

Which might have pleased the eyes of  
many men.

What good should follow this, if this  
were done?

What harm, undone? deep harm to  
disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king de-  
mand

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The King is sick, and knows not what  
he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord  
Should be to aftertime, but empty

breath

And rumors of a doubt? but were  
this kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty  
kings, [arms,

Some one might show it at a joust of  
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excali-  
bur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the  
Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the  
deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the  
aftertime

To all the people, winning reverence.  
But now much honor and much fame

were lost.'

So spake he, clouded with his own  
conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the  
wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing  
heavily :

"What is it thou hast seen ? or what  
hast heard ?" [vere :

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-  
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the  
reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much  
in wrath :

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is  
me !

Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
That bow'd the will. I see thee what  
thou art,

For thou, the latest left of all my  
knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou wouldst betray me for the pre-  
cious hilt ;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
And the third time may prosper, get  
thee hence :

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my  
hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and  
ran,  
And leaping down the ridges lightly,  
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd  
the sword,

And strongly wheel'd and threw it.

The great brand [moon,  
Made lightnings in the splendor of the  
And flashing round and round, and  
whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern  
morn,

Seen where the moving isles of winter  
shock [sea.

By night, with noises of the northern  
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :  
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an  
arm

Cloth'd in white samite, mystic, won-  
derful,

And caught him by the hilt, and bran-  
dish'd him

Three times, and drew him under in  
the mere.

And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing  
thicker breath :

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is  
done.

Speak out : what is it thou hast heard  
or seen ?" [vere :

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-  
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest  
the gems [saw,

Should blind my purpose, for I never  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I  
die,

Not tho' I live three lives of mortal  
men,

So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him,  
wheeling him ;

But when I look'd again, behold an  
arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-  
derful,

That caught him by the hilt, and bran-  
dish'd him [mere."

Three times, and drew him under in the  
And answer made King Arthur,  
breathing hard :

"My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I  
were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive  
my weight,

And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall  
die." [rose,

So saying, from the pavement he half  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue  
eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found  
not words,

Then took with care, and kneeling on  
one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the  
languid hands,



And rising bore him thro' the place  
of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur  
panted hard, [bed  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his  
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd  
the King,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear  
"Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."  
But the other swiftly strode from ridge  
to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking,  
as he walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
He heard the deep behind him, and a  
cry [like a goad.

Before. His own thought drove him  
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and  
right

The bare blackcliff clang'd round him,  
as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that  
rang [heels—

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed  
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter  
moon.

Then saw they how there hove a  
dusky barge [stern,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to  
Beneath them; and descending they  
were ware [stately forms

That all the decks were dense with  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a  
dream—by these

Three Queens with crowns of gold—  
and from them rose [stars,

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling  
And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation, like a wink, that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one  
comes, [world.

Or hath come, since the making of the  
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me

in the barge," [those three Queens  
And to the barge they came. There

Put forth their hands, and took the  
King, and wept.

But she that rose the tallest of them all  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and  
chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complain-  
ing loud,

And dropping bitter tears against his  
brow

Striped with dark blood: for all his face  
was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd  
moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-  
ing east;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd  
with drops [curls—

Of onset; and the light and lustrous  
That made his forehead like a rising  
sun [parch'd west

High from the dais-throne—were  
Or, clotted into points and hanging  
loose, [fringed his lips.

Mix'd with the knightly growth that  
So like a shatter'd column lay the  
King;

Not like that Arthur who, with lance in  
rest, [ment,

From spur to plume a star of tourna-  
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and  
charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of Kings.  
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-  
vere,

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall  
I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and  
my eyes?

For now I see the true old times are  
dead,

When every morning brought a noble  
chance,

And every chance brought out a noble  
knight.

Such times have been not since the  
light hath led

The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is  
dissolved [world;

Which was an image of the mighty  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,

And the days darken round me, and  
the years,

Among new men, strange faces, other  
minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge;  
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,  
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friend ? [way

For so the whole round earth is every Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

But now farewell. I am going a long way

With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)

To the island-valley of Avilion ;

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,

Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns

And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail

Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan—

Then, fluting a wild carol ere her death,

Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood [Bedivere  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

Here ended Hall, and our last light, that long

Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness, flared and fell ;

At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound,

And waked with silence, grunted "Good !" but we

Sat rapt : it was the tone with which he read—

Perhaps some modern touches here and there

Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness—

Or else we loved the man, and prized his work ;

I know not : but we sitting, as I said, The cock crew loud ; as at that time of year

The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn :

Then Francis, muttering, like a man ill-used,

"There now—that's nothing !" drew a little back,

And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log,

That sent a blast of sparkles up the flue :

And so to bed ; where yet in sleep I seem'd

To sail with Arthur under looming shores,

Point after point ; till on to dawn, when dreams

Begin to feel the truth and stir of day, To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,

There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore

King Arthur, like a modern gentleman Of stateliest port ; and all the people cried,

"Arthur is come again: he cannot die."

Then those that stood upon the hills behind [as fair];

Repeated—"Come again, and thrice And, further inland, voices echoed—"Come

With all good things, and war shall be no more."

At this a hundred bells began to peal, That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed

The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas morn.

### THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER; OR, THE PICTURES.

THIS morning is the morning of the day,

When I and Eustace from the city went

To see the Gardener's Daughter; I and he, [plete

Brothers in Art; a friendship so com- Portion'd in halves between us, that we grew

The fable of the city where we dwelt.

My Eustace might have sat for Hercules;

So muscular he spread, so broad of breast.

He, by some law that holds in love, and draws

The greater to the lesser, long desired A certain miracle of symmetry,

A miniature of loveliness, all grace Summ'd up and closed in little;—

Juliet, she

So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she

To me myself, for some three careless moons,

The summer pilot of an empty heart Unto the shores of nothing! Know

you not [love,

Such touches are but embassies of To tamper with the feelings, ere he found

[her, Empire for life? but Eustace painted And said to me, she sitting with us

then,

"When will *you* paint like this?" and I replied,

(My words were half in earnest, half in jest,)

"'Tis not your work, but Love's. Love, unperceived,

A more ideal Artist he than all, Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes [hair

Darker than darkest pansies, and that More black than ashbuds in the front of March."

And Juliet answer'd laughing, "Go and see

The Gardener's daughter: trust me, after that,

You scarce can fail to match his masterpiece."

And up we rose, and on the spur we went. [quite

Not wholly in the busy world, nor Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.

Nests from the humming city comes to it [bells;

In sound of funeral or of marriage And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear

The windy clanging of the minster clock; [lies

Although between it and the garden A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,

That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,

Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on, Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge

Crown'd with the minster towers.

The fields between

Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,

And all about the large lime feathers low,

The lime a summer home of murmurous wings. [herself,

In that still place she, hoarded in Grew, seldom seen: not less among us lived

Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard

Of Rose, the Gardener's daughter? Where was he,



So blunt in memory, so old at heart,  
At such a distance from his youth in  
grief,

That, having seen, forgot? The com-  
mon mouth

So grown to express delight, in praise  
of her

Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love,  
And Beauty such a mistress of the  
world. [Love,

And if I said that Fancy, led by  
Would play with flying forms and im-  
ages,

Yet this is also true, that, long before  
I look'd upon her, when I heard her  
name

My heart was like a prophet to my heart  
And told me I should love. A crowd  
of hopes,

That sought to show themselves like  
winged seeds,

Born out of everything I heard and  
saw,

Flutter'd about my senses and my soul ;  
And vague desires, like fitful blasts of  
balm [air

To one that travels quickly, made the  
Of Life delicious, and all kinds of  
thought,

That verged upon them, sweeter than  
the dream

Dream'd by a happy man, when the  
dark East, [morn.

Unseen, is brightening to his bridal  
And sure this orbit of the memory  
folds

Forever in itself the day we went  
To see her. All the land in flowery  
squares

Beneath a broad and equal-blowing  
wind,

Smelt of the coming summer, as one  
large cloud

Drew downward : but all else of Heaven  
was pure

Up to the Sun, and May from verge to  
verge,

And May with me from head to heel.  
And now,

As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were  
The hour just flown, that morn with all  
its sound,

(For those old Mays had thrice the  
life of these,)

Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot  
to graze,

And, where the hedge-row cuts the  
pathway, stood,

Leaning his horns into the neighbor  
field,

And lowing to his fellows. From the  
woods

Came voices of the well-contented  
doves.

The lark could scarce get out his notes  
for joy

But shook his song together as he near'd  
His happy home, the ground. To left  
and right, [hills;

The cuckoo told his name to all the  
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm ;

The redcap whistled ; and the nightin-  
gale [day.

Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of  
And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said  
to me,

"Hear how the bushes echo ! by my life  
These birds have joyful thoughts.

Think you they sing  
Like poets, from the vanity of song?

Or have they any sense of why they  
sing?

And would they praise the heavens  
for what they have?"

And I made answer, "Were there noth-  
ing else

For which to praise the heavens but  
only love,

That only love were cause enough for  
praise."

Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read  
my thought,

And on we went ; but ere an hour had  
pass'd, [North;

We reach'd a meadow slanting to the  
Down which a well-worn pathway  
courted us

To one green wicket in a privet hedge ;  
This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk

Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly  
pruned ;

And one warm gust, full-fed with  
perfume, blew

Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.

The garden stretches southward. In  
the midst  
A cedar spread his dark-green layers  
of shade.  
The garden-glasses shone, and moment-  
mentally [lights.  
The twinkling laurel scatter'd silver  
"Eustace," I said, this wonder keeps  
the house."  
He nodded, but a moment afterwards  
He cried, "Look! look!" Before he  
ceased I turn'd, [there.  
And, ere a star can wink, beheld her  
For up the porch there grew an East-  
ern rose,  
That, flowering high, the last night's  
gale had caught,  
And blown across the walk. One arm  
aloft—  
Gown'd in pure white, that fitted to  
the shape—  
Holding the bush, to fix it back, she  
stood. [hair  
A single stream of all her soft brown  
Pour'd on one side: the shadow of the  
flowers [ing  
Stole all the golden gloss, and, waver-  
Lovingly lower, trembled on her  
waist—  
Ah, happy shade—and still went  
wavering down,  
But, ere it touch'd a foot, that might  
have danced [dipt,  
The greensward into greener circles,  
And mix'd with shadows of the com-  
mon ground!  
But the full day dwelt on her brows,  
and sunn'd  
Her violet eyes, and all her Hebe-  
bloom,  
And doubled his own warmth against  
her lips,  
And on the bounteous wave of such a  
breast [shade,  
As never pencil drew. Half light, half  
She stood, a sight to make an old man  
young.  
So rapt, we near'd the house; but  
she, a Rose  
In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,  
Nor heard us come, nor from her tend-  
ance turn'd

Into the world without; till close at  
hand,  
And almost ere I knew mine own in-  
tent,  
This murmur broke the stillness of  
that air  
Which brooded round about her:  
"Ah, one rose,  
One rose, but one, by those fair fingers  
cull'd, [on lips  
Were worth a hundred kisses press'd  
Less exquisite than thine."  
She look'd: but all  
Suffused with blushes—neither self-  
possess'd  
Nor startled, but betwixt this mood  
and that,  
Divided in a graceful quiet—paused,  
And dropt the branch she held, and  
turning, wound  
Her looser hair in braid, and stirr'd  
her lips  
For some sweet answer, tho' no answer  
came,  
Nor yet refused the rose, but granted it,  
And moved away, and left me, statue-  
like,  
In act to render thanks.  
I, that whole day,  
Saw her no more, altho' I linger'd  
there  
Till every daisy slept, and Love's  
white star  
Beam'd thro' the thicken'd cedar in the  
dusk.  
So home we went, and all the live-  
long way [me.  
With solemn gibe did Eustace banter  
"Now," said he, "will you climb the  
top of Art.  
You cannot fail but work in hues to dim  
The Titianic Flora. Will you match  
My Juliet? you, not you,—the Master,  
Love,  
A more ideal Artist he than all."  
So home I went, but could not sleep  
for joy, [gloom,  
Reading her perfect features in the  
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and  
o'er,  
And shaping faithful record of the  
glance

That graced the giving—such a noise  
 of life [voice  
 Swarm'd in the golden present, such a  
 Call'd to me from the years to come,  
 and such  
 A length of bright horizon rimm'd  
 the dark.  
 And all that night I heard the watch-  
 men peal  
 The sliding season: all that night I  
 heard  
 The heavy clocks knolling the drowsy  
 hours.  
 The drowsy hours, dispensers of all  
 good,  
 O'er the mute city stole with folded  
 wings,  
 Distilling odors on me as they went  
 To greet their fairer sisters of the East.  
 Love at first sight, first-born, and heir  
 to all,  
 Made this night thus. Henceforward  
 squall nor storm  
 Could keep me from that Eden where  
 she dwelt.  
 Light pretexts drew me: sometimes a  
 Dutch love  
 For tulips; then for roses, moss or  
 musk,  
 To grace my city-rooms: or fruits  
 and cream  
 Served in the weeping elm; and more  
 and more [cheek;  
 A word could bring the color to my  
 A thought would fill my eyes with  
 happy dew; [each  
 Love trebled life within me, and with  
 The year increased.

The daughters of the year,  
 One after one, thro' that still garden  
 pass'd:  
 Each garlanded with her peculiar flower  
 Danced into light, and died into the  
 shade;  
 And each in passing touch'd with some  
 new grace  
 Or seem'd to touch her, so that day by  
 day,  
 Like one that never can be wholly  
 known,  
 Her beauty grew; till Autumn brought  
 an hour

For Eustace, when I heard his deep  
 "I will,"  
 Breathed, like the covenant of a God,  
 to hold  
 From thence thro' all the worlds: but  
 I rose up  
 Full of his bliss, and following her dark  
 eyes  
 Felt earth as air beneath me, till I  
 reach'd  
 The wicket-gate, and found her stand-  
 ing there.  
 There sat we down upon a garden  
 mound,  
 Two mutually enfolded; Love, the  
 third,  
 Between us, in the circle of his arms  
 Enwound us both; and over many a  
 range  
 Of waning lime the gray cathedral  
 towers,  
 Across a hazy glimmer of the west,  
 Reveal'd their shining windows: from  
 them clash'd  
 The bells; we listen'd; with the time  
 we play'd;  
 We spoke of other things; we coursed  
 about  
 The subject most at heart, more near  
 and near,  
 Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling  
 round  
 The central wish, until we settled there.  
 Then, in that time and place, I spoke  
 to her,  
 Requiring, tho' I knew it was mine own,  
 Yet for the pleasure that I took to  
 hear,  
 Requiring at her hand the greatest gift,  
 A woman's heart, the heart of her I  
 loved;  
 And in that time and place she an-  
 swer'd me,  
 And in the compass of three little  
 words,  
 More musical than ever came in one,  
 The silver fragments of a broken voice,  
 Made me most happy, faltering "I am  
 thine."  
 Shall I cease here? Is this enough  
 to say  
 That my desire, like all strongest hopes,



By its own energy fulfill'd itself,  
 Merged in completion? Would you  
     learn at full [grades  
 How passion rose thro' circumstantial  
 Beyond all grades develop'd? and in-  
     deed

I had not stayed so long to tell you all,  
 But while I mused came Memory with  
     sad eyes,

Holding the folded annals of my youth;  
 And while I mused, Love with knit  
     brows went by,

And with a flying finger swept my  
     lips, [given

And spake, "Be wise: not easily for-  
 Are those, who, setting wide the doors  
     that bar [heart,

The secret bridal chambers of the  
 Let in the day." Here, then, my words  
     have end.

Yet might I tell of meetings, of fare-  
     wells—

Of that which came between, more  
     sweet than each,

In whispers, like the whispers of the  
     leaves

That tremble round a nightingale—in  
     sighs

Which perfect Joy, perplex'd for utter-  
     ance,

Stole from her sister Sorrow. Might I  
     not tell

Of difference, reconciliation, pledges  
     given,

And vows, where there was never need  
     of vows,

And kisses, where the heart on one  
     wild leap [above

Hung tranced from all pulsation, as  
 The heavens between their fairy fleeces  
     pale

Sow'd all their mystic gulfs with fleeting  
     stars;

Or while the balmy glooming, crescent-  
     lit,

Spread the light haze along the river-  
     shores,

And in the hollows; or as once we met  
 Unheedful, tho' beneath a whispering  
     rain

Night slid down one long stream of  
     sighing wind.

And in her bosom bore the baby, Sleep  
     But this whole hour your eyes have  
     been intent

On that veil'd picture—veil'd for what  
     it holds

May not be dwelt on by the common  
     day.

This prelude has prepared thee. Raise  
     thy soul;

Make thine heart ready with thine eyes;  
     the time

Is come to rise the veil.

Behold her there,  
 As I beheld her ere she knew my heart,  
 My first, last love; the idol of my  
     youth,

The darling of my manhood, and, alas!  
 Now the most blessed memory of mine  
     age.

### DORA.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode  
 William and Dora. William was his  
     son, [them,

And she his niece. He often look'd at  
 And often thought "I'll make them  
     man and wife."

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
 And yearn'd towards William; but the  
     youth, because [house,  
 He had been always with her in the  
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
 When Allan call'd his son, and said,

"My son:  
 I married late, but I would wish to see  
 My grandchild on my knees before I  
     die:

And I have set my heart upon a match.  
 Now therefore look to Dora; she is  
     well

To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.  
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I  
 Had once hard words, and parted, and  
     he died

In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred  
 His daughter Dora; take her for your  
     wife;

For I have wish'd this marriage, night  
     and day,

For many years." But William answered short :

"I cannot marry Dora ; by my life, I will not marry Dora." Then the old man

Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :

"You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !

But in my time a father's word was law, And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ; [think

Consider, William : take a month to And let me have an answer to my wish ; Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,

And never more darken my doors again."

But William answered madly ; bit his lips, [at her

And broke away. The more he look'd The less he liked her : and his ways were harsh ;

But Dora bore them meekly. Then before

The month was out he left his father's house, [fields ;

And hired himself to work within the And half in love, half-spite, he woo'd and wed

A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd

His niece and said : "My girl, I love you well :

But if you speak with him that was my son, [wife,

Or change a word with her he calls his My home is none of yours. My will is law." [thought,

And Dora promised, being meek. She "It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change !"

And days went on, and there was born a boy

To William ; then distresses came on him ; [gate,

And day by day he pass'd his father's Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.

But Dora stored what little she could save,

And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know

Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :

"I have obeyed my uncle until now, And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me

This evil came on William at the first. But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone, [chose,

And for your sake, the woman that he And for this orphan, I am come to you : You know there has not been for these five years

So full a harvest : let me take the boy, And I will set him in my uncle's eye

Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad

Of the full harvest, he may see the boy, And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way

Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound [grew.

That was unsown, where many poppies Far off the farmer came into the field

And spied her not ; for none of all his men [child ;

Dare tell him Dora waited with the And Dora would have risen and gone

to him,

But her heart fail'd her ; and the reapers reap'd,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took

The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;

And made a little wreath of all the flowers

That grew about, and tied it round his hat

To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.

Then when the farmer pass'd into the field  
 He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
 And came and said : " Where were you yesterday ?  
 Whose child is that ! What are you doing here ?"  
 So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
 And answer'd softly, " This is William's child !"  
 " And did I not," said Allan, " did I not  
 Forbid you, Dora ?" Dora said again,  
 " Do with me as you will, but take the child  
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !"  
 And Allan said, " I see it is a trick  
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.  
 I must be taught my duty, and by you !  
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dared  
 To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;  
 But go you hence, and never see me more." [aloud  
 So saying, he took the boy, that cried  
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell  
 At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,  
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
 More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,  
 Remembering the day when first she came,  
 And all the things that had been. She bow'd down  
 And wept in secret ; and the reapers reap'd,  
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.  
 Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
 Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy  
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise  
 To God, that help'd her in her widow-

And Dora said, " My uncle took the boy ;  
 But, Mary, let me live and work with He says that he will never see me more."  
 Then answer'd Mary, " This shall never be,  
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :  
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,  
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
 His mother ; therefore thou and I will go  
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;  
 And I will beg of him to take thee back ;  
 But if he will not take thee back again,  
 Then thou and I will live within one house,  
 And work for William's child, until he grows  
 Of age to help us."  
 So the women kiss'd  
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.  
 The door was off the latch : they peep'd and saw  
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his [arm,  
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
 Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretch'd out  
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung  
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
 Then they came in : but when the boy beheld  
 His mother, he cried out to come to her :  
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said :  
 " O Father—if you let me call you so—  
 I never came a-begging for myself,  
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come



For Dora: take her back: she loves  
you well

O Sir, when William died, he died at  
peace

With all men; for I ask'd him, and he  
said,

He could not ever rue his marrying  
me—

I had been a patient wife; but, Sir, he  
said

That he was wrong to cross his father  
thus:

'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he  
never know

The troubles I have gone thro'!' Then  
he turn'd

His face and pass'd—unhappy that I  
am!

But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for  
you

Will make him hard, and he will learn  
to slight

His father's memory; and take Dora  
back,

And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
By Mary. There was silence in the  
room;

And all at once the old man burst in  
sobs:

"I have been to blame—to blame. I  
have kill'd my son.

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—  
my dear son.

May God forgive me!—I have been  
to blame.

Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about

The old man's neck, and kiss'd him  
many times.

And all the man was broken with re-  
morse;

And all his love came back a hundred-  
fold;

And for three hours he sobb'd o'er  
William's child,

Thinking of William.

So those four abode

Within one house together; and as  
time [mate;

Went forward, Mary took another

But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

## AUDLEY COURT.

"THE Bull, the Fleece are cramm'd,  
and not a room

For love or money. Let us picnic  
there

At Audley Court."

I spoke, while Audley feast  
Humm'd like a hive all round the nar-  
row quay,

To Francis, with a basket on his arm,  
To Francis just alighted from the boat,  
And breathing of the sea. "With all  
my heart,"

Said Francis. Then we shoulder'd  
thro' the swarm,

And rounded by the stillness of the  
beach [horn.

To where the bay runs up its latest  
We left the dying ebb that faintly  
lipp'd

The flat red granite; so by many a  
sweep

Of meadow smooth from aftermath we  
reach'd

The griffin-guarded gates, and pass'd  
thro' all

The pillar'd dusk of sounding syc-  
amores,

And cross'd the garden to the gar-  
dener's lodge,

With all its casements bedded, and its  
walls

And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine.  
There, on a slope of orchard, Fran-  
cis laid

A damask napkin wrought with horse  
and hound,

Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of  
home,

And, half-cut-down, a pasty costly  
made,

Where quail and pigeon, lark and lev-  
eret lay,

Like fossils of the rock, with golden  
yokes

Imbedded and injellied; last, with  
these,

A flask of cider from his father's vats,  
Prime, which I knew; and so we sat

. and eat [dead,

And talk'd old matters over: who was

Who married, who was like to be, and how

The races went, and who would rent the hall :

Then touch'd upon the game, how scarce it was

This season ; glancing thence, discuss'd the farm,

The fourfield system, and the price of grain ;

And struck upon the corn-laws, where we split,

And came again together on the king With heated faces ; till he laugh'd aloud ;

And, while the blackbird on the pippin To hear him, clapt his hand in mine and sang :

“O, who would fight and march and countermarch,

Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field, And shovell'd up into a bloody trench

Where no one knows ? but let me live my life. [desk,

“O, who would cast and balance at a Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool,

Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints

Are full of chalk ? but let me live my life

“Who'd serve the state ? for if I carved my name

Upon the cliffs that guard my native land, [sands ;

I might as well have traced it in the The sea wastes all : but let me live my life.

“O, who would love ? I woo'd a woman once, [wind,

But she was sharper than an eastern And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn

Turns from the sea : but let me live my life.”

He sang his song, and I replied with mine :

I found it in a volume, all of songs, Knock'd down to me, when old Sir Robert's pride,

His books—the more the pity, so I said—

Came to the hammer here in March—and this—

I set the words, and added names I knew.

“Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep, and dream of me :

Sleep, Ellen, folded in thy sister's arm, And sleeping, haply dream her arm is mine. [arm ;

“Sleep, Ellen, folded in Emilia's Emilia, fairer than all else but thou,

For thou art fairer than all else that is. “Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast :

Sleep, breathing love and trust against her lip :

I go to-night : I come to-morrow morn. “I go, but I return : I would I were

The pilot of the darkness and the dream.

Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and dream of me ”

So sang we each to either, Francis Hale, [bay,

The farmer's son who lived across the My friend ; and I, that having where-withal,

And in the fallow leisure of my life, Did what I would : but ere the night we rose

And saunter'd home beneath a moon, that, just

In crescent, dimly rain'd about the leaf Twilights of airy silver, till we reach'd

The limit of the hills ; and as we sank From rock to rock upon the glooming quay,

The town was hush'd beneath us : lower down

The bay was oily-calm ; the harbor-buoy

With one green sparkle ever and anon Dipt by itself, and we were glad at heart.

## WALKING TO THE MAIL.

John. I'm glad I walk'd. How fresh the meadows look Above the river, and but a month ago,

The whole hillside was redder than a fox.

Is yon plantation where this by-way joins

The turnpike?

*James.* Yes.

*John.* And when does this come by?

*James.* The mail? At one o'clock.

*John.* What is it now?

*James.* A quarter to.

*John.* Whose house is that I see?

No, not the County Member's with the vane: [half

Up higher with the yewtree by it, and A score of gables

*James.* That? Sir Edward Head's: But he's abroad: the place is to be sold.

*John.* O, his. He was not broken.

*James.* No, sir, he, Vex'd with a morbid devil in his blood That veil'd the world with jaundice, hid his face

From all men, and commercing with himself,

He lost the sense that handles daily life—

That keeps us all in order more or less— [change.

And sick of home went overseas for

*John.* And whither?

*James.* Nay, who knows? he's here and there.

But let him go; his devil goes with him, As well as with his tenant, Jocky Dawes.

*John.* What's that?

*James.* You saw the man—on Monday, was it?—

There by the humpback'd willow; half stands up

And bristles; half has fall'n and made a bridge;

And there he caught the younker tickling trout—

Caught in *flagrante*—what's the Latin word?—

*Delicto*: but his house, for so they say, Was haunted with a jolly ghost, that shook

The curtains, whined in lobbies, tapt at doors,

And rummaged like a rat: no servant stay'd:

The farmer vext packs up his beds and chairs,

And all his household stuff: and with his boy [tilt,

Betwixt his knees, his wife upon the Sets out, and meets a friend who hails him. "What!

You're flitting!" "Yes, we're flitting," says the ghost,

(For they had pack'd the thing among the beds.)

"O well," says he, "you flitting with us too— [again."

Jack, turn the horses' heads and home *John.* He left his wife behind; for so I heard.

*James.* He left her, yes. I met my lady once:

A woman like a butt, and harsh as crabs.

*John.* O yet but I remember, ten years back—

'Tis now at least ten years—and then she was— [thing:

You could not light upon a sweeter A body slight and round, and like a pear [foot

In growing, modest eyes, a hand, a Lessening in perfect cadence, and a skin

As clean and white as privet when it flowers.

*James.* Ay, ay, the blossom fades, and they that loved [dog.

At first like dove and dove were cat and She was the daughter of a cottager,

Out of her sphere. What betwixt shame and pride,

New things and old, himself and her, she sour'd

To what she is: a nature never kind! Like men, like manners: like breeds like, they say.

Kind nature is the best: those manners next

That fit us like a nature second-hand; Which are indeed the manners of the great.

*John.* But I had heard it was this bill that past,



And fear of change at home, that drove him hence.

*James.* That was the last drop in his cup of gall.

I once was near him, when his bailiff brought

A Chartist pike. You should have seen him wince

As from a venomous thing: he thought himself

A mark for all, and shudder'd, lest a cry

Should break his sleep by night, and his nice eyes

Should see the raw mechanic's bloody thumbs

Sweat on his blazon'd chairs; but, sir, you know

That these two parties still divide the world—

Of those that want, and those that have: and still

The same old sore breaks out from age to age

With much the same result. Now I myself,

A Tory to the quick, was as a boy Destructive, when I had not what I would.

I was at school—a college in the South:

There lived a flayflint near; we stole his fruit,

His hens, his eggs; but there was law for *us*:

We paid in person. He had a sow, sir. She, [tent,

With meditative grunts of much con-Lay great with pig, wallowing in sun and mud.

By night we dragged her to the college tower

From her warm bed, and up the corkscrew stair

With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow,

And on the leads we kept her till she pigg'd. [sow,

Large range of prospect had the mother And but for daily loss of one she loved,

As one by one we took them—but for this—

As never sow was higher in this world— Might have been happy: but what lot is pure?

We took them all, till she was left alone

Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine, And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty.

*John.* They found you out?

*James.* Not they.

*John.* Well—after all—

What know we of the secret of a man? His nerves were wrong. What ails us,

who are sound, That we should mimic this raw fool the world,

Which charts us all in its coarse blacks or whites,

As ruthless as a baby with a worm, As cruel as a school-boy ere he grows To Pity—more from ignorance than will.

But put your best foot forward, or I fear

That we shall miss the mail: and here it comes

With five at top: as quaint a four-in-hand

As you shall see—three piebalds and a roan.

### EDWIN MORRIS; OR, THE LAKE.

O ME, my pleasant rambles by the lake.

My sweet, wild, fresh three-quarters of a year,

My one Oasis in the dust and drouth Of city life; I was a sketcher then:

See here, my doing: curves of mountain, bridge,

Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built When men knew how to build, upon a rock,

With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock: And here, new-comers in an ancient hold, [aires,

New-comers from the Mersey, million- Here lived the Hills—a Tudor-chimneyed bulk

Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake  
 With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull  
 The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,  
 Long learned names of agaric, moss, and fern,  
 Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,  
 Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,  
 Who read me rhymes elaborately good,  
 His own—I call'd him Crichton, for he seem'd  
 All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.

And once I ask'd him of his early life,  
 And his first passion; and he answer'd me;  
 And well his words became him: was he not  
 A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence  
 Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he spoke.

“My love for nature is as old as I;  
 But thirty moons, one honeymoon to that,  
 And three rich sennights more, my love for her.  
 My love for Nature and my love for her,  
 Of different ages, like twin-sisters grew,  
 Twin-sisters differently beautiful.  
 To some full music rose and sank the sun,  
 And some full music seem'd to move and change  
 With all the varied changes of the dark,  
 And either twilight and the day between;  
 For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again  
 Revolving toward fulfilment, made it sweet  
 To walk, to sit, to sleep, to breathe, to wake.”

Or this or something like to this he spoke.

Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull:

“I take it, God made the woman for the man,  
 And for the good and increase of the world.

A pretty face is well, and this is well,  
 To have a dame indoors, that trims us up,

And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways

Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed

Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.

I say, God made the woman for the man,

And for the good and increase of the world.

“Parson,” said I, “you pitch the pipe to a low:

But I have sudden touches, and can run

My faith beyond my practice into his:  
 Tho' if, in dancing after Letty Hill,  
 I do not hear the bells upon my cap,  
 I scarce hear other music: yet say on.  
 What should one give to light on such a dream?”

I ask'd him half-sardonically.

“Give? Give all thou art,” he answer'd, and a light

Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek;

“I would have hid her needle in my heart,

To save her little finger from a scratch  
 No deeper than the skin: my ears could hear

Her lightest breaths: her least remark was worth

The experience of the wise. I went and came;

Her voice fled always thro' the summer land;

I spoke her name alone. Thrice-happy days!

The flower of each, those moments  
when we met,  
The crown of all, we met to part no  
more."

Were not his words delicious, I a  
beast  
To take them as I did? but something  
jarr'd;  
Whether he spoke too largely; that  
there seem'd  
A touch of something false, some self-  
conceit,  
Or over-smoothness: howsoe'er it was,  
He scarcely hit my humor, and I said:

"Friend Edwin, do not think your-  
self alone [me,  
Of all men happy. Shall not Love to  
As in the Latin song I learnt at school,  
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right  
and left? [vein:  
But you can talk: yours is a kindly  
I have, I think,—Heaven knows—as  
much within;  
Have, or should have, but for a thought  
or two,  
That like a purple beech among the  
greens  
Looks out of place: 'tis from no want  
in her:  
It is my shyness, or my self-distrust,  
Or something of a wayward modern  
mind  
Dissecting passion. Time will set me  
right."

So spoke I knowing not the things  
that were.  
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward  
Bull:

"God made the woman for the use of  
man,  
And for the good and increase of the  
world."  
And I and Edwin laugh'd; and now we  
paused  
About the windings of the marge to  
hear  
The soft wind blowing over meadowy  
holms [left  
And alders, garden-isles; and now we

The clerk behind us, I and he, and ran  
By ripply shallows of the lispings lake,  
Delighted with the freshness and the  
sound.

But, when the bracken rusted on their  
crag,  
My suit had wither'd, nipt to death by  
him  
That was a God, and is a lawyer's  
clerk,  
The rentroll Cupid of our rainy isles.  
'Tis true, we met; one hour I had, no  
more: [said,  
She sent a note, the seal an *Elle vous*  
The close "Your Letty, only yours";  
and this  
Thrice underscored. The friendly mist  
of morn  
Clung to the lake, I bloated over, ran  
My craft aground, and heard with beat-  
ing heart  
The Sweet-Gale rustle round the shelv-  
ing keel:  
And out I stept, and up I crept; she  
moved,  
Like Proserpine in Enna, gathering  
flowers:  
Then low and sweet I whistled thrice;  
and she,  
She turn'd, we closed, we kiss'd, swo'  
faith, I breathed  
In some new planet: a silent court:  
stole [cried,  
Upon us and departed: "Leave," she  
"O leave me!" "Never, dearest,  
never: here  
I brave the worst": and while we stood  
like fools  
Embracing, all at once a score of pugs  
And poodles yell'd within, and out they  
came  
Trustees and Aunts and Uncles.  
"What, with him!"  
"Go" (shrill'd the cottonspinning  
chorus) "him!"  
I choked. Again they shriek'd the  
burthen "Him!"  
Again with hands of wild rejection  
"Go!—  
Girl, get you in!" She went—and in  
one month



They wedded her to sixty thousand  
pounds,  
To lands in Kent and messuages in  
York,  
And slight Sir Robert with his watery  
smile

And educated whisker. But for me,  
They set an ancient creditor to work :  
It seems I broke a close with force and  
arms :

[king  
There came a mystic token from the  
To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy !  
I read, and fled by night, and flying  
turn'd :

Her taper glimmer'd in the lake below :  
I turn'd once more, close-button'd to  
the storm ;

So left the place, left Edwin, nor have  
seen

Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared  
to hear. [ago

Nor cared to hear ? perhaps : yet long  
I have pardon'd little Letty : not indeed,  
It may be, for her own dear sake but  
this,

She seems a part of those fresh days  
to me ;

For in the dust and drouth of London  
life [lake,

She moves among my visions of the  
While the prime swallow dips his wing,  
or then

While the gold-lily blows, and overhead  
The light cloud smoulders on the sum-  
mer crag.

### ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

ALTHO. I be the basest of mankind,  
From scalp to sole one slough and  
crust of sin,

Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce  
meet

For troops of devils, mad with blas-  
phemy,

I will not cease to grasp the hope I  
hold

Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn, and  
sob,

Battering the gates of heaven with  
storms of prayer,

Have mercy, Lord, and take away my  
sin. [God,

Let this avail, just dreadful, mighty  
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten  
years,

Thrice multiplied by superhuman  
pangs,

In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and  
cold,

In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous  
throes and cramps,

A sign betwixt the meadow and the  
cloud,

Patient on this tall pillar I have borne  
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and  
sleet, and snow ;

And I had hoped that ere this period  
closed

Thou wouldst have caught me up into  
thy rest,

Denying not these weather-beaten limbs  
The meed of saints, the white robe and  
the palm. [breathe,

O take the meaning, Lord : I do not  
Not whisper any murmur of complaint,  
Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this,  
were still

Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold ; to  
bear,

Than were those lead-like tons of sin,  
that crush'd

My spirit flat before thee.

O Lord, Lord,

Thou knowest I bore this better at the  
first,

For I was strong and hale of body  
then ;

And tho' my teeth, which now are dropt  
away,

Would chatter with the cold, and all  
my beard

Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the  
moon,

I drown'd the whoopings of the owl  
with sound

Of pious hymns and psalms, and some-  
times saw [sang.

An angel stand and watch me, as I  
Now am I feeble grown ; my end draws  
nigh ;

I hope my end draws nigh : half-deaf  
I am,

So that I scarce can hear the people  
 hum  
 About the column's base, and almost  
 blind,  
 And scarce can recognize the fields I  
 know ;  
 And both my thighs are rotted with  
 the dew ;  
 Yet cease I not to clamor and to cry,  
 While my stiff spine can hold my weary  
 head,  
 Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from  
 the stone,  
 Have mercy, mercy : take away my sin.  
 O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my  
 soul,  
 Who may be saved ? who is it may be  
 saved ?  
 Who may be made a saint, if I fail  
 here ?  
 Show me the man hath suffer'd more  
 than I.  
 For did not all thy martyrs die one  
 death ? [fied,  
 For either they were stoned, or cruci-  
 Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or  
 sawn  
 In twain beneath the ribs ; but I die  
 here  
 To-day, and whole years long, a life of  
 death. [way  
 Bear witness, if I could have found a  
 (And heedfully I sifted all my thought)  
 More slowly-painful to subdue this  
 home  
 Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and  
 hate,  
 I had not stinted practice, O my God.  
 For not alone this pillar-punishment,  
 Not this alone I bore : but while I lived  
 In the white convent down the valley  
 there,  
 For many weeks about my loins I wore  
 The rope that haled the buckets from  
 the well,  
 Twisted as tight as I could knot the  
 noose ;  
 And spake not of it to a single soul,  
 Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,  
 Betray'd my secret penance, so that all  
 My brethren marvell'd greatly. More  
 than this

I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest  
 all.  
 Three winters, that my soul might  
 grow to thee,  
 I lived up there on yonder mountain  
 side.  
 My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay  
 Pent in a roofless close of ragged  
 stones ; [mist, and twice  
 Inswathed sometimes in wandering  
 Black'd with thy branding thunder, and  
 sometimes [not,  
 Sucking the damps for drink, and eating  
 Except the spare chance-gift of those  
 that came  
 To touch my body and be heal'd, and  
 live :  
 And they say then that I work'd  
 miracles,  
 Whereof my fame is loud amongst  
 mankind,  
 Cured lameness, palsies, cancers.  
 Thou, O God,  
 Knowest alone whether this was or no.  
 Have mercy, mercy ; cover all my sin.  
 Then, that I might be more alone  
 with thee,  
 Three years I lived upon a pillar, high  
 Six cubits, and three years on one of  
 twelve ;  
 And twice three years I crouch'd on  
 one that rose  
 Twenty by measure ; last of all, I grew,  
 Twice ten long weary, weary years to  
 this,  
 That numbers forty cubits from the soil.  
 I think that I have borne as much as  
 this—  
 Or else I dream—and for so long a  
 time,  
 If I may measure time by yon slow light,  
 And this high dial, which my sorrow  
 crowns—  
 So much—even so.  
 And yet I know not well,  
 For that the evil ones come here, and  
 say,  
 " Fall down, O Simeon : thou hast  
 suffer'd long  
 For ages and for ages ! " then they prate  
 Of penances I cannot have gone thro',  
 Perplexing me with lies ; and oft I fall,

Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies,  
That Heaven, and Earth, and Time  
are choked.

But yet

Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all  
the saints

Enjoy themselves in Heaven, and men  
on earth

House in the shade of comfortable  
roofs,

Sit with their wives by fires, eat whole-  
some food,

And wear warm clothes, and even  
beasts have stalls,

I 'tween the spring and downfall of the  
light,

Born down one thousand and two  
hundred times,

To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and  
the Saints ;

Or in the night, after a little sleep,  
I wake : the chill stars sparkle ; I am  
wet

With drenching dews, or stiff with  
crackling frost,

I wear an undress'd goatskin on my  
back ;

A grazing iron collar grinds my neck ;  
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the  
cross,

And strive and wrestle with thee till I  
die :

O mercy, mercy ! wash away my sin.

O Lord, thou knowest what a man I  
am ;

A sinful man, conceived and born in  
sin :

'Tis their own doing ; this is none of  
mine ; [this,

Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for  
That here come those that worship me ?

Ha ! ha !

They think that I am somewhat.  
What am I ?

The silly people take me for a saint,  
And bring me offerings of fruit and  
flowers :

And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness  
here)

Have all in all endured as much, and  
more

Than many just and holy men, whose  
names

Are register'd and calendar'd for saints.  
Good people, you do ill to kneel to  
me.

What is it I can have done to merit  
this !

I am a sinner viler than you all.

It may be I have wrought some  
miracles,

And cured some halt and maim'd ; but  
what of that ?

It may be, no one, even among the  
saints,

May match his pains with mine ; but  
what of that ?

Yet do not rise : for you may look on  
me,

And in your looking you may kneel to  
God.

Speak ! is there any of you halt or  
maim'd ?

I think you know I have some power  
with Heaven

From my long penance : let him speak  
his wish.

Yes, I can heal him Power goes  
forth from me.

They say that they are heal'd Ah,  
hark ! they shout

" St. Simeon Stylites." Why, if so,  
God reaps a harvest in me. O my soul,  
God reaps a harvest in thee. If this be  
Can I work miracles and not be saved ?  
This is not told of any. They were  
saints.

It cannot be but that I shall be saved,  
Yea, crown'd a saint They shout,

" Behold a saint !"

And lower voices saint me from above.  
Courage, St. Simeon ! This dull  
chrysalis

Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere  
death

Spreads more and more and more, that  
God hath now

Sponged and made blank of crime'sful  
record all

My mortal archives.

O my sons, my sons,

I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname  
Stylites, among men ; I, Simeon,



The watcher on the column till the end;

I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes;

I, whose bald brows in silent hours become

Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now  
From my high nest of penance here proclaim

That Pontius and Iscariot by my side  
Show'd like fair seraphs. On the coals  
I lay,

A vessel full of sin: all hell beneath  
Made me boil over. Devils pluck'd my  
sleeve;

Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.  
I smote them with the cross; they  
swarm'd again.

In bed like monstrous apes they crush'd  
my chest:

They flapp'd my light out as I read: I  
saw [book:

Their faces grow between me and my  
With colt-like whinny and with hoggish  
whine

They burst my prayer. Yet this way  
was left,

And by this way I 'scaped them.  
Mortify

Your flesh, like me, with scourges and  
with thorns;

Smite, shrink not, spare not. If it may  
be, fast

Whole Lents, and pray. I hardly, with  
slow steps,

With slow, faint steps, and much ex-  
ceeding pain,

Have scrambled past those pits of fire,  
that still

Sing in mine ears. But yield not me  
the praise:

God only thro' his bounty hath thought  
fit, [world,

Among the powers and princes of this  
To make me an example to mankind,

Which few can reach to. Yet I do not  
say

But that a time may come—yea, even  
now,

Now, now, his footsteps smite the  
threshold stairs

Of life—I say, that time is at the doors

When you may worship me without re-  
proach;

For I will leave my relics in your land,  
And you may carve a shrine about my  
dust,

And burn a fragrant lamp before my  
bones,

When I am gather'd to the glorious  
saints.

While I spake then, a sting of  
shrewdest pain

Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloud-  
like change,

In passing, with a grosser film made  
thick

These heavy, horny eyes. The end!  
the end!

Surely the end! What's here? a shape,  
a shape,

A flash of light. Is that the angel there  
That holds a crown? Come, blessed  
brother, come.

I know thy glittering face. I waited  
long;

My brows are ready. What! deny it  
now?

Nay, draw, draw, draw nigh. So I clutch  
it. Christ!

'Tis gone: 'tis here again: the crown!  
the crown!

So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,  
And from it melt the dews of Paradise,  
Sweet! sweet! spikenard, and balm,  
and frankincense.

Ah! let me not be fool'd, sweet saints:  
I trust

That I am whole, and clean, and meet  
for Heaven. [God,

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of  
Among you there, and let him presently  
Approach, and lean a ladder on the  
shaft,

And climbing up into my airy home,  
Deliver me the blessed sacrament;  
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost,  
I prophesy that I shall die to-night,  
A quarter before twelve.

But thou, O Lord,  
Aid all this foolish people; let them  
take

Example, pattern; lead them to thy  
light.

## THE TALKING OAK.

ONCE more the gate behind me falls;

Once more before my face

I see the moulder'd Abbey-walls,

That stand within the chace.

Beyond the lodge the city lies,

Beneath its drift of smoke;

And ah ! with what delighted eyes

I turn to yonder oak.

For when my passion first began,

Ere that, which in me burn'd,

The love, that makes me thrice a man,

Could hope itself return'd ;

To yonder oak within the field

I spoke without restraint,

And with a larger faith appeal'd

Than Papist unto Saint.

For oft I talk'd with him apart,

And told him of my choice,

Until he plagiarized a heart,

And answer'd with a voice.

Tho' what he whisper'd, under Heaven

None else could understand ;

I found him garrulously given,

A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply

Is many a weary hour ;

'Twere well to question him, and try

If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,

Broad Oak of Sumner-chace,

Whose topmost branches can discern

The roofs of Sumner-place !

Say thou, whereon I carved her name,

If ever maid or spouse,

As fair as my Olivia, came

To rest beneath thy boughs.—

" O Walter, I have shelter'd here

Whatever maiden grace

The good old Summers, year by year,

Made ripe in Sumner-chace :

" Old Summers, when the monk was  
fat,

And, issuing shorn and sleek,

Would twist his girdle tight, and pat

The girls upon the cheek,

" Ere yet, in scorn of Peter's-pence,

And number'd bead and shrift,

Bluff Harry broke into the spence,

And turn'd the cows adrift :

" And I have seen some score of those

Fresh faces that would thrive

When his man-minded offset rose

To chase the deer at five ;

" And all that from the town would  
stroll,

Till that wild wind made work

In which the gloomy brewer's soul

Went by me, like a stork :

" The slight she-slips of loyal blood,

And others, passing praise,

Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud

For puritanic stays :

" And I have shadow'd many a group

Of beauties that were born

In teacup-times of hood and hoop,

Or while the patch was worn ;

" And, leg and arm with love-knots gay,

About me leap'd and laugh'd

The modish Cupid of the day,

And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

" I swear (and else may insects prick

Each leaf into a gall)

This girl, for whom your heart is sick,

Is three times worth them all ;

" For those and theirs, by Nature's law,

Have faded long ago ;

But in these latter springs I saw

Your own Olivia blow,

" From when she gamboll'd on the  
greens,

A baby-germ, to when

The maiden blossoms of her teens

Could number five from ten.

" I swear, by leaf, and wind, and rain,

(And hear me with thine ears,)

That, tho' I circle in the grain

Five hundred rings of years—

" Yet, since I first could cast a shade,

Did never creature pass

So slightly, musically made,

So light upon the grass :

"For as to fairies, that will flit  
To make the greensward fresh,  
I hold them exquisitely knit,  
But far too spare of flesh."

O, hide thy knotted knees in fern,  
And overlook the chace;  
And from thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place.

But thou, whereon I carved her name,  
That oft has heard my vows,  
Declare when last Olivia came  
To sport beneath thy boughs.

"O yesterday, you know, the fair  
Was holden at the town:  
Her father left his good arm-chair,  
And rode his hunter down.

"And with him Albert came on his,  
I look'd at him with joy:  
As cowslip unto oxlip is,  
So seems she to the boy.

"An hour had past — and, sitting  
straight  
Within the low-wheel'd chaise,  
Her mother trundled to the gate  
Behind the dappled grays.

"But, as for her, she stay'd at home,  
And on the roof she went,  
And down the way you use to come  
She look'd with discontent.

"She left the novel half-uncut  
Upon the rosewood shelf;  
She left the new piano shut:  
She could not please herself.

"Then ran she, gamesome as the colt,  
And livelier than a lark  
She sent her voice thro' all the holt  
Before her, and the park

"A light wind chased her on the wing,  
And in the chase grew wild,  
As close as might be would he cling  
About the darling child:

"But light as any wind that blows  
So fleetly did she stir,  
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and  
rose,  
And turn'd to look at her.

"And here she came, and round me  
play'd,  
And sang to me the whole  
Of those three stanzas that you made  
About my 'giant bole';

"And in a fit of frolic mirth  
She strove to span my waist:  
Alas, I was so broad of girth,  
I could not be embraced.

"I wish'd myself the fair young beech  
That here beside me stands,  
That round me, clasping each in each,  
She might have lock'd her hands.

"Yet seem'd the pressure thrice as  
sweet  
As woodbine's fragile hold,  
Or when I feel about my feet  
The berried briony fold."

O muffle round thy knees with fern,  
And shadow Sumner-chace!  
Long may thy topmost branch discern  
The roofs of Sumner-place!

But tell me, did she read the name  
I carved with many vows  
When last with throbbing heart I came  
To rest beneath thy boughs?

"O yes, she wander'd round and round  
These knotted knees of mine,  
And found, and kiss'd the name she  
found,  
And sweetly murmur'd thine.

"A teardrop trembled from its source,  
And down my surface crept.  
My sense of touch is something coarse,  
But I believe she wept.

"Then flush'd her cheek with rosy  
light,  
She glanced across the plain;  
But not a creature was in sight:  
She kiss'd me once again.

"Her kisses were so close and kind,  
That, trust me on my word,  
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,  
But yet my sap was stirr'd



"And even into my inmost ring  
A pleasure I discern'd,  
Like those blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turn'd.

"Thrice-happy he that may caress  
The ringlet's waving balm—  
The cushions of whose touch may  
press  
The maiden's tender palm.

"I, rooted here among the groves,  
But languidly adjust  
My vapid vegetable loves  
With anthers and with dust :

"For ah! my friend, the days were  
brief  
Whereof the poets talk,  
When that, which breathes within the  
leaf,  
Could slip its bark and walk.

"But could I, as in times foregone,  
From spray, and branch, and stem,  
Have suck'd and gather'd into one  
The life that spreads in them,

"She had not found me so remiss;  
But lightly issuing thro',  
I would have paid her kiss for kiss  
With usury thereto."

O flourish high, with leafy towers,  
And overlook the lea,  
Pursue thy loves among the bowers,  
But leave thou mine to me.

O flourish, hidden deep in fern,  
Old oak, I love thee well ;  
A thousand thanks for what I learn  
And what remains to tell.

"'Tis little more ; the day was warm ;  
At last, tired out with play,  
She sank her head upon her arm,  
And at my feet she lay.

"Her eyelids dropp'd their silken  
eaves.  
I breathed upon her eyes  
Thro' all the summer of my leaves  
A welcome mix'd with sighs.

"I took the swarming sound of life—  
The music from the town—  
The murmurs of the drum and fife  
And lull'd them in my own.

"Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip,  
To light her shaded eye ;  
A second flutter'd round her lip  
Like a golden butterfly ;

"A third would glimmer on her neck  
To make the necklace shine ;  
Another slid, a sunny fleck,  
From head to ankle fine.

"Then close and dark my arms I  
spread,  
And shadow'd all her rest—  
Dropt dews upon her golden head,  
An acorn in her breast.

"But in a pet she started up,  
And pluck'd it out, and drew  
My little oakling from the cup,  
And flung him in the dew.

"And yet it was a graceful gift—  
I felt a pang within  
As when I see the woodman lift  
His axe to slay my kin.

"I shok him down because he was  
The finest on the tree.  
He lies beside thee on the grass.  
O kiss him once for me.

"O kiss him twice and thrice for me,  
That have no lips to kiss,  
For never yet was oak on lea  
Shall grow so fair as this."

Step deeper yet in herb and fern,  
Look further thro' the chace,  
Spread upward till thy boughs discern  
The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is blest,  
That but a moment lay  
Where fairer fruit of Love may rest  
Some happy future day.

I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice,  
The warmth it thence shall win  
To riper life may magnetize  
The baby-oak within.

But thou, while kingdoms overset,  
Or lapse from hand to hand,  
Thy leaf shall never fail, nor yet  
Thine acorn in the land.

May never saw dismember thee,  
Nor wielded axe disjoint,  
That art the fairest-spoken tree  
From here to Lizard-point.

O rock upon thy towery top  
All throats that gurgle sweet!  
All starry culmination drop  
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—  
And while he sinks or swells  
The full south-breeze around thee blow  
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root,  
That under deeply strikes!  
The northern morning o'er thee shoot,  
High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain,  
But, rolling as in sleep,  
Low thunders bring the mellow rain,  
That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath,  
That only by thy side  
Will I to Olive plight my troth,  
And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall,  
She, Dryad-like, shall wear  
Alternate leaf and acorn-ball  
In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme,  
And praise thee more in both  
Than bard has honor'd beech or lime,  
Or that Thessalian growth,

In which the swarthy ringdoves sat,  
And mystic sentence spoke;  
And more than England honors that,  
Thy famous brother-oak,

Wherein the younger Charles abode  
Till all the paths were dim,  
And far below the Roundhead rode,  
And humm'd a surly hymn.

LOVE AND DUTY.

OF love that never found his earthly  
close, [breaking hearts?  
What sequel? Streaming eyes and  
Or all the same as if he had not been?  
Not so. Shall Error in the round  
of time [gart shout  
Still father Truth? O shall the brag-  
For some blind glimpse of freedom  
work itself [law  
Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to  
System and empire? Sin itself be found  
The cloudy porch oft opening on the  
Sun?

And only he, this wonder, dead, become  
Mere highway dust! or year by year  
alone

Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,  
Nightmare of youth, the spectre of  
himself! [all,

If this were thus, if this, indeed, were  
Better the narrow brain, the stony  
heart, [days,  
The staring eye glazed o'er with sapless  
The long mechanic paces to and fro,  
The set gray life, and apathetic end.  
But am I not the nobler thro' thy love?  
O three times less unworthy! likewise  
thou [thy years.

Art more thro' Love, and greater than  
The Sun will run his orbit, and the  
Moon

Her circle. Wait, and Love himself  
will bring [changed to fruit  
The drooping flower of knowledge  
Of wisdom. Wait: my faith is large  
in Time, [fect end.

And that which shapes it to some per-  
Will some one say, then why not ill  
for good? [that man  
Why took ye not your pastime? To  
My work shall answer, since I knew  
the right

And did it; for a man is not as God,  
But then most Godlike being most a  
man. [and me—

—So let me think 'tis well for thee  
Ill fated that I am, what lot is mine  
Whose foresight preaches peace, my  
heart so slow [me,  
To feel it! For how hard it seem'd to

When eyes, love-languid thro' half-tears, would dwell

One earnest, earnest moment upon mine, [voice,

Then not to dare to see! when thy low faltering, would break its syllables, to keep [leash,

My own full-tuned,—hold passion in a And not leap forth and fall about thy neck, [relief!]

And on thy bosom, (deep-desired Rain out the heavy mist of tears, that weigh'd [soul!

Upon my brain, my senses, and my For Love himself took part against himself [Love—

To warn us off, and Duty loved of O this world's curse, — beloved but hated—came [and mine,

Like Death betwixt thy dear embrace And crying, "Who is this? behold thy bride,"

She push'd me from thee.

If the sense is hard To alien ears, I did not speak to these— No, not to thee, but to myself in thee: Hard is my doom and thine: thou knowest it all. [well to speak,

Could Love part thus? was it not To have spoken once? It could not but be well. [things good,

The slow sweet hours that bring us all The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill, [the night

And all good things from evil, brought In which we sat together and alone,

And to the want, that hollow'd all the heart, [eye,

Gave utterance by the yearning of an That burn'd upon its object thro' such tears

As flow but once a life.

The trance gave way To those caresses, when a hundred times [last,

In that last kiss, which never was the Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died. [the words

Then follow'd counsel, comfort, and That make a man feel strong in speaking truth; [head

Till now the dark was worn, and over-

The lights of sunset and of sunrise mix'd [that paused

In that brief night; the summer night, Among her stars to hear us; stars that hung [of Time

Love-charm'd to listen: all the wheels Spun round in station, but the end had come. [nerves to rush

O then like those, who clench their Upon their dissolution, we two rose, There—closing like an individual life—

In one blind cry of passion and of pain, Like bitter accusation ev'n to death, Caught up the whole of love and utter'd it,

And bade adieu forever.

Live—yet live— Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all

Life needs for life is possible to will— Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended by

My blessing! Should my Shadow cross thy thoughts [thou

Too sadly for their peace, remand it For calmer hours to Memory's darkest hold,

If not to be forgotten—not at once— Not all forgotten. Should it cross thy dreams, [content,

O might it come like one that looks With quiet eyes unfaithful to the truth, And point thee forward to a distant light,

Or seem to lift a burthen from thy heart And leave thee freer, till thou wake refreshed, [grown

Then when the low matin-chirp hath Full choir, and Morning driv'n her plough of pearl [rack,

Far furrowing into light the mounded Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

## THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WELL, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote:

It was last summer on a tour in Wales: Old James was with me: we that day had been



Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leon-  
ard there,  
And found him in Llamberis: then we  
crost [way up  
Between the lakes, and clamber'd half  
The counter side; and that same song  
of his [swore  
He told me; for I banter'd him, and  
They said he lived shut up within him-  
self, [days,  
A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous  
That, setting the *how much* before the  
*how*, [leech, "Give,  
Cry, like the daughters of the horse-  
Cram us with all," but count not me the  
herd!

To which "They call me what they  
will," he said:

"But I was born too late: the fair new  
forms, [age,  
That float about the threshold of an  
Like truths of Science waiting to be  
caught— [catcher crown'd—  
Catch me who can, and make the  
Are taken by the forelock. Let it be.  
But if you care indeed to listen, hear  
These measured words, my work of  
yestermorn. [all things move:

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but  
The Sun flies forward to his brother  
Sun; [her ellipse;  
The dark Earth follows wheel'd in  
And human things returning on them-  
selves [year.

Move onward, leading up the golden  
"Ah, tho' the times, when some new  
thought can bud, [flower,  
Are but as poets' seasons when they  
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,  
Have ebb and flow-conditioning their  
march, [year.

And slow and sure comes up the golden  
"When wealth no more shall rest in  
mounded heaps, [melt  
But smit with freer light shall slowly  
In many streams to fatten lower lands,  
And light shall spread, and man be  
liker man

Thro' all the season of the golden year.  
"Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens  
be wrens? [that?

If all the world were falcons, what of

The wonder of the eagle were the less,  
But he not less the eagle. Happy days  
Roll onward, leading up the golden  
year. [Press;

"Fly happy happy sails and bear the  
Fly happy, with the mission of the  
Cross; [ward

Knit land to land, and blowing haven-  
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear  
of toll,

Enrich the markets of the golden year.

"But we grow old. Ah! when shall  
all men's good

Be each man's rule, and universal Peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the  
sea, [year?"

Thro' all the circle of the golden

\* Thus far he flow'd, and ended;  
whereupon [swer'd James—

"Ah, folly!" in mimic cadence an-

"Ah, folly! for it lies so far away,  
Not in our time, nor in our children's  
time, [live;

'Tis like the second world to us that  
'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on  
Heaven

As on this vision of the golden year."

With that he struck his staff against  
the rocks

And broke it,—James,—you know him,  
—old, but full

Of force and choler, and firm upon his  
feet, [woods,

And like an oaken stock in winter  
O'erflourish'd with the hoary clematis:  
Then added, all in heat:

"What stuff is this!  
Old writers push'd the happy season  
back,—

The more fools they,—we forward:  
dreamers both:

You must, that in an age, when every  
hour [death,

Must sweat her sixty minutes to the  
Live on, God love us, as if the seeds-  
man, rapt [dip

Upon the teaming harvest, should not  
His hand into the bag: but well I know  
That unto him who works, and feels he  
works, [doors."

This same grand year is ever at the

He spoke ; and, high above, I heard  
 them blast [echo flap  
 The steep slate-quarry, and the great  
 And buffet round the hills from bluff to  
 bluff.

### ULYSSES.

IT little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren  
 crags, [idle  
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and  
 know not me.  
 I cannot rest from travel : I will drink  
 Life to the lees : all times I have en-  
 joy'd [those  
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with  
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore,  
 and when  
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a  
 name ;  
 For always roaming with a hungry heart  
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of  
 men [ernments,  
 And manners, climates, councils, gov-  
 Myself not least, but honor'd of them  
 all ; [peers,  
 And drunk delight of battle with my  
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
 I am a part of all that I have met ;  
 Yet all experience is an arch where-  
 thro' [margin fades  
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose  
 Forever and forever when I move.  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in  
 use ! [on life  
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled  
 Were all too little, and of one to me  
 Little remains : but every hour is saved  
 From that eternal silence, something  
 more,  
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard  
 myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking  
 star, [thought.  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human

This is my son, mine own Telega-  
 chus, [isle--  
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the  
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
 This labor, by slow prudence to make  
 mild  
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the  
 good. [sphere  
 Most blameless is he, centred in the  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail  
 In offices of tenderness, and pay  
 Meet adoration to my household gods,  
 When I am gone. He works his work,  
 I mine. [her sail :  
 There lies the port : the vessel puffs  
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My  
 mariners, [and thought with me--  
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought,  
 That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and  
 opposed [are old ;  
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I  
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil ;  
 Death closes all : but something ere  
 the end, [done,  
 Some work of noble note, may yet be  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with  
 Gods. [rocks :  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the  
 The long day wanes : the slow moon  
 climbs : the deep [my friends,  
 Moans round with many voices. Come,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose  
 holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us  
 down : [Isles,  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we  
 knew. [tho'  
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and  
 We are not now that strength which in  
 old days [we are, we are ;  
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong  
 in will [yield.  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to

LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn ;  
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,  
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall ;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,  
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time ;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed ;  
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed :

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast ;  
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest ;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove ;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,  
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, " My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,  
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,  
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—  
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, " I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong " ;  
Saying, " Dost thou love me, cousin ? " weeping, " I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands ;  
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;  
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,  
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness of the Spring.



Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,  
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted ! O my Amy, mine no more !  
O the dreary, dreary moorland ! O the barren, barren shore !

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue !

Is it well to wish thee happy ?—having known me—to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day by day,  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is : thou art mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this ? his eyes are heavy : think not they are glazed with wine.  
Go to him : it is thy duty : kiss him : take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought ;  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—  
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand !

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,  
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth !  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule !  
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool !

Well—'tis well that I should bluster !—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—  
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit ?  
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come  
As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of the mind ?  
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind ?

I remember one that perish'd : sweetly did she speak and move ;  
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore ?  
No—she never loved me truly : love is love forevermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,  
In the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,  
To thy widow'd marriage pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by the phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.  
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.  
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.  
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—  
Truly, she herself had suffer'd"—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?  
Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets overflow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,  
When the ranks are roll'd in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation th t I felt before the strife,  
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn ;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men ;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new :  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do :

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd, ere my passion sweeping thro' me left me dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye ;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,  
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from point to point :

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,  
Tho' the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's ?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,  
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,  
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,  
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn :

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moulder'd string ?  
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—  
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain :



Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, match'd with mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat  
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starr'd;—  
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

O! to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,  
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have scope and breathing-space;  
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and they shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or time?  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one ~~by~~ one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.  
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun:  
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun—

O. I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.  
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall !  
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath andholt,  
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow ;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

## GODIVA.

*I waited for the train at Coventry ;  
I hung with grooms and porters on the  
bridge, [I shaped  
To watch the three tall spires ; and there  
The city's ancient legend into this :—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past, not only we, that  
prate [people well,  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the  
And loathed to see them overtax'd ; but  
she [came,

Did more, and underwent, and over-  
The woman of a thousand summers  
back, [ruled

Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who  
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax  
Upon his town, and all the mothers  
brought [we starve !”

Their children, clamoring, “ If we pay,  
She sought her lord, and found him,  
where he strode

About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
His beard a foot before him, and his  
hair [tears,

A yard behind. She told him of their  
And pray'd him, “ If they pay this tax,  
they starve.” [amazed,

Whereat he stared, replying, half-  
“ You would not let your little finger  
ache [die,” said she.

For such as *these* ?”—“ But I would  
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and  
by Paul:

Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear ;  
“ O ay, ay, ay, you talk !”—“ Alas !  
she said, [do.”

“ But prove me what it is I would not

And from a heart as rough as Esau's  
hand, [the town,

He answer'd, “ Ride you naked thro'  
And I repeat it ” ; and nodding, as in  
scorn, [dogs.

He parted, with great strides among his  
So left alone, the passions of her  
mind, [blow,

As winds from all the compass shift and  
Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,

And bade him cry, with sound of  
trumpet, all [loose

The hard condition ; but that she would  
The people: therefore, as they loved  
her well,

From then till noon no foot should  
pace the street,

No eye look down, she passing ; but  
that all [dow barr'd.

Should keep within, door shut, and win-  
Then fled she to her inmost bower,  
and there [belt,

Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her  
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a  
breath [moon

She linger'd, looking like a summer  
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her  
head, [her knee ;

And shower'd the rippled ringlets to  
Unclad herself in haste ; adown the  
stair [beam, slid

Stole on ; and, like a creeping sun-  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd  
The gateway ; there she found her

palfrey trapt  
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with  
chastity: [rode,

The deep air listen'd round her as she

And all the low wind hardly breathed  
for fear. [spout

The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the  
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking  
cur [footfall shot

Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's  
Light horrors thro' her pulses: the blind  
walls [head

Were full of chinks and holes; and over-  
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but  
she [saw

Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she  
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from  
the field [wall.

Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the  
Then she rode back, clothed on with  
chastity: [less earth,

And one low churl, compact of thank-  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,

Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had  
their will, [head,

Were shrivell'd into darkness in his  
And dropt before him. So the Powers,  
who wait [used;

On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense mis-  
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all  
at once, [shameless noon

With twelve great shocks of sound, the  
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a  
hundred towers,

One after one: but even then she gain'd  
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed  
and crown'd,

To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
And built herself an everlasting name.

## THE TWO VOICES.

A STILL small voice spake unto me,  
"Thou art so full of misery,  
Were it not better not to be?"

Then to the still small voice I said:  
"Let me not cast in endless shade  
What is so wonderfully made."

To which the voice did urge reply:  
"To-day I saw the dragon-fly  
Come from the wells where he did lie

"An inner impulse rent the veil  
Of his old husk: from head to tail  
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail,

"He dried his wings: like gauze they  
grew:

Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew  
A living flash of light he flew."

I said, "When first the world began,  
Young Nature thro' five cycles ran,  
And in the sixth she moulded man.

"She gave him mind, the lordliest  
Proportion, and, above the rest,  
Dominion in the head and breast."

Thereto the silent voice replied:  
"Self-blinded are you by your pride:  
Look up thro' night: the world is wide.

"This truth within thy mind rehearse,  
That in a boundless universe  
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

"Think you this mould of hopes and  
fears  
Could find no statelier than his peers  
In yonder hundred million spheres?"

It spake, moreover, in my mind:  
"Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,  
Yet is there plenty of the kind"

Then did my response clearer fall:  
"No compound of this earthly ball  
Is like another, all in all."

To which he answer'd scoffingly:  
"Good soul! suppose I grant it thee,  
Who'll weep for thy deficiency?"

"Or will one beam be less intense,  
When thy peculiar difference  
Is cancell'd in the world of sense?"

I would have said, "Thou canst not  
know."

But my full heart, that work'd below,  
Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

Again the voice spake unto me:  
"Thou art so steep'd in misery,  
Surely 'twere better not to be



"Thine anguish will not let thee sleep,  
Nor any train of reason keep:  
Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep."

I said, "The years with change advance:  
If I make dark my countenance,  
I shut my life from happier chance."

"Some turn this sickness yet might take,  
[make  
Ev'n yet." But he: "What drug can  
A wither'd palsy cease to shake?"

I wept, "Tho' I should die, I know  
That all about the thorn will blow  
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow ;

"And men, thro' novel spheres of thought  
Still moving after truth long sought,  
Will learn new things when I am not."

"Yet," said the secret voice, "some time  
Sooner or later, will gray prime  
Make thy grass hoar with early rime."

"Not less swift souls that yearn for light,  
Rapt after heaven's starry flight,  
Would sweep the tracts of day and night."

"Not less the bee would range her cells,  
The furzy prickle fire the dells,  
The foxglove cluster dappled bells."

I said that "all the years invent;  
Each month is various to present  
The world with some development."

"Were this not well, to bide mine hour,  
Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower  
How grows the day of human power?"

"The highest-mounted mind," he said,  
"Still sees the sacred morning spread  
The silent summit overhead."

"Will thirty seasons render plain  
Those lonely lights that still remain,  
Just breaking over land and main?"

"Or make that morn, from his cold crown  
And crystal silence creeping down,  
Flood with full daylight glebe and town?"

"Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let  
Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set  
In midst of knowledge, dream'd not yet."

"Thou hast not gained a real height,  
Nor art thou nearer to the light,  
Because the scale is infinite."

"'Twere better not to breathe or speak,  
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,  
And seem to find, but still to seek."

"Moreover, but to seem to find  
Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,  
A healthy frame, a quiet mind."

I said, "When I am gone away,  
'He dared not tarry,' men will say,  
Doing dishonor to my clay."

"This is more vile," he made reply,  
"To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh,  
Than once from dread of pain to die."

"Sick art thou—a divided will  
Still heaping on the fear of ill  
The fear of men, a coward still."

"Do men love thee? Art thou so bound  
To men, that how thy name may sound  
Will vex thee lying underground?"

"The memory of the wither'd leaf  
In endless time is scarce more brief  
Than of the garner'd Autumn-sheaf."

"Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust;  
The right ear, that is fill'd with dust,  
Hears little of the false or just."

"Hard task, to pluck resolve," I cried,  
"From emptiness and the waste wide  
Of that abyss, or scornful pride!"

"Nay—rather yet that I could raise  
One hope that warm'd me in the days  
While still I yearn'd for human praise"

"When, wide in soul and bold of tongue,  
Among the tents I paused and sung,  
The distant battle flash'd and rung.

"I sung the joyful Pæan clear,  
And, sitting, burnish'd without fear  
The brand, the buckler, and the spear—

"Waiting to strive a happy strife,  
To war with falsehood to the knife,  
And not to lose the good of life—

"Some hidden principle to move,  
To put together, part and prove,  
And mete the bounds of hate and love—

"As far as might be, to carve out  
Free space for every human doubt,  
That the whole mind might orb about—

"To search thro' all I felt or saw,  
The springs of life, the depths of awe,  
And reach the law within the law:

"At least, not rotting like a weed,  
But, having sown some generous seed,  
Fruitful of further thought and deed,

"To pass, when Life her light with-  
draws,  
Not void of righteous self-applause,  
Nor in a merely selfish cause—

"In some good cause, not in mine own,  
To perish, wept for, honor'd, known,  
And like a warrior overthrown;

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious  
tears,  
When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears  
His country's war-song thrill his ears:

"Then dying of a mortal stroke;  
What time the foeman's line is broke,  
And all the war is roll'd in smoke."

"Yea!" said the voice, "thy dream  
was good,  
While thou abodest in the bud.  
It was the stirring of the blood.

"If Nature put not forth her power  
About the opening of the flower,  
Who is it that could live an hour?

"Then comes the check, the change,  
the fall,  
Pain rises up, old pleasures pall  
There is one remedy for all.

"Yet hadst thou, thro' enduring pain,  
Link'd month to month with such a  
chain  
Of knitted purport, all were vain.

"Thou hadst not between death and  
birth  
Dissolved the riddle of the earth.  
So were thy labor little worth.

"That men with knowledge merely  
play'd,  
I told thee—hardly nigher made,  
Tho' scaling slow from grade to grade;

"Much less this dreamer, deaf and  
blind, [find,  
Named man, may hope some truth to  
That bears relation to the mind.

"For every worm beneath the moon  
Draws different threads, and late and  
soon  
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon.

"Cry, faint not: either Truth is born  
Beyond the polar gleam forlorn,  
Or in the gateways of the morn.

"Cry, faint not, climb: the summits  
slope  
Beyond the furthest flights of hope,  
Wrapt in dense cloud from base to  
cope.

"Sometimes a little corner shines,  
As over rainy mist inclines  
A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

"I will go forward, sayest thou,  
I shall not fail to find her now.  
Look up, the fold is on her brow.

"If straight thy track, or if oblique,  
Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost  
strike,  
Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;

"And owning but a little more  
Than beasts, abidest lame and poor,  
Calling thyself a little lower

"Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl!

Why inch by inch to darkness crawl?  
There is one remedy for all."

"O dull, one-sided voice," said I,  
"Wilt thou make everything a lie,  
To flatter me that I may die?"

"I know that age to age succeeds,  
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,  
A dust of systems and of creeds.

"I cannot hide that some have striven,  
Achieving calm, to whom was given  
The joy that mixes man with Heaven:

"Who, rowing hard against the stream,  
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And did not dream it was a dream;

"But heard, by secret transport led,  
Ev'n in the charnels of the dead,  
The murmur of the fountain-head—

"Which did accomplish their desire,  
Bore and forebore, and did not tire,  
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

"He heeded not reviling tones,  
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,  
Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised  
with stones:

"But looking upward, full of grace,  
He pray'd, and from a happy place  
God's glory smote him on the face."

The sullen answer slid betwixt:

"Not that the grounds of hope were  
fix'd,

The elements were kindlier mix'd."

I said, "I toil beneath the curse,  
But, knowing not the universe,  
I fear to slide from bad to worse.

"And that, in seeking to undo  
One riddle, and to find the true,  
I knit a hundred others new:

"Or that this anguish fleeting hence,  
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,  
Be fix'd and froz'n to permanence:

"For I go, weak from suffering here:  
Naked I go, and void of cheer:  
What is it that I may not fear?"

"Consider well," the voice replied,  
"His face, that two hours since hath  
died:  
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?"

"Will he obey when orfe commands?  
Or answer should one press his hands?  
He answers not, nor understands.

"His palms are folded on his breast:  
There is no other thing express'd  
But long disquiet merged in rest.

"His lips are very mild and meek:  
Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,  
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

"His little daughter, whose sweet face  
He kiss'd, taking his last embrace,  
Becomes dishonor to her race—

"His sons grow up that bear his name,  
Some grow to honor, some to shame,—  
But he is chill to praise or blame.

"He will not hear the north-wind rave,  
Nor, moaning, household shelter crave  
From winter rains that beat his grave.

"High up the vapors fold and swim:  
About him broods the twilight dim:  
The place he knew forgetteth him."

"If all be dark, vague voice," I said,  
"These things are wrapt in doubt and  
dread,  
Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

"The sap dries up: the plant declines.  
A deeper tale my heart divines.  
Know I not Death? the outward signs?"

"I found him when my years were few;  
A shadow on the graves I knew,  
And darkness in the village yew.

"From grave to grave the shadow  
crept:  
In her still place the morning wept:  
Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.



"The simple senses crown'd his head :  
'Omega ! thou art Lord,' they said  
'We find no motion in the dead.'

"Why, if man rot in dreamless ease,  
Should that plain fact, as taught by  
these,  
Not make him sure that he shall cease ?

"Who forged that other influence,  
That heat of inward evidence,  
By which he doubts against the sense ?

"He owns the fatal gift of eyes,  
That read his spirit blindly wise,  
Not simple as a thing that dies.

"Here sits he shaping wings to fly :  
His heart forebodes a mystery :  
He names the name Eternity.

"That type of Perfect in his mind  
In Nature can he nowhere find.  
He sows himself on every wind.

"He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,  
And thro' thick veils to apprehend  
A labor working to an end.

"The end and the beginning vex  
His reason : many things perplex,  
With motions, checks, and counter-  
checks.

"He knows a baseness in his blood  
At such strange war with something  
good,  
He may not do the thing he would.

"Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,  
Vast images in glimmering dawn,  
Half-shown, are broken and withdrawn.

"Ah ! sure within him and without,  
Could his dark wisdom find it out,  
There must be answer to his doubt.

"But thou canst answer not again.  
With thine own weapon art thou slain,  
Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

"The doubt would rest, I dare not  
solve.  
In the same circle we revolve.  
Assurance only breeds resolve."

As when a billow, blown against,  
Falls back, the voice with which I  
fenced

A little ceased, but recommenced :

"Where wert thou when thy father  
play'd

In his free field, and pastime made,  
A merry boy in sun and shade ?

"A merry boy they called him then.  
He sat upon the knees of men  
In days that never come again.

"Before the little ducts began  
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran  
Their course, till thou wert also man :

"Who took a wife, who rear'd his race,  
Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,  
Whose troubles number with his days :

"A life of nothings, nothing-worth,  
From that first nothing ere his birth  
To that last nothing under earth !"

"These words," I said, "are like the  
rest,

No certain clearness, but at best  
A vague suspicion of the breast :

"But if I grant, thou might'st defend  
The thesis which thy words intend—  
That to begin implies to end ;

"Yet how should I for certain hold,  
Because my memory is so cold,  
That I first was in human mould ?

"I cannot make this matter plain,  
But I would shoot, howe'er in vain,  
A random arrow from the brain.

"It may be that no life is found,  
Which only to one engine bound  
Falls off, but cycles always round.

"As old mythologies relate,  
Some draught of Lethe might await  
The slipping thro' from state to state.

"As here we find in trances, men  
Forget the dream that happens then,  
Until they fall in trance again.

"So might we, if our state were such  
As one before, remember much,  
For those two likes might meet and  
touch.

"But, if I lapsed from nobler place.  
Some legend of a fallen race  
Alone might hint of my disgrace ;

"Some vague emotion of delight  
In gazing up an Alpine height,  
Some yearning towards the lamps of  
night.

"Or if thro' lower lives I came—  
Tho' all experience past became  
Consolidate in mind and frame—

"I might forget my weaker lot ;  
For is not our first year forgot ?  
The haunts of memory echo not.

"And men, whose reason long was  
blind,  
From cells of madness unconfined,  
Oft lose whole years of darker mind.

"Much more, if first I floated free,  
As naked essence, must I be,  
Incompetent of memory :

"For memory dealing but with time,  
And he with matter, could she climb  
Beyond her own material prime ?

"Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

"Of something felt, like something  
here ;  
Of something done, I know not where ;  
Such as no language may declare."

The still voice laugh'd "I talk,"  
said he,

"Not with thy dreams. Suffice it thee  
'Thy pain is a reality."

"But thou," said I, "hast miss'd thy  
mark,

Who sought'st to wreck my mortal  
ark,

By making all the horizon dark.

"Why not set forth, if I should do  
This rashness, that which might ensue  
With this old soul in organs new ?

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,  
No life that breathes with human  
breath  
Has ever truly long'd for death.

"'T is life, whereof our nerves are  
scant,  
O life, not death, for which we pant ;  
More life, and fuller, that I want."

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn.  
Then said the voice, in quiet scorn :  
"Behold, it is the Sabbath morn."

And I arose, and I released  
The casement, and the light increased  
With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal,  
When meres begin to uncongeal,  
The sweet church bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest :  
Passing the place where each must rest,  
Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and child,  
With measur'd footfall firm and mild,  
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood  
Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good,  
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure,  
The little maiden walk'd demure,  
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,  
My frozen heart began to beat,  
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on :  
I spoke, but answer came there none  
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,  
A little whisper silver-clear,  
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

As from some blissful neighborhood,  
A notice faintly understood,  
"I see the end, and know the good."

A little hint to solace woe,  
A hint, a whisper breathing low,  
"I may not speak of what I know."

Like an Æolian harp that wakes  
No certain air, but overtakes  
Far thought with music that it makes :

Such seem'd the whisper at my side :  
"What is it thou knowest, sweet  
voice?" I cried.

"A hidden hope," the voice replied :

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour  
From out my sullen heart a power  
Broke, like the rainbow from the  
shower,

To feel; altho' no tongue can prove,  
That every cloud, that spreads above  
And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went,  
And Nature's living motion lent  
The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours,  
The slow result of winter-showers :  
You scarce could see the grass for  
flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along :  
The woods were fill'd so full with song,  
There seem'd no room for sense of  
wrong.

So variously seem'd all things wrought,  
I marvell'd how the mind was brought  
To anchor by one gloomy thought ;

And wherefore rather I made choice  
To commune with that barren voice,  
Than him that said, "Rejoice! re-  
joice!"

## THE DAY-DREAM.

### PROLOGUE.

O LADY FLORA, let me speak :  
A pleasant hour has past away  
While, dreaming on your damask  
cheek,  
The dewy sister-eyelids lay.

As by the lattice you reclined,  
I went thro' many wayward moods  
To see you dreaming—and, behind,  
A summer crisp with shining woods  
And I too dream'd, until at last  
Across my fancy, brooding warm,  
The reflex of a legend past,  
And loosely settled into form.  
And would you have the thought I had,  
And see the vision that I saw,  
Then take the broidery-frame, and add  
A crimson to the quaint Macaw,  
And I will tell it. Turn your face,  
Nor look with that too-earnest eye—  
The rhymes are dazzled from their  
place,  
And order'd words asunder fly.

### THE SLEEPING-PALACE.

#### 1.

The varying year with blade and sheaf  
Clothes and reclothes the happy  
plains :  
Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the veins.  
Faint shadows, vapors lightly curl'd,  
Faint murmurs from the meadows  
come,  
Like hints and echoes of the world  
To spirits folded in the womb.

#### 2.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns  
On every slanting terrace-lawn.  
The fountain to his place returns,  
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.  
Here droops the banner on the tower,  
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,  
The peacock in his laurel bower,  
The parrot in his gilded wires.

#### 3.

Roof-haunting, martins warm their  
eggs :  
In these, in those the life is stay'd,  
The mantles from the golden pegs  
Droop sleepily: no sound is made,  
Not even of a gnat that sings.  
More like a picture seemeth all  
Than those old portraits of old kings,  
That watch the sleepers from the  
wall.



## 4.

Here sits the butler with a flask  
 Between his knees half-drain'd; and  
 there  
 The wrinkled steward at his task,  
 The maid-of-honor blooming fair:  
 The page has caught her hand in his:  
 Her lips are sever'd as to speak:  
 His own are pouted to a kiss:  
 The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

## 5.

Till all the hundred summers pass,  
 The beams, that through the oriel  
 shine,  
 Make prisms in every carven glass,  
 And beaker brimm'd with noble  
 wine.  
 Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
 Grave faces gather'd in a ring.  
 His state the king reposing keeps.  
 He must have been a jovial king.

## 6.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows  
 At distance like a little wood;  
 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes,  
 And grapes with bunches red as  
 blood;  
 All creeping plants, a wall of green  
 Close-matted, bur and brake and  
 brier,  
 And glimpsing over these, just seen,  
 High up the topmost palace-spire.

## 7.

When will the hundred summers die,  
 And thought and time be born  
 again,  
 And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,  
 Bring truth that sways the soul of  
 men?  
 Here all things in their place remain,  
 As all were order'd, ages since.  
 Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and  
 Pain,  
 And bring the fated fairy Prince.

## THE SLEEPING-BEAUTY.

## 1.

Year after year unto her feet,  
 She lying on her couch alone,  
 Across the purpled coverlet,  
 The maiden's jet-black hair has  
 grown,  
 On either side her tranced form  
 Forth streaming from a braid of  
 pearl;  
 The slumbrous light is rich and warm,  
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

## 2.

The silk star-broider'd coverlid  
 Unto her limbs itself doth mould  
 Languidly ever; and, amid  
 Her full black ringlets downward  
 roll'd,  
 Glows forth each softly-shadowed arm  
 With bracelets of the diamond  
 bright:  
 Her constant beauty doth inform  
 Stillness with love, and day with  
 light.

## 3.

She sleeps: her breathings are not  
 heard  
 In palace chambers far apart.  
 The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd  
 That lie upon her charmed heart.  
 She sleeps: on either hand upswells  
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly  
 prest:  
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever  
 dwells  
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

## THE ARRIVAL.

## 1.

All precious things, discover'd late,  
 To those that seek them issue forth,  
 For love in sequel works with fate,  
 And draws the veil from hidden  
 worth.  
 He travels far from other skies—  
 His mantle glitters on the rocks—  
 A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,  
 And lighter-footed than the fox.

## 2.

The bodies and the bones of those  
That strove in other days to pass,  
Are wither'd in the thorny close,  
Or scattered blanching on the grass.  
He gazes on the silent dead  
"They perish'd in their daring  
deeds."  
This proverb flashes thro' his head,  
"The many fail: the one succeeds."

## 3.

He comes, scarce knowing what he  
seeks:  
He breaks the hedge: he enters  
there:  
The color flies into his cheeks:  
He trusts to light on something fair;  
For all his life the charm did talk  
About his path, and hover near  
With words of promise in his walk,  
And whisper'd voices at his ear.

## 4.

More close and close his footsteps  
wind;  
The Magic Music in his heart  
Beats quick and quicker, till he find  
The quiet chamber far apart.  
His spirit flutters like a lark,  
He stoops—to kiss her—on his knee.  
"Love, if thy tresses be so dark,  
How dark those hidden eyes must  
be!"

## THE REVIVAL.

## 1.

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt.  
There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
And feet that ran, and doors that  
clapt,  
And barking dogs, and crowing  
cocks;  
A fuller light illumined all,  
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,  
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

## 2.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
The butler drank, the steward  
scrawl'd,

The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
The parrot scream'd, the peacock  
squall'd,  
The maid and page renew'd their  
strife,  
The palace bang'd, and buzz'd, and  
clackt,  
And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dash'd downward in a cataract.

## 3.

And last with these the king awoke,  
And in his chair himself uprear'd,  
And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and  
spoke,  
"By holy rood, a royal beard!  
How say you? we have slept, my lords.  
My beard has grown into my lap."  
The barons swore, with many words,  
'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

## 4.

"Pardy," return'd the king, "but still  
My joints are something stiff or so.  
My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
I mention'd half an hour ago?"  
The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
In courteous words return'd reply;  
But dallied with his golden chain,  
And, smiling, put the question by.

## THE DEPARTURE.

## 1.

And on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold,  
And far across the hills they went  
In that new world which is the old:  
Across the hills, and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
And deep into the dying day  
The happy princess follow'd him.

## 2.

"I'd sleep another hundred years,  
O love, for such another kiss";  
"O wake forever, love," she hears,  
"O love, 't was such as this and  
this."  
And o'er them many a sliding star,  
And many a merry wind was borne,  
And, stream'd thro' many a golden bar,  
The twilight melted into morn.

## 3.

"O eyes long laid in happy sleep!"  
 "O happy sleep, that lightly fled!"  
 "O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!"  
 "O love, thy kiss would wake the  
 dead!"  
 And o'er them many a flowing range  
 Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark,  
 And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,  
 The twilight died into the dark.

## 4.

"A hundred summers! can it be?  
 And whither goes thou, tell me  
 where?"  
 "O seek my father's court with me,  
 For there are greater wonders  
 there."  
 And o'er the hills, and far away  
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
 Beyond the night, across the day,  
 Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

## MORAL.

## 1.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
 And if you find no moral there,  
 Go, look in any glass and say,  
 What moral is in being fair.  
 O, to what uses shall we put  
 The wildweed-flower that simply  
 blows?  
 And is there any moral shut  
 Within the bosom of the rose?

## 2.

But any man that walks the mead,  
 In bud or blade, or bloom, may find,  
 According as his humors lead,  
 A meaning suited to his mind.  
 And liberal applications lie  
 In Art like Nature, dearest friend;  
 So 't were to cramp its use, if I  
 Should hook it to some useful end.

## L'ENVOI.

## 1.

You shake your head. A random  
 string  
 Your finer female sense offends.

Well—were it not a pleasant thing  
 To fall asleep with all one's friends;  
 To pass with all our social ties  
 To silence from the paths of men;  
 And every hundred years to rise  
 And learn the world, and sleep again:  
 To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars,  
 And wake on science grown to more,  
 On secrets of the brain, the stars,  
 As wild as aught of fairy lore;  
 And all that else the years will show,  
 The Poet-forms of stronger hours,  
 The vast Republics that may grow,  
 The Federations and the Powers;  
 Titanic forces taking birth  
 In divers seasons, divers climes;  
 For we are Ancients of the earth,  
 And in the morning of the times.

## 2.

So sleeping, so aroused from sleep  
 Thro' sunny decades new and strange,  
 Or gay quinquennials would we reap  
 The flower and quintessence of  
 change.

## 3.

Ah, yet would I—and would I might!  
 So much your eyes my fancy take—  
 Be still the first to leap to light  
 That I might kiss those eyes awake!  
 For, am I right or am I wrong,  
 To choose your own you did not  
 care;  
 You'd have *my* moral from the song,  
 And I will take my pleasure there:  
 And, am I right or am I wrong,  
 My fancy, ranging thro' and thro',  
 To search a meaning for the song,  
 Perforce will still revert to you;  
 Nor finds a closer truth than this  
 All-graceful head, so richly curl'd,  
 And evermore a costly kiss  
 The prelude to some brighter world.

## 4.

For since the time when Adam first  
 Embraced his Eve in happy hour,  
 And every bird of Eden burst  
 In carol, every bud to flower,  
 What eyes, like thine, have waken'd  
 hopes?



What lips, like thine, so sweetly  
 join'd?  
 Where on the double rosebud droops  
 The fulness of the pensive mind;  
 Which all too dearly self-involved,  
 Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to me:  
 A sleep by kisses undissolved,  
 That lets thee neither hear nor see:  
 But break it. In the name of wife,  
 And in the rights that name may give,  
 Are clasp'd the moral of thy life,  
 And that for which I care to live.

## EPILOGUE.

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,  
 And, if you find a meaning there,  
 O whisper to your glass, and say,  
 "What wonder, if he thinks me  
 fair?"  
 What wonder I was all unwise,  
 To shape the song for your delight,  
 Like long-tail'd birds of Paradise,  
 That float thro' Heaven, and cannot  
 light?  
 Or old-world trains, upheld at court  
 By Cupid-boys of blooming hue—  
 But take it—earnest wed with sport,  
 And either sacred unto you.

## AMPHION.

My father left a park to me,  
 But it is wild and barren,  
 A garden too with scarce a tree  
 And waster than a warren:  
 Yet say the neighbors when they call,  
 It is not bad but good land,  
 And in it is the germ of all  
 That grows within the woodland.  
 O had I lived when song was great  
 In days of old Amphion,  
 And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,  
 Nor cared for seed or scion!  
 And had I lived when song was great,  
 And legs of trees were limber,  
 And ta'en my fiddle to the gate,  
 And fiddled in the timber!  
 'T is said he had a tuneful tongue,  
 Such happy intonation,

Wherever he sat down and sung  
 He left a small plantation;  
 Wherever in a lonely grove  
 He set up his forlorn pipes,  
 The gouty oak began to move,  
 And flounder into hornpipes.

The mountain stirr'd its bushy crown,  
 And, as tradition teaches,  
 Young ashes pirouetted down  
 Coquetting with young beeches;  
 And briony-vine and ivy-wreath  
 Ran forward to his rhyming,  
 And from the valleys underneath  
 Came little cosses climbing.

The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,  
 The bramble cast her berry,  
 The gin within the juniper  
 Began to make him merry,  
 The poplars, in long order due,  
 With cypress promenaded,  
 The shock-head willows two and two  
 By rivers galloped.

Came wet-shot alder from the wave,  
 Came yews, a dismal coterie;  
 Each pluck'd his one foot from the  
 grave,

Poussetting with a sloe-tree:  
 Old elms came breaking from the vine,  
 The vine stream'd out to follow,  
 And, sweating rosin, plump'd the pine  
 From many a cloudy hollow.

And wasn't it a sight to see,  
 When, ere his song was ended,  
 Like some great landslip, tree by tree,  
 The country-side descended;  
 And shepherds from the mountain-  
 eaves [frighten'd,  
 Look'd down, half-pleased, half-  
 As dash'd about the drunken leaves  
 The random sunshine lighten'd!

O, nature first was fresh to men,  
 And wanton without measure;  
 So youthful and so flexible then,  
 You moved her at your pleasure.  
 Twang out, my fiddle! shake the  
 twigs!  
 And make her dance attendance;  
 Blow, flute, and stir the stiff-set sprigs,  
 And scirrhous roots and tendons.

'Tis vain! in such a brassy age  
 I could not move a thistle:  
 The very sparrows in the hedg  
 Scarce answer to my whistle:  
 Or at the most, when three-parts-sick  
 With strumming and with scraping,  
 A jackass heehaws from the rick,  
 The passive oxen gaping.

But what is that I hear? a sound  
 Like sleepy counsel pleading:  
 O Lord!—'t is in my neighbor's ground,  
 The modern Muses reading.  
 They read Botanic Treatises,  
 And Works on Gardening through  
 there,  
 And Methods of transplanting trees,  
 To look as if they grew there.

The wither'd Misses! how they prose  
 O'er books of travell'd seamen,  
 And show you slips of all that grows  
 From England to Van Diemen.  
 They read in arbors clipt and cut,  
 And alleys, faded places,  
 By squares of tropic summer shut  
 And warm'd in crystal cases.

But these, tho' fed with careful dirt,  
 Are neither green nor sappy;  
 Half-conscious of the garden-squirt,  
 The spindlings look unhappy.  
 Better to me the meanest weed  
 That blows upon its mountain,  
 The vilest herb that runs to seed  
 Beside its native fountain.

And I must work thro' months of toil,  
 And years of cultivation,  
 Upon my proper patch of soil  
 To grow my own plantation.  
 I'll take the showers as they fall, —  
 I will not vex my bosom:  
 Enough if at the end of all  
 A little garden blossom.

---

ST. AGNES.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
 Are sparkling to the moon:  
 My breath to heaven like vapor goes:  
 May my soul follow soon!

The shadows of the convent-towers  
 Slant down the snowy sward,  
 Still creeping with the creeping hours  
 That lead me to my Lord:  
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
 As are the frosty skies,  
 Or this first snowdrop of the year  
 That in my bosom lies.

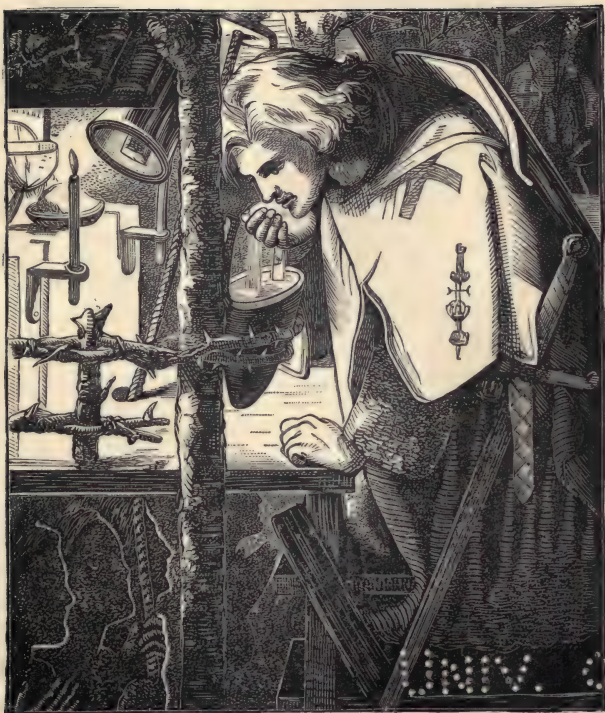
As these white robes are soiled and  
 dark,  
 To yonder shining ground;  
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
 To yonder argent round;  
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
 My spirit before Thee;  
 So in mine earthly house I am.  
 To that I hope to be.  
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,  
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,  
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;  
 The flashes come and go;  
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
 And strews her lights below,  
 And deepens on and up! the gates  
 Roll back, and far within  
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom  
 waits,  
 To make me pure of sin.  
 The sabbaths of Eternity,  
 One sabbath deep and wide—  
 A light upon the shining sea—  
 The Bridegroom with his bride!

---

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of  
 men  
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
 My strength is as the strength of ten,  
 Because my heart is pure.  
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and  
 fly,  
 The horse and rider reel:  
 They reel, they roll in clanging, lists,  
 And when the tide of combat stands,



*"The shrill bell rings, the censer swings."*

SIR GALAHAD.



THE  
JOURNAL  
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ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE  
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Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall!

For them I battle to the end,  
To save from shame and thrall:

But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bow'd in crypt and  
shrine:

I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and  
thrill;

So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride:

I hear a voice, but none are there:

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,  
The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,

The silver vessels sparkle clean,

The shrill bell-rings, the censer swings.  
And solemn chants resound between,

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
I find a magic bark;

I leap on board: no helmsman steers:  
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!

Three angels bear the holy Grail:

With folded feet, in stoles of white,

On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!

My spirit beats her mortal bars,

As down dark tides the glory slides,

And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go,

The cock crows ere the Christmas  
morn,

The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,

And, ringing, spins from brand and  
mail;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;

No branchy thicket shelter yields:

But blessed forms in whistling storms

Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given

Such hope, I know not fear;

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven

That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,

Pure spaces clothed in living beams.

Pure lilies of eternal peace,

Whose odors haunt my dreams;

And, stricken by an angel's hand,

This mortal armor that I wear,

This weight and size, this heart and  
eyes,

Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,

And thro' the mountain-walls

A rolling organ-harmony

Swells up, and shakes and falls.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,

Wings flutter, voices hover clear:

"O just and faithful knight of God!

Ride on! the prize is near."

So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;

By bridge and ford, by park and pale,

All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,

Until I find the holy Grail.

### EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder  
town

Met me walking on yonder way,

"And have you lost your heart?" she  
said: [Gray?]

"And are you married yet, Edward

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me:

Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:

"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more

Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,

Against her father's and mother's  
will:

To-day I sat for an hour and wept,

By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;  
Thought her proud, and fled over the  
sea;

Fill'd I was with folly and spite,  
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

'Cruel, cruel the words I said!  
Cruelly came they back to-day:  
You're too slight and fickle,' I said,  
'To trouble the heart of Edward  
Gray.'

"There I put my face in the grass—  
Whisper'd, 'Listen to my despair:  
I repent me of all I did:  
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

'Then I took a pencil, and wrote  
On the mossy stone, as I lay,  
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair:  
And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come, and love may go,  
And fly, like a bird, from tree to  
tree;  
But I will love no more, no more,  
Till Ellen Adair comes back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone:  
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:  
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!  
And there the heart of Edward  
Gray!"

### WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRI- CAL MONOLOGUE.

MADE AT THE COCK.

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock,  
To which I must resort,  
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.  
Go fetch a pint of port:  
But let it not be such as that  
You set before chance-comers,  
But such whose father-grape grew fat  
On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse,  
But may she still be kind,  
And whisper lovely words, and use  
Her influence on the mind,

To make me write my random rhymes,  
Ere they be half-forgotten;  
Nor add and alter, many times,  
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips  
Her laurel in the wine,  
And lays it thrice upon my lips,  
These favor'd lips of mine;  
Until the charm have power to make  
New life-blood warm the bosom,  
And barren commonplaces break  
In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board;  
Her gradual fingers steal  
And touch upon the masier-chord  
Of all I felt and feel.  
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,  
And phantom hopes assemble;  
And that child's heart within the man's  
Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns  
By many pleasant ways,  
Against its fountain upward runs  
The current of my days.  
I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd;  
The gas-light wavers dimmer;  
And softly thro' a vinous mist,  
My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense,  
Unboding critic-pen,  
Or that eternal want of pence,  
Which vexes public men,  
Who hold their hands to all, and cry  
For that which all deny them,—  
Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry,  
And all the world go by them.

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake,  
Tho' fortune clip my wings,  
I will not cramp my heart, nor take  
Half-views of men and things.  
Let Whig and Tory stir their blood;  
There must be stormy weather;  
But for some true result of good  
All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes,  
If old things, there are new;  
Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,  
Yet glimpses of the true.



Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,  
We lack not rhymes and reasons,  
As on this whirligig of Time  
We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid;  
With fair horizons bound!  
This whole wide earth of light and  
shade

Comes out, a perfect round.  
High over roaring Temple-bar,  
And, set in Heaven's third story,  
I look at all things as they are,  
But thro' a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honor'd by the guest  
Half-mused, or reeling-ripe,  
The pint, you brought me, was the  
best

That ever came from pipe.  
But tho' the port surpasses praise,  
My nerves have dealt with stiffer.  
Is there some magic in the place?  
Or do my peptics differ?

For since I came to live and learn,  
No pint of white or red  
Had ever half the power to turn  
This wheel within my head,  
Which bears a season'd brain about,  
Unsubject to confusion,  
Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and out,  
Thro' every convolution.

For I am of a numerous house,  
With many kinsmen gay,  
Where long and largely we carouse,  
As who shall say me nay:  
Each month, a birthday coming on,  
We drink defying trouble,  
Or sometimes two would meet in one,  
And then we drank it double;

Whether the vintage, yet unkept,  
Had relish fiery-new,  
Or, elbow-deep in sawdust, slept,  
As old as Waterloo;  
Or stow'd (when classic Canning died)  
In musty bins and chambers,  
Had cast upon its crusty side  
The gloom of ten Decembers.

The Muse, the jolly Muse, it is!  
She answer'd to my call,  
She changes with that mood or this,  
Is all-in-all to all:  
She lit the spark within my throat,  
To make my blood run quicker,  
Used all her fiery will, and smote  
Her life into the liquor.

And hence this halo lives about  
The waiter's hands, that reach  
To each his perfect pint of stout,  
His proper chop to each.  
He looks not like the common breed  
That with the napkin dally;  
I think he came like Ganymede,  
From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg  
Than modern poultry drop,  
Stept forward on a firmer leg,  
And cramm'd a plumper crop;  
Upon an ampler dunghill trod,  
Crow'd lustier late and early,  
Sipt wine from silver, praising God,  
And raked in golden barley.

A private life was all his joy,  
Till in a court he saw  
A something-pottle-bodied boy,  
That knuckled at the taw:  
He stoop'd and clutch'd him, fair and  
good  
Flew over roof and casement:  
His brothers of the weather stood  
Stock-still for sheer amazement.

But he, by farmstead, thorpe, and  
spire,  
And follow'd with acclaims,  
A sign to many a staring shire,  
Came crowing over Thames.  
Right down by smoky Paul's they bore  
Till, where the street grows straiter,  
One fix'd forever at the door,  
And one became head-waiter.

But whither would my fancy go?  
How out of place she makes  
The violet of a legend blow  
Among the chops and steaks!

'Tis but a steward of the can,  
 One shade more plump than com-  
 mon;  
 As just and mere a serving-man  
 As any, born of woman.

I ranged too high: what draws me  
 down  
 Into the common day?  
 Is it the weight of that half-crown,  
 Which I shall have to pay?  
 For, something duller than at first,  
 Nor wholly comfortable,  
 I sit (my empty glass reversed),  
 And thrumming on the table:

Half fearful that, with self at strife,  
 I take myself to task;  
 Lest of the fulness of my life  
 I leave an empty flask:  
 For I had hope, by something rare,  
 To prove myself a poet;  
 But, while I plan and plan, my hair  
 Is gray before I know it.

So fares it since the years began,  
 Till they be gather'd up;  
 The truth, that flies the flowing can,  
 Will haunt the vacant cup:  
 And others' follies teach us not,  
 Nor much their wisdom teaches;  
 And most, of sterling worth, is what  
 Our own experience preaches.

Ah, let the rusty theme alone!  
 We know not what we know.  
 But for my pleasant hour, 'tis gone,  
 'Tis gone, and let it go.  
 'Tis gone: a thousand such have slept  
 Away from my embraces,  
 And fall'n into the dusty crypt  
 Of darken'd forms and faces.

Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went  
 Long since, and came no more:  
 With peals of genial clamor sent  
 From many a tavern-door,  
 With twisted quirks and happy hits,  
 From misty men of letters;  
 The tavern-hours of mighty wits,—  
 Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the Poet's words and  
 looks

Had yet their native glow:  
 Not yet the fear of little books  
 Had made him talk for show;  
 But, all his vast heart sherris-warm'd,  
 He flash'd his random speeches;  
 Ere days, that deal in ana, swarm'd,  
 His literary leeches.

So mix forever with the past,  
 Like all good things on earth!  
 For should I prize thee, couldst thou  
 last,  
 At half thy real worth?  
 I hold it good, good things should  
 pass:  
 With time I will not quarrel:  
 It is but yonder empty glass  
 That makes me maudlin-moral.

Head waiter of the chop-house here,  
 To which I must resort,  
 I too must part; I hold thee dear  
 For this good pint of port.  
 For this, thou shalt from all things  
 suck  
 Marrow of mirth and laughter;  
 And, wheresoe'er thou move, good  
 luck  
 Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thou wilt never move from hence,  
 The sphere thy fate allots:  
 Thy latter days increased with pence  
 Go down among the pots:  
 Thou battenest by the greasy gleam  
 In haunts of hungry sinners,  
 Old boxes, larded with the steam  
 Of thirty thousand dinners.

We fret, we fume, would shift our  
 skins,  
 Would quarrel with our lot:  
 Thy care is, under polish'd tins,  
 To serve the hot-and-hot;  
 To come and go, and come again,  
 Returning like the pewit,  
 And watch'd by silent gentlemen,  
 That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head  
 The thick-set hazel dies;  
 Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread  
 The corners of thine eyes :  
 Live long, nor feel in head or chest  
 Our changeful equinoxes,  
 Till mellow Death, like some late  
 guest,  
 Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease  
 To pace the gritted floor,  
 And, laying down an unctuous lease  
 Of life, shalt earn no more :  
 No carved cross-bones, the types of  
 Death,  
 Shall show thee past to Heaven :  
 But carved cross-pipes, and, under-  
 neath,  
 A pint-pot, neatly graven.

TO —,

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

"Cursed be he that moves my bones."  
*Shakespeare's Epitaph.*

YOU might have won the Poet's name,  
 If such be worth the winning now,  
 And gain'd a laurel for your brow  
 Of sounder leaf than I can claim ;

But you have made the wiser choice,  
 A life that moves to gracious ends  
 Thro' troops of unrecording friends,  
 A deedful life, a silent voice ;

And you have miss'd the irreverent  
 doom

Of those that wear the Poet's crown :  
 Hereafter, neither knave nor clown  
 Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the poet cannot die  
 Nor leave his music as of old,  
 But round him ere he scarce be cold  
 Begins the scandal and the cry :

"Proclaim the faults he would not  
 show :

Break lock and seal : Betray the  
 trust :

Keep nothing sacred : 'tis but just  
 The many-headed beast should know."

Ah shameless ! for he did but sing  
 A song that pleased us from its  
 worth ;

No public life was his on earth,  
 No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best :

His worst he kept, his best he gave,  
 My Shakespeare's curse on clown  
 and knave

Who will not let his ashes rest !

Who make it seem more sweet to be

The little life of bank and brier,  
 The bird that pipes his lone desire  
 And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud  
 And drops at Glory's temple-gates,  
 For whom the carrion vulture waits  
 To tear his heart before the crowd !

TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN  
 GREECE.

ILLYRIAN woodlands, echoing falls  
 Of water, sheets of summer glass,  
 The long divine Peneïan pass,

The vast Akroeraunian walls,  
 Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,  
 With such a pencil, such a pen,  
 You shadow forth to distant men,

I read and felt that I was there :

And trust me while I turn'd the page,  
 And track'd you still on classic  
 ground,

I grew in gladness till I found  
 My spirits in the golden age.

For me the torrent ever pour'd  
 And glisten'd—here and there alone  
 The broad-limb'd Gods at random  
 thrown

By fountain-urns ;—and Naiads oar'd

A glimmering shoulder under gloom  
 Of cavern pillars ; on the swell

The silver lily heaved and fell ;  
 And many a slope was rich in bloom

From him that on the mountain lea  
 By dancing rivulets fed his flocks,  
 To him who sat upon the rocks,  
 And fluted to the morning sea.



## LADY CLARE.

IT was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air,  
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :  
Lovers long-betroth'd were the :  
They too will wed the morrow morn :  
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,  
Nor for my lands so broad and fair :  
He loves me for my own true worth,  
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said, "Who was this that went from  
thee?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the  
nurse,

"That all comes round so just and  
fair :

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse,  
my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so  
wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the  
nurse,

"I speak the truth: you are my  
child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my  
breast ;

I speak the truth, as I live by bread !  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother," she said, "if this be  
true,

To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due."

Nay now, my child," said Alice the  
nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie,  
Pull off, pull off, the broach of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the  
nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."  
She said "Not so: but I will know  
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice  
the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his  
right."

"And he shall have it," the lady  
replied,

"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother  
dear!

Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,  
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,  
My mother dear, if this be so,  
And lay your hand upon my head.  
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare :  
She went by dale, and she went by  
down,

With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had  
brought

Leapt up from where she lay,  
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,  
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his  
tower :

"O Lady Clare, you shame your  
worth!

Why come you drest like a village  
maid,

That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,  
I am but as my fortunes are :  
I am a beggar born," she said,  
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
 "For I am yours in word and in deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up !  
 Her heart within her did not fail :  
 She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :  
 He turn'd, and kiss'd her where she stood :

"If you are not the heiress born,  
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,  
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,  
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

### THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

IN her ear he whispers gayly,  
 "If my heart by signs can tell,  
 Maiden, I have watched thee daily,  
 And I think thou lov'st me well."  
 She replies, in accents fainter,  
 "There is none I love like thee."  
 He is but a landscape-painter,  
 And a village maiden she.  
 He to lips, that fondly falter,  
 Presses his without reproof :  
 Leads her to the village altar,  
 And they leave her father's roof.  
 "I can make no marriage present ;  
 Little can I give my wife.  
 Love will make our cottage pleasant,  
 And I love thee more than life."  
 They by parks and lodges going  
 See the lordly castles stand ;  
 Summer woods, about them blowing,  
 Made a murmur in the land.  
 From deep thought himself he rouses,  
 Says to her that loves him well,  
 "Let us see these handsome houses  
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."  
 So she goes by him attended,  
 Hears him lovingly converse,  
 Sees whatever fair and splendid

Lay betwixt his home and hers ;  
 Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
 Parks and order'd gardens great,  
 Ancient homes of lord and lady,  
 Built for pleasure and for state.  
 All he shows her makes him dearer :  
 Evermore she seems to gaze  
 On that cottage growing nearer,  
 Where they twain will spend their days.

O but she will love him truly !  
 He shall have a cheerful home ;  
 She will order all things duly,  
 When beneath his roof they come.  
 Thus her heart rejoices greatly,  
 Till a gateway she discerns  
 With armorial bearings stately,  
 And beneath the gate she turns ;  
 Sees a mansion more majestic  
 Than all those she saw before :  
 Many a gallant gay domestic  
 Bows before him at the door.

And they speak in gentle murmur,  
 When they answer to his call,  
 While he treads with footstep firmer,  
 Leading on from hall to hall.  
 And, while now she wonders blindly,  
 Nor the meaning can divine,  
 Proudly turns he round and kindly,  
 "All of this is mine and thine."  
 Here he lives in state and bounty,  
 Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,  
 Not a lord in all the county  
 Is so great a lord as he.

All at once the color flushes  
 Her sweet face from brow to chin :  
 As it were with shame she blushes,  
 And her spirit changed within.  
 Then her countenance all over  
 Pale again as death did prove ;  
 But he clasp'd her like a lover,  
 And he cheer'd her soul with love.  
 So she strove against her weakness,  
 Tho' at times her spirits sank :  
 Shaped her heart with woman's meek-  
 ness

To all duties of her rank :  
 And a gentle consort made he,  
 And her gentle mind was such  
 That she grew a noble lady,  
 And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,  
 And perplex'd her, night and morn,  
 With the burden of an honor  
 Unto which she was not born.  
 Faint she grew, and ever fainter,  
 As she murmur'd, "O, that he  
 Were once more that landscape-  
 painter,  
 Which did win my heart from me!"  
 So she droop'd and droop'd before  
 him,  
 Fading slowly from his side :  
 Three fair children first she bore him,  
 Then before her time she died.  
 Weeping, weeping late and early,  
 Walking up and pacing down,  
 Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,  
 Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.  
 And he came to look upon her,  
 And he look'd at her and said,  
 "Bring the dress and put it on her,  
 That she wore when she was wed."  
 Then her people, softly treading,  
 Bore to earth her body, drest  
 In the dress that she was wed in,  
 That her spirit might have rest.

### SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

#### A FRAGMENT.

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain,  
 With tears and smiles from heaven  
 again

The maiden Spring upon the plain  
 Came in a sunlit fall of rain.

In crystal vapor everywhere  
 Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,  
 And, far in forest-deeps unseen,  
 The topmost elm-tree gather'd green  
 From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song :  
 Sometimes the thristle whistled strong :  
 Sometimes the sparrowhawk, wheel'd along,  
 Hush'd all the groves from fear of  
 wrong :

By grassy capes with fuller sound  
 In curves the yellowing river ran,

And drooping chestnut-buds began  
 To spread into the perfect fan,  
 Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year,  
 Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere  
 Rode thro' the coverts of the deer,  
 With blissful treble ringing clear.

She seem'd a part of joyous Spring :  
 A gown of grass-green silk she wore,  
 Buckled with golden clasps before ;  
 A light-green tuft of plumes she bore  
 Closed in a golden ring.

Now on some twisted ivy-net,  
 Now by some tinkling rivulet,  
 In mosses mixt with violet  
 Her cream-white mule his pastern set ;  
 And fleeter now she skimm'd the  
 plains

Than she whose elfin prancer springs  
 By night to eery warblings,  
 When all the glimmering moonbeams  
 rings

With jingling bridle-reins.

As she fled fast thro' sun and shade,  
 The happy winds upon her play'd,  
 Blowing the ringlet from the braid :  
 She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd

The rein with dainty finger-tips,  
 A man had given all other bliss,  
 And all his worldly worth for this,  
 To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
 Upon her perfect lips

#### A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
 Thy tribute wave deliver :  
 No more by thee my steps shall be,  
 Forever and forever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
 A rivulet then a river :  
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,  
 Forever and forever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree  
 And here thine aspen shiver :  
 And here by thee will hum the bee,  
 Forever and forever.





*"In robe and crown the king steps down  
To meet and greet her on her way."*

THE BEGGAR MAID, Page 200.

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A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver ;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
Forever and forever.

## THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid :  
She was more fair than words can  
say :

Barefooted came the beggar maid  
Before the king Cophetua  
In robe and crown the king stepped down,  
To meet and greet her on her way :  
"It is no wonder," said the lords,  
"She is more beautiful than day "

As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen :  
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,  
One her dark hair and lovesome  
mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
In all that land had never been :  
Cophetua sware a royal oath :  
"This beggar maid shall be my  
queen !"

## THE VISION OF SIN.

## I.

I HAD a vision when the night was  
late :

A youth came riding toward a palace-  
gate.

He rode a horse with wings, that would  
have flown,

But that his heavy rider kept him down.  
And from the palace came a child of  
sin,

And took him by the curls, and led him  
in,

Where sat a company with heated eyes,  
Expecting when a fountain should arise :  
A sleepy light upon their brows and  
lips—

As when the sun, a crescent of eclipse,  
Dreams over lake and lawn, and isles  
and capes—

Suffused them, sitting, lying, languid  
shapes,  
By heaps of gourds, and skins of wine,  
and piles of grapes.

## 2.

Then methought I heard a mellow  
sound,

Gathering up from all the lower ground ;  
Narrowing in to where they sat assem-  
bled

Low voluptuous music winding trem-  
bled,

Wov'n in circles: they that heard it  
sigh'd,

Panted hand in hand with faces pale,  
Swung themselves, and in low tones  
replied ;

Till the fountain spouted, showering  
wide

Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail ;  
Then the music touch'd the gates and  
died ;

Rose again from where it seem'd to fail,  
Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing  
gale ;

Till thronging in and in, to where they  
waited,

As 'twere a hundred-throated night-  
ingale,

The strong tempestuous treble throb'd  
and palpitated ;

Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,  
Caught the sparkles, and in circles,  
Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid  
mazes,

Flung the torrent rainbow round :

Then they started from their places,  
Moved with violence, changed in hue,  
Caught each other with wild grimaces,  
Half-invisible to the view,

Wheeling with precipitate paces  
To the melody, till they flew,

Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces,  
Twisted hard in fierce embraces,

Like to Furies, like to Graces,  
Dash'd together in blinding dew :

Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,  
The nerve-dissolving melody

Flutter'd headlong from the sky.



## 3.

And then I look'd up toward a mountain-tract,  
That girt the region with high cliff and lawn :

I saw that every morning, far withdrawn  
Beyond the darkness and the cataract,  
God made himself an awful rose of dawn

Unheeded : and detaching, fold by fold,  
From those still heights, and, slowly drawing near,

A vapor heavy, hueless, formless, cold,  
Came floating on for many a month and year,

Unheeded : and I thought I would have spoken,  
And warned that madman ere it grew too late :

But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was broken,

When that cold vapor touch'd the palace gate,

And link'd again. I saw within my head

A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death,

Who slowly rode across a wither'd heath,

And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said :

## 4

"Wrinkled hostler, grim and thin !  
Here is custom come your way,  
Take my brute, and lead him in,  
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

"Bitter barmaid, waning fast !  
See that sheets are on my bed ;  
What ! the flower of life is past :  
It is long before you wed.

"Slipshod waiter, lank and sour,  
At the Dragon on the heath !  
Let us have a quiet hour,  
Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

"I am old, but let me drink ;  
Bring me spices, bring me wine ;  
I remember, when I think,  
That my youth was half divine.

"Wine is good for shrivell'd lips,  
When a blanket wraps the day,  
When the rotten woodland drips,  
And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

"Sit thee down, and have no shame,  
Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee :  
What care I for any name ?  
What for order or degree ?

"Let me screw thee up a peg :  
Let me loose thy tongue with wine :  
Callest thou that thing a leg ?  
Which is thinnest ? thine or mine ?

"Thou shalt not be saved by works :  
Thou hast been a sinner too :  
Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks,  
Empty scarecrows, I and you !

"Fill the cup, and fill the can :  
Have a rouse before the morn :  
Every moment dies a man,  
Every moment one is born.

"We are men of ruin'd blood ;  
Therefore comes it we are wise.  
Fish are we that love the mud,  
Rising to no fancy-flies.

"Name and fame ! to fly sublime  
Through the courts, the camps, the schools

Is to be the ball of Time,  
Bandied in the hands of fools.

"Friendship !—to be two in one—  
Let the canting liar pack !  
Well I know, when I am gone,  
How she mouths behind my back

"Virtue !—to be good and just—  
Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust,  
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

"O ! we two as well can look  
Whited thought and cleanly life  
As the priest, above his book  
Leering at his neighbor's wife.

"Fill the cup, and fill the can :  
Have a rouse before the morn :  
Every moment dies a man,  
Every moment one is born.

"Drink, and let the parties rave;  
They are fill'd with idle spleen;  
Rising, falling, like a wave,  
For they know not what thy mean.

"He that roars for liberty  
Faster binds a tyrant's power  
And the tyrant's cruel glee  
Forces on the freer hour.

"Fill the can, and fill the cup:  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

"Greet her with applausive breath,  
Freedom, gayly doth she tread.  
In her right a civic wreath,  
In her left a human head.

"No, I love not what is new;  
She is of an ancient house:  
And I think we know the hue  
Of that cap upon her brows.

"Let her go! her thirst she slakes  
Where the bloody conduit runs:  
Then her sweetest meal she makes  
On the first-born of her sons.

"Drink to lofty hopes that cool—  
Visions of a perfect State:  
Drink we, last, the public fool,  
Frantic love and frantic hate.

"Chant me now some wicked stave,  
Till thy drooping courage rise,  
And the glow-worm of the grave  
Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

"Fear not thou to loose thy tongue;  
Set thy hoary fancies free;  
What is loathsome to the young  
Savors well to thee and me.

"Change, reverting to the years,  
When thy nerves could understand  
What there is in loving tears,  
And the warmth of hand in hand.

"Tell me tales of thy first love—  
April hopes, the fools of chance:  
Till the graves begin to move,  
And the dead begin to dance.

"Fill the can, and fill the cup:  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

"Trooping from their mouldy dens  
The chap-fallen circle spreads:  
Welcome, fellow-citizens,  
Hollow hearts and empty heads!

"You are bones, and what of that?  
Every face, however full,  
Padded round with flesh and fat,  
Is but modell'd on a skull.

"Death is king, and Vivat Rex!  
Tread a measure on the stones,  
Madam—if I know your sex,  
From the fashion of your bones.

"No, I cannot praise the fire  
In your eye—nor yet your lip:  
All the more do I admire  
Joints of cunning workmanship.

"Lo! God's likeness—the ground-plan  
Neither modell'd, glazed, or framed:  
Buss me, thou rough sketch of man,  
Far too naked to be shamed!

"Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance,  
While we keep a little breath!  
Drink to heavy Ignorance!  
Hob-and nob with brother Death!

"Thou art mazed, the night is long,  
And the longer night is near:  
What! I am not all as wrong  
As a bitter jest is dear.

"Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,  
When the locks are crisp and curl'd;  
Unto me my maudlin gall  
And my mockeries of the world.

"Fill the cup, and fill the can!  
Mingle madness, mingle scorn!  
Dregs of life, and lees of man:  
Yet we will not die forlorn."

## 5.

The voice grew faint: there came a  
further change:  
Once more uprose the mystic mountain  
range:

Below were men and horses pierced  
 with worms,  
 And slowly quickening into lower  
 forms;  
 By shards and scurf of salt, and scum  
 of dross,  
 Old plash of rains, and refuse patch'd  
 with moss.  
 Then some one spake : " Behold ! it  
 was a crime  
 Of sense avenged by sense that wore  
 with time."  
 Another said : " The crime of sense  
 became  
 The crime of malice, and is equal  
 blame."  
 And one : " He had not wholly quench'd  
 his power ; [sour."  
 A little grain of conscience made him  
 At last I heard a voice upon the slope  
 Cry to the summit, " Is there any  
 hope ?"  
 To which an answer peal'd from that  
 high land,  
 But in a tongue no man could under-  
 stand ;  
 And on the glimmering limit far with-  
 drawn  
 God made Himself an awful rose of  
 dawn.

COME not, when I am dead,  
 To drop thy foolish tears upon my  
 grave,  
 To trample round my fallen head,  
 And vex the unhappy dust thou  
 wouldst not save.  
 There let the wind sweep and the plover  
 cry ;  
 But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy  
 crime  
 I care no longer, being all unblest :  
 Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of  
 Time,  
 And I desire to rest.  
 Pass on, weak heart, and leave me  
 where I lie :  
 Go by, go by.

## THE EAGLE.

## FRAGMENT.

HE clasps the crag with hooked hands ;  
 Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
 Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.  
 The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;  
 He watches from his mountain walls,  
 And like a thunderbolt he falls.

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and leave  
 Yon orange sunset waning slow :  
 From fringes of the faded eve,  
 O, happy planet, eastward go :  
 Till over thy dark shoulder glow  
 Thy silver sister-world, and rise  
 To glass herself in dewy eyes  
 That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, lightly borne,  
 Dip forward under starry light,  
 And move me to my marriage-morn,  
 And round again to happy night.

BREAK, break, break,  
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !  
 And I would that my tongue could utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
 That he shouts with his sister at play !  
 O well for the sailor lad,  
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on  
 To their haven under the hill ;  
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,  
 At the foot of thy crags O Sea !  
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
 Will never come back to me.

## THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,  
 He pass'd by the town and out of the  
 street,



A light wind blew from the gates of  
the sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the  
wheat,  
And he sat him down in a lonely  
place,  
And chanted a melody loud and  
sweet,  
That made the wild-swan pause in her  
cloud,  
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee,  
The snake slipt under a spray,  
The wild hawk stood with the down on  
his beak,  
And stared, with his foot on the prey,  
And the nightingale thought, "I have  
sung many songs,  
But never a one so gay,  
For he sings of what the world will  
be  
When the years have died away."

## THE PRINCESS:

A MEDLEY.

TO

HENRY LUSHINGTON

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED BY HIS FRIEND

A. TENNYSON.

### PROLOGUE.

SIR WALTER VIVIAN all a summer's  
day  
Gave his broad lawns until the set of  
sun  
Up to the people : thither flock'd at  
noon  
His tenants, wife and child, and thither  
half  
The neighboring borough with their  
Institute  
Of which he was the patron. I was  
there [son  
From college, visiting the son,—the  
A Walter too,—with others of our set,  
Five others : we were seven at Vivian-  
place.  
And me that morning Walter show'd  
the house,  
Greek, set with busts : from vases in  
the hall

Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier  
than their names,  
Grew side by side ; and on the pave-  
ment lay  
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the  
park.  
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones  
of Time ;  
And on the tables every clime and age  
Jumbled together ; celts and calumets,  
Claymore and snow-shoe, toys in lava,  
fans  
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,  
Laborious orient ivory sphere in  
sphere, [clubs  
The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-  
From the isles of palm : and higher on  
the walls,  
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and  
deer,  
His own forefathers' arms and armor  
hung.

And "this," he said, "was Hugh's  
 at Agincourt ;  
 And that was old Sir Ralph's at As-  
 calon :  
 A good knight he ! we keep a chronicle  
 With all about him," — which he  
 brought, and I  
 Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt  
 with knights  
 Half-legend, half-historic, counts and  
 kings  
 Who laid about them at their wills and  
 died ;  
 And mixt with these, a lady, one that  
 arm'd  
 Her own fair head, and sallying thro'  
 the gate,  
 Had beat her foes with slaughter from  
 her walls.

"O miracle of women," said the  
 book,  
 "O noble heart who, being strait-be-  
 sieged  
 By this wild king to force her to his  
 wish,  
 Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a  
 soldier's death,  
 But now when all was lost or seem'd  
 as lost—  
 Her stature more than mortal in the  
 burst  
 Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on  
 fire—  
 Brake with a blast of trumpets from  
 the gate,  
 And, falling on them like a thunder-  
 bolt,  
 She trampled some beneath her horses'  
 heels,  
 And some were whelm'd with missiles  
 of the wall,  
 And some were push'd with lances  
 from the rock,  
 And part were drown'd within the  
 whirling brook :  
 O miracle of noble womanhood ! "

So sang the gallant glorious chron-  
 icle ;  
 And, I all rapt in this, "Come out," he  
 said,

"To the Abbey: there is Aunt Eliz-  
 abeth  
 And sister Lilia with the rest." We  
 went  
 (I kept the book and had my finger  
 in it)  
 Down thro' the park: strange was the  
 sight to me ;  
 For all the sloping pasture murmur'd,  
 sown  
 With happy faces and with holiday.  
 There moved the multitude, a thou-  
 sand heads ;  
 The patient leaders of their Institute  
 Taught them with facts. One rear'd a  
 font of stone  
 And drew from butts of water on the  
 slope,  
 The fountain of the moment, playing  
 now  
 A twisted snake, and now a rain of  
 pearls,  
 Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded  
 ball  
 Danced like a wisp: and somewhat  
 lower down  
 A man with knobs and wires and vials  
 fired  
 A cannon: Echo answer'd in her sleep  
 From hollow fields: and here were  
 telescopes  
 For azure views; and there a group of  
 girls [shock  
 In circle waited, whom the electric  
 Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter:  
 round the lake  
 A little clock-work steamer paddling  
 plied  
 And shook the lilies; perch'd about  
 the knolls  
 A dozen angry models jetted steam :  
 A petty railway ran; a fire-balloon  
 Rose gem-like up before the dusky  
 groves  
 And dropt a fairy parachute and past :  
 And there thro' twenty posts of tele-  
 graph  
 They flashed a saucy message to and  
 fro  
 Between the mimic stations; so that  
 sport

Went hand in hand with Science;  
 elsewhere  
 Pure sport : a herd of boys with clamor  
 bowl'd  
 And stump'd the wicket ; babies roll'd  
 about  
 Like tumbled fruit in grass ; and men  
 and maids  
 Arranged a country dance, and flew  
 thro' light  
 And shadow, while the twangling  
 violin  
 Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and  
 overhead  
 The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty  
 lime  
 Made noise with bees and breeze from  
 end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking  
 of the time ;  
 And long we gazed, but satiated at  
 length  
 Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and  
 ivy-claspt,  
 Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,  
 Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost  
 they gave  
 The park, the crowd, the house ; but  
 all within  
 The sword was trim as any garden  
 lawn :  
 And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,  
 And Lilia with the rest, and lady  
 friends  
 From neighbor seats : and there was  
 Ralph himself,  
 A broken statue propt against the  
 wall,  
 As gay as any Lilia wild with sport,  
 Half child, half woman as she was, had  
 wound  
 A scarf of orange round the stony  
 helm,  
 And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk.  
 That made the old warrior from his  
 ivied nook  
 Glow like a sunbeam : near his tomb a  
 feast  
 Shone, silver-set ; about it lay the  
 guests,

And there we joined them : then the  
 maiden Aunt  
 Took this fair day for text, and from it  
 preach'd  
 An universal culture for the crowd,  
 And all things great ; but we, un-  
 worthier, told  
 Of College : he had climb'd across the  
 spikes,  
 And he had squeezed himself betwixt  
 the bars,  
 And he had breathed the Proctor's  
 dogs : and one  
 Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common  
 men,  
 But honeying at the whisper of a lord ;  
 And one the Master, as a rogue in  
 grain  
 Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above their  
 heads I saw  
 The feudal warrior lady-clad ; which  
 brought  
 My book to mind : and opening this I  
 read  
 Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that  
 rang  
 With tilt and tourney ; then the tale of  
 her  
 That drove her foes with slaughter  
 from her walls,  
 And much I praised her nobleness,  
 and "Where,"  
 Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head  
 (she lay  
 Beside him) "lives there such a wo-  
 man now ?"

Quick answer'd Lilia, "There are  
 thousands now  
 Such women, but convention beats  
 them down :  
 It is but bringing up ; no more than  
 that :  
 You men have done it : how I hate  
 you all !  
 Ah ! were I something great ! I wish I  
 were  
 Some mighty poetess, I would shame  
 you then,



That love to keep us children! O I  
wish  
That I were some great Princess, I  
would build  
Far off from men a college like a  
man's,  
And I would teach them all that men  
are taught:  
We are twice as quick!" And here  
she shook aside  
The hand that play'd the patron with  
her curls.

And one said smiling, "Pretty were  
the sight  
If our old halls could change their sex,  
and flaunt  
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for  
deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates in their  
golden hair.  
I think they should not wear our rusty  
gowns,  
But move as rich as Emperor-moths or  
Ralph  
Who shines so in the corner; yet I  
fear,  
If there were many Lilies in the brood,  
However deep you might embower the  
nest  
Some boy would spy it."

At this upon the sword  
She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot:  
"That's your light way: but I would  
make it death  
For any male thing but to peep at us."

Petulant she spoke, and at herself  
she laugh'd;  
A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns,  
And sweet as English air could make  
her, she:  
But Walter hail'd a score of names  
upon her,  
And "petty Ogress," and "ungrateful  
Puss,"  
And swore he long'd at College, only  
long'd,  
All else was well, for she-society.  
They boated and they cricketed; they  
talk'd  
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics;

They lost their weeks; they vex'd  
souls of deans;  
They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,  
And caught the blossom of the flying  
terms,  
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-  
place,  
The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he  
spoke,  
Part banter, part affection.  
"True," she said,  
"We doubt not that. O yes, you  
miss'd us much.  
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you  
did."

She held it out; and as a parrot  
turns  
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye,  
And takes a lady's finger with all care.  
And bites it for true heart and not for  
harm,  
So he with Lilia's. Daintily she  
shriek'd  
And wrung it. "Doubt my word  
again!" he said.  
"Come, listen! here is proof that you  
were miss'd:  
We seven stay'd at Christmas up to  
read,  
And there we took one tutor as to  
read:  
The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube and  
square  
Were out of season: never man, I  
think,  
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he:  
For while our cloisters echo'd frosty  
feet,  
And our long walks were stript as bare  
as brooms, [all  
We did but talk you over, pledge you  
In wassail: often, like as many girls—  
Sick for the hollies and the yews of  
home—  
As many little trifling Lilies—play'd  
Charades and riddles as at Christmas  
here,  
And *what's my thought* and *when* and  
*where* and *how*,

And often told a tale from mouth to mouth  
As here at Christmas."

She remember'd that :  
A pleasant game, she thought: she liked it more

Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.

But these—what kind of tales did men tell men,

She wonder'd, by themselves?

A half-disdain  
Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips:

And Walter nodded at me; "*He* began,

The rest would follow, each in turn; and so

We forged a sevenfold story. Kind? what kind?

Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms,

Seven-headed monsters only made to kill

Time by the fire in winter."

"Kill him now,  
The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,"

Said Lilia; "Why not now," the maiden Aunt.

"Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?

A tale for summer as befits the time,  
And something it should be to suit the place,

Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,  
Grave, solemn!"

Walter warp'd his mouth at this  
To something so mock-solemn, that I laugh'd

And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling  
And echo like a ghostly woodpecker,

Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt  
(A little sense of wrong had touch'd

her face  
With color) turn'd to me with "As

you will;

Heroic if you will, or what you will,  
Or be yourself your hero if you will."

"Take Lilia, then, for heroine,"  
clamor'd he,

"And make her some great Princess,  
six feet high,

Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you  
The Prince to win her!"

"Then follow me, the Prince,"  
I answer'd, "each be hero in his turn!

Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream.—

Heroic seems our Princess as required—

But something made to suit with Time and place,

A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,  
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,

A feudal knight in silken masquerade,  
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments

For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all—

This *were* a medley! we should have him back

Who told the 'Winter's tale' to do it for us.

No matter: we will say whatever comes.

And let the ladies sing us, if they will,  
From time to time, some ballad or a song

To give us breathing-space."

So I began,  
And the rest follow'd: and the women sang

Between the rougher voices of the men,

Like linnets in the pauses of the wind:  
And here I give the story and the songs.

## I.

A PRINCE I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,

Of temper amorous, as the first of May,  
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,

For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

There lived an ancient legend in our house.

Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grand-sire burnt

Because he cast no shadow, had fore-  
told,  
Dying, that none of all our blood  
should know  
The shadow from the substance, and  
that one  
Should come to fight with shadows and  
to fall.

For so, my mother said, the story ran.  
And, truly, waking dreams were, more  
or less,

An old and strange affection of the  
house.

Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven  
knows what :

On a sudden in the midst of men and  
day,

And while I walk'd and talk'd as here-  
tofore,

I seem'd to move among a world of  
ghosts,

And feel myself the shadow of a dream.  
Our great court-Galen poised his gilt-  
head cane.

And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd  
"catalepsy."

My mother pitying made a thousand  
prayers;

My mother was as mild as any saint,  
Half-canonized by all that look'd on  
her,

So gracious was her tact and tender-  
ness;

But my good father thought a king a  
king;

He cared not for the affection of the  
house;

He held his sceptre like a pedant's  
wand

To lash offence, and with long arms  
and hands

Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from  
the mass

For judgment.

Now it chanced that I had been,  
While life was yet in bud and blade,  
betroth'd

To one, a neighboring Princess : she  
to me

Was proxy-wedded with a bootless  
calf

At eight years old ; and still from time  
to time

Came murmurs of her beauty from the  
South,

And of her brethren, youths of puis-  
sance ;

And still I wore her picture by my  
heart,

And one dark tress ; and all around  
them both

Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees  
about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I  
should wed,

My father sent ambassadors with furs  
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her : these  
brought back

A present, a great labor of the loom ;  
And therewithal an answer vague as  
wind :

Besides, they saw the king ; he took  
the gifts ;

He said there was a compact ; that was  
true :

But then she had a will ; was he to  
blame ?

And maiden fancies ; loved to live  
alone

Among her women ; certain, would  
not wed.

That morning in the presence room  
I stood

With Cyril and with Florian, my two  
friends :

The first, a gentleman of broken means  
(His father's fault) but given to starts  
and bursts

Of revel ; and the last, my other heart,  
And almost my half-self, for still we  
moved

Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and  
eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my  
father's face

Grow long and troubled like a rising  
moon,

Inflamed with wrath : he started on his  
feet,

Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down,  
and rent



The wonder of the loom thro' warp  
and woof  
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he  
sware  
That he would send a hundred thou-  
sand men,  
And bring her in a whirlwind; then he  
chew'd  
The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and  
cook'd his spleen,  
Communing with his captains of the  
war.

At last I spoke. "My father, let me  
go.

It cannot be but some gross error lies  
In this report, this answer of a king,  
Whom all men rate as kind and hos-  
pitable:

Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once  
seen,

What'er my grief to find her less than  
fame,

May rue the bargain made." And  
Florian said:

"I have a sister at the foreign court,  
Who moves about the Princess; she,  
you know,

Who wedded with a nobleman from  
thence:

He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,  
The lady of three castles, in that land:  
Thro' her this matter might be sifted  
clean."

And Cyril whisper'd: "Take me with  
you too."

Then laughing "what, if these weird  
seizures come

Upon you in those lands, and no one  
near

To point you out the shadow from the  
truth!

Take me; I'll serve you better in a  
strait;

I grate on rusty hinges here:" but  
"No!"

Roar'd the rough king, "you shall not;  
we ourself

Will crush her pretty maiden fancies  
dead

In iron gauntlets: break the council  
up."

But when the council broke, I rose  
and past

Thro' the wild woods that hung about  
the town;

Found a still place, and pluck'd her  
likeness out;

Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying  
bathed

In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd  
trees:

What were those fancies? wherefore  
break her troth?

Proud look'd the lips; but while I  
meditated

A wind arose and rush'd upon the  
South,

And shook the songs, the whispers, and  
the shrieks

Of the wild woods together; and a  
Voice

Went with it, "Follow, follow, thou  
shalt win."

Then, ere the silver sickle of that  
month [court

Became her golden shield, I stole from  
With Cyril and with Florian, unper-  
ceived,

Cat-footed thro' the town and half in  
dread

To hear my father's ciamor at our  
backs

With Ho! from some bay-window  
shake the night; [walls,

But all was quiet: from the bastion'd  
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we

dropt,  
And flying reach'd the frontier; then

we crost  
To a livelier land; and so by tilth and

grange,  
And vines, and blowing bosks of wil-  
derness,

We gain'd the mother-city thick with  
towers,

And in the imperial palace found the  
king.

His name was Gama; crack'd and  
small his voice,

But bland the smile that like a wrin-  
ling wind

On glassy water drove his cheek in lines;  
 A little dry old man, without a star,  
 Not like a king: three days he feasted us,  
 And on the fourth I spake of why we came,  
 And my betroth'd. "You do us, Prince," he said,  
 Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,  
 "All honor. We remember love ourselves  
 In our sweet youth: there did a compact pass [mony—  
 Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—  
 I think the year in which our olives fail'd.  
 I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,  
 With my full heart: but there were widows here,  
 Two widows, lady Psyche, lady Blanche;  
 They fed her theories, in and out of place  
 Maintaining that with equal husbandry  
 The woman were an equal to the man.  
 They harp'd on this; with this our banquets rang;  
 Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk;  
 Nothing but this; my very ears were hot  
 To hear them: knowledge, so my daughter held,  
 Was all in all; they had but been, she thought,  
 As children; they must lose the child, assume  
 The woman: then, Sir, awful odes she wrote,  
 Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,  
 But all she is and does is awful; odes  
 About this losing of the child; and rhymes  
 And dismal lyrics, prophesying change  
 Beyond all reason: these the women sang;  
 And they that know such things—I sought but peace;

No critic I—would call them master-pieces;  
 They master'd me. At last she begg'd a boon  
 A certain summer-palace which I have  
 Hard by your father's frontier: I said no,  
 Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there,  
 All wild to found an University  
 For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more  
 We know not,—only this: they see no men,  
 Not ev'n her brother Arac, nor the twins  
 Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her  
 As on a kind of paragon; and I (Pardon me saying it) were much loathe to breed  
 Dispute betwixt myself and mine: but since  
 (And I confess with right) you think me bound  
 In some sort, I can give you letters to her;  
 And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance  
 Almost at naked nothing." Thus the king;  
 And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur  
 With garrulous ease and oily courtesies [frets  
 Our formal compact, yet, not less (all But chafing me on fire to find my bride)  
 Went forth again with both my friends. We rode  
 Many a long league back to the north. At last  
 From hills, that look'd across a land of hope,  
 We dropt with evening on a rustic town  
 Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,  
 Close at the boundary of the liberties;  
 There enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host

To council, plied him with his richest  
wines,  
And show'd the late-writ letters of the  
king.

He, with a long low sibilation, stared  
As blank as death in marble ; then ex-  
claim'd

Averring it was clear against all rules  
For any man to go : But as his brain  
Began to mellow, "If the king," he  
said,

"Had given us letters, was he bound  
to speak?

The king would bear him out;" and  
at the last—

The summer of the vine in all his  
veins—

"No doubt that he might make it  
worth his while.

She once had past that way ; he heard  
her speak ;

She scared him ; life ! he never saw  
the like ;

She look'd as grand as doomsday and  
as grave :

And he, he revered his liege-lady  
there ;

He always made a point to post with  
mares ;

His daughter and his housemaid were  
the boys :

The land he understood for miles  
about

Was till'd by women ; all the swine  
were sows,

And all the dogs—"

But while he jested thus  
A thought flash'd thro' me which I  
cloth'd in act,

Remembering how we three presented  
Maid,

Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of  
feast,

In masque or pageant at my father's  
court.

We sent mine host to purchase female  
gear ;

He brought it, and himself, a sight to  
shake

The midriff of despair with laughter,  
help

To lace us up, till each, in maiden  
plumes

We rustled ; him we gave a costly  
bribe

To guerdon silence, mounted our good  
steeds,

And boldly ventured on the liberties.

We follow'd up the river as we rode,  
And rode till midnight, when the col-  
lege lights

Began to glitter fire-fly like in copse  
And linden alley ; then we past an  
arch,

Whereon a woman-statue rose with  
wings

From four wing'd horses dark against  
the stars ;

And some inscription ran along the  
front,

But deep in shadow : further on we  
gain'd

A little street half garden and half  
house ;

But scarce could hear each other speak  
for noise

Of clocks and chimes, like silver ham-  
mers falling

On silver anvils, and the splash and  
stir

Of fountains spouted up and shower-  
ing down

In meshes of the jasmine and the  
rose ;

And all about us pealed the nightin-  
gale,

Rapt in her song, and careless of the  
snare.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a  
sign,

By two sphere lamps blazon'd like  
Heaven and Earth

With constellation and with continent,  
Above an entry : riding in, we call'd ;

A plump-arm'd Ostleress and a stable  
wench

Came running at the call, and help'd  
us down.

Then stopt a buxom hostess forth,  
and sail'd.



Full blown, before us into rooms which  
gave  
Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost  
In laurel: her we ask'd of that and  
this,  
And who were tutors. "Lady Blanche,"  
she said,  
"And Lady Psyche." "Which was  
prettiest,  
Best-natured?" "Lady Psyche."  
"Hers are we,"  
One voice, we cried; and I sat down  
and wrote,  
In such a hand as when a field of corn  
Bows all its ears before the roaring  
East:

"Three ladies of the Northern em-  
pire pray  
Your Highness would enroll them with  
your own,  
As Lady Psyche's pupils."

This I seal'd:  
The seal was Cupid bent above a  
scroll,  
And o'er his head Uranian Venus  
hung,  
And raised the blinding bandage from  
his eyes:  
I gave the letter to be sent with dawn:  
And then to bed, where half in doze I  
seem'd  
To float about a glimmering night, and  
watch  
A full sea glazed with muffled moon-  
light, swell  
On some dark shore just seen that it  
was rich.

As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out I know not why,  
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the  
child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave,  
We kiss'd again with tears.

## II.

At break of day the College Portress  
came:  
She brought us Academic silks, in hue  
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,  
And zoned with gold; and now when  
these were on,  
And we as rich as moths from dusk  
cocoons,  
She, curtsying her obeisance, let us  
know  
The Princess Ida waited: out we paced,  
I first, and following thro' the porch  
that sang  
All round with laurel, issued in a  
court  
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with  
lengths  
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings  
gay  
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns  
of flowers.  
The Muses and the Graces, group'd in  
threes,  
Enring'd a billowing fountain in the  
midst;  
And here and there on lattice edges  
lay  
Or book or lute; but hastily we past,  
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper  
sat,  
With two tame leopards couch'd be-  
side her throne,  
All beauty compass'd in a female form,  
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant  
Of some clear planet close upon the  
Sun,  
Than our man's earth; such eyes were  
in her head,  
And so much grace and power, breath-  
ing down  
From over her arch'd brows, with  
every turn  
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long  
hands,  
And to her feet. She rose her height,  
and said:

"We give you welcome: not without redound  
Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,  
The first-fruits of the stranger: after-time,  
And that full voice which circles round the grave,  
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.  
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?"

"We of the court," said Cyril. "From the court,"  
She answer'd, "then ye know the Prince?" and he:  
"The climax of his age! as tho' there were  
One rose in all the world, your Highness that,  
He worships your ideal." She replied:  
"We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear  
This barren verbiage, current among men, [ment.  
Like coin, the tinsel clink of compli-  
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem  
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;  
Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,  
We dream not of him: when we set out hand  
To this great work, we purposed with ourself  
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,  
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling  
The tricks, which make us toys of men, that so,  
Some future time, if so indeed you will,  
You may with those self-styled our lords ally  
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale."

At those high words, we, conscious of ourselves,  
Perused the matting; then an officer

Rose up, and read the statutes, such as these:  
Not for three years to correspond with home;  
Not for three years to cross the liberties:  
Not for three years to speak with any men;  
And many more, which hastily subscribed,  
We enter'd on the boards; and "Now," she cried,  
"Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall!  
Our statues!—not of those that men desire,  
Sleek Odaliskes, or oracles of mode, Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she  
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she  
The foundress of the Babylonian wall, The Carian Artemisia strong in war, The Rhodope, that built the pyramid, Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene  
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows  
Of Agrippina. Dwell with these and lose  
Convention, since to look on noble forms  
Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism  
That which is higher. O lift your natures up:  
Embrace our aims: work out your freedom. Girls,  
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:  
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,  
The sins of emptiness gossip and spite And slander, die. Better not be at all  
Than not be noble. Leave us: you may go:  
To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue The fresh arrivals of the week before; For they press in from all the provinces,  
And fill the hive."

She spoke, and bowing waved  
 Dismissal: back again we crost the  
 court  
 To Lady Psyche's: as we enter'd in,  
 There sat along the forms, like morn-  
 ing doves  
 That sun their milky bosoms on the  
 thatch,  
 A patient range of pupils; she herself  
 Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,  
 A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-  
 eyed,  
 And on the hither side, or so she  
 look'd,  
 Of twenty summers. At her left, a  
 child,  
 In shining draperies, headed like a star,  
 Her maiden babe, a double April old,  
 Aglaia slept. We sat: the Lady  
 glanced:  
 Then Florian, but no livelier than the  
 dame  
 That whisper'd "Asses' ears" among  
 the sedge,  
 "My sister." "Comely too by all  
 that's fair,"  
 Said Cyril. "O hush, hush!" and she  
 began.

"This world was once a fluid haze of  
 light,  
 Till toward the centre set the starry  
 tides,  
 And eddied into suns, that wheeling  
 cast  
 The planets: then the monster, then  
 the man;  
 Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in  
 skins,  
 Raw from the prime, and crushing down  
 his mate;  
 As yet we find in barbarous isles, and  
 here  
 Among the lowest."

Thereupon she took  
 A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious  
 past;  
 Glanced at the legendary Amazon  
 As emblematic of a nobler age;  
 Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of  
 those

That lay at wine with Lar and Lu-  
 cumo;  
 Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman  
 lines  
 Of empire, and the woman's state in  
 each,  
 How far from just; till, warming with  
 her theme,  
 She fulmined out her scorn of laws  
 Salique  
 And little-footed China, touch'd on  
 Mahomet  
 With much contempt, and came to  
 chivalry:  
 When some respect, however slight,  
 was paid  
 To woman, superstition all awry:  
 However then commenced the dawn:  
 a beam  
 Had slanted forward, falling in a land  
 Of promise; fruit would follow. - Deep,  
 indeed,  
 Their debt of thanks to her who first  
 had dared  
 To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,  
 Disyoke their necks from custom, and  
 assert  
 None lordlier than themselves but that  
 which made  
 Woman and man. She had founded;  
 they must build.  
 Here might they learn whatever men  
 were taught:  
 Let them not fear: some said their  
 heads were less:  
 Some men's were small; not they the  
 least of men;  
 For often fineness compensated size:  
 Besides the brain was like the hand,  
 and grew  
 With using; thence the man's, if more,  
 was more;  
 He took advantage of his strength to be  
 First in the field: some ages had been  
 lost;  
 But woman ripen'd earlier, and her  
 life  
 Was longer; and albeit their glorious  
 names  
 Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since  
 in truth



The highest is the measure of the man,  
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,  
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the  
glebe.

But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so  
With woman: and in arts of govern-  
ment

Elizabeth and others; arts of war  
The peasant Joan and others; arts of  
grace

Sappho and others vied with any man:  
And, last not least, she who had left  
her place,

And bow'd her state to them, that they  
might grow

To use and power on this Oasis, lapt  
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the  
blight

Of ancient influence and scorn?

At last

She rose upon a wind of prophecy  
Dilating on the future; "everywhere  
Two heads in council, two beside the  
hearth,

Two in the tangled business of the  
world,

Two in the liberal offices of life,  
Two plummets dropt for one to sound  
the abyss

Of science, and the secrets of the  
mind:

Musician, painter, sculptor, critic,  
more:

And everywhere the broad and boun-  
teous Earth

Should bear a double growth of those  
rare souls,

Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood  
of the world."

She ended here, and beckon'd us:  
the rest

Parted; and, glowing full-faced wel-  
come, she

Began to address us, and was moving  
on

In gratulation, till as when a boat  
Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all  
her voice

Faltering and fluttering in her throat,  
she cried,

"My brother!" "Well, my sister."

"O," she said,

"What do you here? and in this dress?  
and these?"

Why who are these? a wolf within the  
fold!

A pack of wolves! the Lord be gra-  
cious to me!

A plot, a plot, a plot to ruin all!"

"No plot, no plot," he answer'd

"Wretched boy,

How saw you not the inscription on  
the gate,

LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF  
DEATH?"

"And if I had," he answer'd, "who  
could think

The softer Adams of your Academe,  
O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such  
As chanted on the blanching bones of  
men?"

"But you will find it otherwise," she  
said.

"You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools!  
my vow

Binds me to speak, and O that iron  
will,

That axelike edge unturnable, our  
Head,

The Princess." "Well then, Psyche,  
take my life,

And nail me like a weasel on a grange  
For warning: bury me beside the gate,

And cut this epitaph above my bones;  
*Here lies a brother by a sister slain,*

*All for the common good of womankind."*

"Let me die too," said Cyril, "having  
seen

And heard the Lady Psyche."

I struck in:

"Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the  
truth;

Receive it; and in me behold the  
Prince

Your countryman, affianced years ago  
To the Lady Ida: here, for here she  
was,

And thus (what other way was left?) I  
came."

"O Sir, O Prince, I have no country;  
none:

If any, this; but none. Whate'er I  
was

Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.  
Affianced, Sir? love-whispers may not  
breathe

Within this vestal limit, and how  
should I,

Who am not mine, say, live: the thun-  
derbolt

Hangs silent; but prepare: I speak;  
it falls."

"Yet pause," I said: "for that in-  
scription there,

I think no more of deadly lurks therein,  
Than in a clapper clapping in a garth,  
To scare the fowl from fruit: if more  
there be,

If more and acted on, what follows?  
war;

Your own work marr'd: for this your  
Academe,

Whichever side be Victor, in the hal-  
loo

Will topple to the trumpet down, and  
pass [gild

With all fair theories only made to  
A stormless summer." "Let the Prin-  
cess judge

Of that," she said: "farewell, Sir—  
and to you.

I shudder at the sequel, but I go."

"Are you that Lady Psyche," I re-  
join'd,

"The fifth in line from that old Flo-  
rian,

Yet hangs his portrait in my father's  
hall

(The gaunt old Baron with his beetle  
brow

Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)  
As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he  
fell,

And all else fled: we point to it, and  
we say,

The loyal warmth of Florian is not  
cold,

But branches current yet in kindred  
veins."

"Are you that Psyche," Florian added,  
"she

With whom I sang about the morning  
hills,

Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the  
purple fly,

And snared the squirrel of the glen?  
are you

That Psyche, wont to bind my throbb-  
ing brow,

To smooth my pillow, mix the foaming  
draught

Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and  
read

My sickness down to happy dreams?  
are you

That brother-sister Psyche, both in  
one?

You were that Psyche, but what are  
you now?"

"You are that Psyche," Cyril said,  
"for whom

I would be that forever which I seem,  
Woman, if I might sit beside your  
feet,

And glean your scatter'd sapience."

Then once more,

"Are you that Lady Psyche," I began,  
"That on her bridal morn before she  
past

From all her old companions, when the  
king

Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that an-  
cient ties

Would still be dear beyond the  
southern hills;

That were there any of our people  
there

In want or peril, there was one to hear  
And help them: look! for such are

these and I."

"Are you that Psyche," Florian ask'd,  
"to whom,

In gentler days, your arrow-wounded  
fawn

Came flying while you sat beside the  
well?

The creature laid his muzzle on your  
lap,

And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it,  
and the blood

Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you  
wept.

That was fawn's blood, not brother's,  
yet you wept.

O by the bright head of my little niece,  
You were that Psyche, and what are  
you now?"

"You are that Psyche," Cyril said  
again,

"The mother of the sweetest little  
maid,

That ever crow'd for kisses."

"Out upon it!"

She answer'd, "peace! and why should  
I not play

The Spartan Mother with emotion, be  
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?

Him you call great; he for the com-  
mon weal,

The fading politics of mortal Rome,  
As I might slay this child, if good need  
were,

Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on  
whom

The secular emancipation turns  
Of half this world, be swerved from  
right to save

A prince, a brother? a little will I  
yield.

Best so, perchance, for us, and well for  
you.

O hard, when love and duty clash! I  
fear

My conscience will not count me fleck-  
less; yet—

Hear my conditions: promise (other-  
wise

You perish) as you came to slip away,  
To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be  
said,

These women were too barbarous,  
would not learn;

They fled, who might have shamed us:  
promise, all."

What could we else, we promised  
each; and she,

Like some wild creature newly caged,  
commenced

A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused  
By Florian; holding out her lily arms

Took both his hands, and smiling faint-  
ly said:

"I knew you at the first; tho' you have  
grown

You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and  
glad

To see you, Florian. I give thee to  
death,

My brother! it was duty spoke, not I.  
My needful seeming harshness, pardon  
it.

Our mother, is she well?"

With that she kiss'd

His forehead, then, a moment after,  
clung

About him, and betwixt them blos-  
som'd up

From out a common vein of memory  
Sweet household talk, and phrases of  
the hearth,

And far allusion, till the gracious dew  
Began to glisten and to fall: and  
while

They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a  
voice,

"I brought a message here from Lady  
Blanche."

Back started she, and turning round we  
saw

The Lady Blanche's daughter where  
she stood,

Melissa, with her hand upon the lock.  
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,

That clad her like an April daffodilly  
(Her mother's color) with her lips  
apart,

And all her thoughts as fair within her  
eyes,

As bottom agates seen to wave and  
In crystal currents of clear morning  
seas.

So stood that same fair creature at  
the door.

Then Lady Psyche, "Ah—Melissa—  
you!

You heard us?" and Melissa, "O  
pardon me!

I heard, I could not help it, did not  
wish:

But dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,  
Nor think I bear that heart within my  
breast,



To give three gallant gentlemen to death." [two

"I trust you," said the other, "for we Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine :

But yet your mother's jealous temper-ament—

Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove

The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear This whole foundation ruin, and I lose My honor, these their lives." "Ah, fear me not,"

Replied Melissa ; "no—I would not tell,

No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness, No, not to answer, Madam, all those hard things

That Sheba came to ask of Solomon." "Be it so," the other, "that we still may lead

The new light up, and culminate in peace,

For Solomon may come to Sheba yet." Said Cyril, "Madam, he the wisest man

Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls Of Lebanonian cedar : nor should you (Tho' Madam *you* should answer, we would ask) [came

Less welcome find among us, if you Among us, debtors for our lives to you, Myself for something more." He said not what,

But "Thanks," she answer'd, "go : we have been too long

Together ; keep your hoods about the face ;

They do so that affect abstraction here. Speak little ; mix not with the rest ; and hold

Your promise : all, I trust, may yet be well."

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child,

And held her round the knees against his waist,

And blew the swoll'n cheeks of a trum-peter,

While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the child

Push'd her flat hand against his face and laugh'd ;

And thus our conference closed.

And then we strolled For half the day thro' stately theatres Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard

The grave Professor. On the lecture slate

The circle rounded under female hands With flawless demonstration ; follow'd then

A classic lecture, rich in sentiment, With scraps of thunderous Epic lilted out

By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time

Sparkle forever : then we dipt in all That treats of whatsoever is, the state, The total chronicles of man, the mind, The morals, something of the frame, the rock,

The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,

Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest, And whatsoever can be taught and known ;

Till like three horses that have broken fence,

And glutted all night long breast-deep in corn,

We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke :

"Why Sirs, they do all this as well as we."

"They hunt old trials," said Cyril, "very well ;

But when did woman ever yet invent?" "Ungracious !" answer'd Florian,

"have you learnt No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd

The trash that made me sick, and almost sad ?"

"O trash," he said, "but with a kernel in it.

Should I not call her wise, who made me wise ?

And learnt ? I learnt more from her in  
 a flash,  
 Than if my brainpan were an empty  
 hull,  
 And every Muse tumbled a science in.  
 A thousand hearts lie fallow in these  
 halls,  
 And round these halls a thousand baby  
 loves  
 Fly twanging headless arrows at the  
 hearts,  
 Whence follows many a vacant pang ;  
 but O  
 With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,  
 The Head of all the golden-shafted firm,  
 The long limb'd lad that had a Psyche  
 too ; [now  
 He cleft me thro' the stomacher ; and  
 What think you of it, Florian ? do I  
 chase  
 The substance or the shadow ? will it  
 hold ?  
 I have no sorcerer's malison on me,  
 No ghostly hauntings like his High-  
 ness. I  
 Flatter myself that always everywhere  
 I know the substance when I see it.  
 well,  
 Are castles shadows ? Three of them ?  
 is she [not,  
 The sweet proprietress a shadow ? If  
 Shall those three castles patch my tat-  
 ter'd coat ?  
 For dear are those three castles to my  
 wants,  
 And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,  
 And two dear things are one of double  
 worth,  
 And much I might have said, but that  
 my zone  
 Unmann'd me : then the Doctors ! O to  
 hear  
 The Doctors ! O to watch the thirsty  
 plants  
 Imbibing ! once or twice I thought to  
 roar,  
 To break my chain, to shake my manē :  
 but thou,  
 Modulate me, Soul of mincing mimicry !  
 Make liquid treble of that bassoon my  
 throat ;

Abase those eyes that ever loved to  
 meet  
 Star-sisters answering under crescent  
 brows ;  
 Abate the stride, which speaks of man,  
 and loose  
 A flying charm of blushes o'er this  
 cheek,  
 Where they like swallows coming out  
 of time  
 Will wonder why they came ; but hark  
 the bell  
 For dinner, let us go !"  
 And in we stream'd  
 Among the columns, pacing staid and  
 still  
 By twos and threes, till all from end  
 to end  
 With beauties every shade of brown  
 and fair.  
 In colors gayer than the morning mist,  
 The long hall glitter'd like a bed of  
 flowers. [wits  
 How might a man not wander from his  
 Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept  
 mine own  
 Intent on her, who rapt in glorious  
 dreams,  
 The second-sight of some Astræan age,  
 Sat compass'd with professors ; they,  
 the while,  
 Discuss'd a doubt and tost it to and fro :  
 A clamor thicken'd, mixt with inmost  
 terms  
 Of art and science : Lady Blanche  
 alone  
 Of faded form and haughtiest linea-  
 ments,  
 With all her Autumn tresses falsely  
 brown,  
 Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat  
 In act to spring.  
 At last a solemn grace,  
 Concluded, and we sought the gardens :  
 there  
 One walk'd reciting by herself, and one  
 In this hand held a volume as to read,  
 And smoothed a peacock down with  
 that :  
 Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,  
 Or under arches of the marble bridge

Hung, shadow'd from the heat : some  
     hid and sought  
 In the orange thickets : others tost a  
     ball  
 Above the fountain-jets, and back again  
 With laughter : others lay about the  
     lawns,  
 Of the older sort, and murmur'd that  
     their May  
 Was passing : what was learning unto  
     them ?  
 They muff'd to marry ; they could rule  
     a house ;  
 Men hated learned women : but we  
     three  
 Sat muff'd like the Fates ; and often  
     came  
 Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts  
 Of gentle satire, kin to charity,  
 That harm'd not : then day droopt ;  
     the chapel bells  
 Call'd us : we left the walks ; we mixt  
     with those  
 Six hundred maidens clad in purest  
     white,  
 Before two streams of light from wall  
     to wall,  
 While the great organ almost burst his  
     pipes,  
 Groaning for power, and rolling thro'  
     the court  
 A long melodious thunder to the sound  
 Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,  
 The work of Ida, to call down from  
     Heaven  
 A blessing on her labors for the world.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
     Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
     Wind of the western sea !  
 Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
     Blow him again to me ;  
 While my little one, while my pretty  
     one, sleeps.  
 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
     Father will come to thee soon  
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
     Father will come to thee soon ;  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west  
     Under the silver moon :  
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty  
     one, sleep.

## III.

MORN in the white wake of the  
     morning star  
 Came furrowing all the orient into gold.  
 We rose, and each by other drest with  
     care  
 Descended to the court that lay three  
     parts  
 In shadow, but the Muses' heads were  
     touch'd  
 Above the darkness from their native  
     East.

There while we stood beside the  
     fount and watch'd  
 Or seem'd to watch the dancing bub-  
     ble, approach'd  
 Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of  
     sleep,  
 Or grief, and glowing round her dewy  
     eyes  
 The circled Iris of a night of tears ;  
 "And fly," she cried, "O fly, while yet  
     you may :  
 My mother knows : " and when I ask'd  
     her how,"  
 "My fault," she wept, "my fault ! and  
     yet not mine ;  
 Yet mine in part. O hear me, pardon  
     me.  
 My mother, 'tis her wont from night to  
     night  
 To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.  
 She says the Princess should have been  
     the Head,  
 Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms ;  
 And so it was agreed when first they  
     came ;  
 But Lady Psyche was the right hand  
     now,  
 And she the left, or not, or seldom  
     used ;  
 Hers more than half the students, all  
     the love.  
 And so last night she fell to canvass  
     you :



"Her countrywomen! she did not envy her.  
 Who ever saw such wild barbarians?  
 Girls?—more like men!" and at these words the snake,  
 My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast;  
 And O, Sirs, could I help it, but my cheek  
 Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye  
 To fix and make me hotter, till she laugh'd:  
 "O marvellously modest maiden, you! Men! girls, like men! why, if they had been men  
 You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus  
 For wholesome comment." Pardon, I am shamed  
 That I must needs repeat for my excuse  
 What looks so little graceful; "men" (for still  
 My mother went revolving on the word)  
 "And so they are,—very like men indeed—  
 And with that woman closeted for hours!"  
 Then came these dreadful words out one by one,  
 "Why—these—*are*—men:" I shudder'd: "and you know it."  
 "O ask me nothing," I said: "And she knows too,  
 And she conceals it." So my mother clutch'd  
 The truth at once, but with no word from me;  
 And now thus early risen she goes to inform  
 The Princess: Lady Psyche will be crush'd;  
 But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly: [go."  
 But heal me with your pardon ere you  
 "What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?"  
 Said Cyril: "Pale one, blush again: than wear  
 Those lilies, better blush our lives away

Yet let us breathe for one hour more in Heaven."  
 He added, "lest some classic Angel speak  
 In scorn of us, 'they mounted, Ganymedes,  
 To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn.'  
 But I will melt this marble into wax  
 To yield us farther furlough:" and he went.

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought  
 He scarce would prosper. "Tell us," Florian ask'd,  
 "How grew this feud betwixt the right and left."  
 "O long ago," she said, "betwixt these two  
 Division smoulders hidden: 'tis my mother,  
 Too jealous, often fretful as the wind  
 Pent in a crevice: much I bear with her:  
 I never knew my father, but she says (God help her) she was wedded to a fool;  
 And still she rail'd against the state of things  
 She had the care of Lady Ida's youth, And from the Queen's decease she brought her up.  
 But when your sister came she won the heart  
 Of Ida: they were still together, grew (For so they said themselves) inosculated;  
 Consonant chords that shiver to one note;  
 One mind in all things: yet my mother still  
 Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,  
 And angled with them for her pupil's love:  
 She calls her plagiarist; I know not what:  
 But I must go; I dare not tarry," and light,  
 As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled.

Then murmur'd Florian, gazing after her:  
 "An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.  
 If I could love, why this were she: how pretty  
 Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,  
 As if to close with Cyril's random wish:  
 Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,  
 Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow."

"The crane," I said, "may chatter of the crane,  
 The dove may murmur of the dove, but I  
 An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.  
 My princess, O my princess! true she errs,  
 But in her own grand way; being herself  
 Three times more noble than three-score of men,  
 She sees herself in every woman else,  
 And so she wears her error like a crown  
 To blind the truth and me: for her, and her,  
 Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix  
 The nectar; but—ah she—whene'er she moves  
 The Samian Herè rises and she speaks  
 A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun."

So saying, from the court we paced, and gain'd  
 The terrace ranged along the Northern front,  
 And leaning there on those balusters, high  
 Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale  
 That blown about the foliage underneath,  
 And sated with the innumerable rose,  
 Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came  
 Cyril, and yawning "O hard task," he cried:  
 "No fighting shadows here! I forced a way

Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd.  
 Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump  
 A league of street in summer solstice down,  
 Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman  
 I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found her there  
 At point to move, and settled in her eyes  
 The green malignant light of coming storm.  
 Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oil'd,  
 As man's could be: yet maiden-meek I pray'd  
 Concealment: she demanded who we were, [fair,  
 And why we came? I fabled nothing  
 But, your example pilot, told her all.  
 Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eye.  
 But when I dwelt upon your old affiance,  
 She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astray.  
 I urged the fierce inscription on the gate,  
 And our three lives. True—we had limed ourselves,  
 With open eyes, and we must take the chance.  
 But such extremes, I told her, well might harm  
 The woman's cause. "Not more than now," she said,  
 "So puddled as it is with favoritism."  
 I tried the mother's heart. Shame might befall  
 Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew:  
 Her answer was, "Leave me to deal with that."  
 I spoke of war to come and many deaths,  
 And she replied, her duty was to speak,  
 And duty duty, clear of consequences.  
 I grew discouraged, Sir, but since I knew  
 No rock so hard but that a little wave  
 May beat admission in a thousand years,

I recommenced : " Decide not ere you pause.

I find you here but in the second place,  
Some say the third—the authentic  
foundress you.

I offer boldly ; we will seat you highest :  
Wink at our advent : help my prince  
to gain

His rightful bride, and here I promise  
you

Some palace in our land, where you  
shall reign

The head and heart of all our fair she-  
world,

And your great name flow on with  
broadening time

Forever." Well, she balanced this a  
little,

And told me she would answer us to-  
day,

Meantime be mute : thus much, nor  
more I gain'd."

He ceasing, came a message from  
the Head.

" That afternoon the Princess rode  
to take

The dip of certain strata to the North.  
Would we go with her? we should find  
the land

Worth seeing ; and the river made a  
fall

Out yonder ; " then she pointed on to  
where

A double hill ran up his furrowy forks  
Beyond the thick-leaved platans of the  
vale.

Agreed to this, the day fled on thro'  
all

Its range of duties to the appointed  
hour.

Then summon'd to the porch we went.  
She stood

Among her maidens, higher by the  
head,

Her back against a pillar, her foot on  
one

Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he  
roll'd

And paw'd about her sandal. I drew  
near :

I gazed. On a sudden my strange  
seizure came

Upon me, the weird vision of our house:  
The Princess Idaseem'd a hollow show,  
Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy,  
Her college and her maidens empty  
masks,

And I myself the shadow of a dream,  
For all things were and were not. Yet  
I felt

My heart beat thick with passion and  
with awe ;

Then from my breast the involuntary  
sigh

Brake, as she smote me with the light  
of eyes

That lent my knee desire to kneel, and  
shook

My pulses, till to horse we got, and so  
Went forth in long retinue following  
up

The river as it narrow'd to the hills.

I rode beside her and to me she said :  
" O friend, we trust that you esteem'd  
us not

Too harsh to your companion yester-  
morn ;

Unwillingly we spake." " No—not to  
her,"

I answer'd, " but to one of whom we  
spake

Your Highness might have seem'd the  
thing you say."

" Again?" she cried, " are you ambas-  
saddresses

From him to me? we give you, being  
strange,

A license : speak, and let the topic die."

I stammer'd that I knew him—could  
have wish'd—

" Our king expects—was there no pre-  
contract?

There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem  
All he prefigured, and he could not see  
The bird of passage flying south but  
long'd

To follow : surely, if your Highness  
keep

Your purport, you will shock him ev'n  
to death,



Or baser courses, children of despair?"  
 "Poor boy," she said, "can he not  
 read—no books?"

Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor  
 deals in that

Which men delight in, martial exercise?  
 To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,  
 Methinks he seems no better than a  
 girl;

As girls were once, as we ourself have  
 been:

We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt  
 with them:

We touch on our dead self, nor shun  
 to do it,

Being other—since we learnt our mean-  
 ing here,

To lift the woman's fall'n divinity,  
 Upon an even pedestal with man."

She paused, and added with a haugh-  
 tier smile:

"And as to precontracts, we move, my  
 friend,

At no man's beck, but know ourself and  
 thee,

O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd  
 She kept her state, and left the drunken  
 king

To brawl at Shushan underneath the  
 palms."

"Alas your Highness breathes full  
 East," I said,

"On that which leans to you. I know  
 the Prince,

I prize his truth: and then how vast a  
 work

To assail this gray pre-eminence of  
 man!

You grant me license; might I use it?  
 think,

Ere half be done perchance your life  
 may fail:

Then comes the feebl' heiress of your  
 plan,

And takes and ruins all; and thus your  
 pains

May only make that footprint upon sand  
 Which old-recurring waves of prejudice  
 Resmooth to nothing: might I dread  
 that you,

With only Fame for spouse and your  
 great deeds

For issue, yet may live in vain, and  
 miss,

Meanwhile, what every woman counts  
 her due,

Love, children, happiness?"

And she exclaim'd,

"Peace, you young savage of the  
 Northern wild!

What! tho' your Prince's love were  
 like a God's,

Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?  
 You are bold indeed: we are not talk'd  
 to thus:

Yet will we say for children, would they  
 grew

Like field-flowers everywhere! we like  
 them well;

But children die; and let me tell you,  
 girl, [die;

Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot  
 They with the sun and moon renew  
 their light

Forever, blessing those that look on  
 them.

Children—that men may pluck them  
 from our hearts,

Kill us with pity, break us with our-  
 selves—

O—children—there is nothing upon  
 earth [son

More miserable than she that has a  
 And sees him err: nor would we work  
 for fame;

Tho' she perhaps might reap the ap-  
 plause of Great;

Who learns the one *POU STO* whence  
 after-hands

May move the world, tho' she herself  
 effect

But little: wherefore up and act, nor  
 shrink

For fear our solid aim be dissipated  
 By frail successors. Would, indeed,  
 we had been,

In lieu of many mortal flies, a race  
 Of giants living, each, a thousand years,  
 That we might see our own work out,  
 and watch

The sandy footprint harden into stone."

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself  
 If that strange Poet-princess with her grand  
 Imaginations might at all be won.  
 And she broke out interpreting my thoughts

"No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you ;  
 We are used to that : for women, up till this  
 Cramp'd under worse than South-sea-isle taboo,  
 Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far  
 In high desire, they know not, cannot guess  
 How much their welfare is a passion to us  
 If we could give them surer, quicker proof—

O if our end were less achievable  
 By slow approaches, than by single act  
 Of immolation, any phase of death,  
 We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,  
 Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,  
 To compass our dear sisters' liberties."

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear ;  
 And up we came to where the river sloped  
 To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks  
 A breath of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,  
 And danced the color, and, below, stuck out  
 The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd  
 Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,  
 "As these rude bones to us, are we to her  
 That will be." "Dare we dream of that," I ask'd,  
 "Which wrought us, as the workman and his work,  
 That practice betters?" "How," she cried, "you love  
 The metaphysics! read and earn our prize,

A golden brooch : beneath an emerald plane

Sits Diotima, teaching him that died  
 Of hemlock ; our device ; wrought to the life ;

She rapt upon her subject, he on hers  
 For there are schools for all." "And yet," I said,

"Methinks I have not found among them all [that,"

One anatomic." "Nay, we thought of  
 She answer'd, "but it pleased us not : in truth

We shudder but to dream our maids should ape

Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,

And cram him with the fragments of the grave,

Or in the dark dissolving human heart,  
 And holy secrets of this microcosm,  
 Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,

Encarnalize their spirits : yet we know  
 Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs :

Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,  
 Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,

For many weary moons before we came,  
 This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself

Would tend upon you. To your question now,

Which touches on the workman and his work.

Let there be light and there was light : 'tis so :

For was, and is, and will be, are but is ;  
 And all creation is one act at once,  
 The birth of light : but we that are not all,

As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,

And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make

One act a phantom of succession : thus  
 Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time ;

But in the shadow will we work, and mould





No bigger than a glow-worm shone the  
tent  
Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she  
lean'd on me,  
Descending: once or twice she lent  
her hand,  
And blissful palpitations in the blood;  
Stirring a sudden transport rose and  
fell.

But when we planted level feet, and  
dipt  
Beneath the satin dome and enter'd in,  
There leaning deep in broider'd down  
we sank  
Our elbows: on a tripod in the midst  
A fragrant flame rose, and before us  
glow'd  
Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and  
gold.

Then she, "Let some one sing to us:  
lightlier move  
The minutes fledged with music:" and  
a maid,  
Of those beside her, smote her harp,  
and sang.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what  
they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine  
despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the  
eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no  
more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering  
on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the  
under-world,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the  
verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no  
more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark sum-  
mer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes

The casement slowly grows a glimmer-  
ing square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no  
more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after  
death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy  
feign'd  
On lips that are for others: deep as  
love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all  
regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no  
more."

She ended with such passion that the  
tear,  
She sang of, shook and fell, an erring  
pearl  
Lost in her bosom: but with some  
disdain

Answer'd the Princess: "If indeed  
there haunt  
About the moulder'd lodges of the  
Past  
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to  
men,

Well needs it we should cram our ears  
with wool  
And so pace by: but thine are fancies  
hatch'd

In silken-folded idleness; nor is it  
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,  
But trim our sails, and let old bygones  
be,

While down the streams that float us  
each and all

To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs  
of ice,

Throne after throne, and molten on the  
waste

Becomes a cloud: for all things serve  
their time

Toward that great year of equal might  
and rights,

Nor would I fight with iron laws, in  
the end

Found golden: let the past be past;  
let be

Their cancell'd Babels: tho' the rough  
kex break

The starr'd mosaic, and the wild goat  
hang

Upon the shaft, and the wild fig-tree  
split

Their monstrous idols, care not while  
we hear

A trumpet in the distance pealing news  
Of better, and Hope, a poisoning eagle,  
burns

Above the unrisen morrow:" then to  
me,

'Know you no song of your own land,'  
she said,

"Not such as moans about the retro-  
spect,

But deals with the other distance and  
the hues

Of promise; not a death's-head at the  
wine."

Then I remember'd one myself had  
made,

What time I watch'd the swallow wing-  
ing south

From mine own land, part made long  
since, and part [far

Now while I sang, and maidenlike as  
As I could ape their treble, did I sing.

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying  
South, [eaves,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded  
And tell her, tell her what I tell to  
thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that  
knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the  
South,  
And dark and true and tender is the  
North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could fol-  
low and light [trill,  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and  
And cheep and twitter twenty million  
loves.

"O were I thou that she might take  
me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her  
heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I  
died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her  
heart with love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods  
are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood  
is flown:  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the  
South  
But in the North long since my nest is  
made.

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is  
long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the  
North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the  
South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden  
woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and  
make her mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow  
thee."

I ceased, and all the ladies, each at  
each,  
Like the Ithacensian suitors in old  
time,  
Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd  
with alien lips,  
And knew not what they meant; for  
still my voice  
Rang false: but smiling, "Not for  
thee," she said,  
"O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan  
Shall burst her veil: marsh-divers,  
rather, maid,  
Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow-  
crake  
Grate her harsh kindred in the grass:  
and this  
A mere love-poem! O for such, my  
friend,  
We hold them slight: they mind us of  
the time  
When we made bricks in Egypt.  
Knaves are men,  
That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,  
And dress the victim to the offering up,

And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,  
 And play the slave to gain the tyranny.  
 Poor soul! I had a maid of honor  
 once;  
 She wept her true eyes blind for such  
 a one,  
 A rogue of canzonets and serenades.  
 I loved her. Peace be with her. She  
 is dead.  
 So they blaspheme the muse! but  
 great is song  
 Used to great ends: ourself have often  
 tried  
 Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have  
 dash'd  
 The passion of the prophetess; for  
 song  
 Is duer unto freedom, force and growth  
 Of spirit, than to junketing and love.  
 Love is it? Would this same mock-  
 love, and this                    bats.  
 Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter  
 Till all men grew to rate us at our  
 worth,  
 Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes  
 To be dandled, no, but living wills, and  
 sphered  
 Whole in ourselves and owed to none.  
 Enough!  
 But now to leaven play with profit, you,  
 Know you no song, the true growth of  
 your soil,  
 That gives the manners of your coun-  
 trywomen?"

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous  
 head with eyes  
 Of shining expectation fixt on mine.  
 Then while I dragg'd my brains for  
 such a song,  
 Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd flask  
 had wrought,  
 Or master'd by the sense of sport,  
 began  
 To troll a careless, careless tavern-  
 catch  
 Of Moll and Meg, and strange experi-  
 ences  
 Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded  
 at him,

I frowning; Psyche flush'd and wann'd  
 and shook;  
 The lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows;  
 "Forbear," the Princess cried; "For-  
 bear, Sir," I;  
 And heated thro' and thro' with wrath  
 and love,  
 I smote him on the breast; he started  
 up;  
 There rose a shriek as of a city  
 sack'd;  
 Melissa clamor'd, "Flee the death;"  
 "To horse,"  
 Said Ida; "home! to horse!" and  
 fled, as flies  
 A troop of snowy doves athwart the  
 dusk,  
 When some one batters at the dove-  
 cote-doors,  
 Disorderly the women. Alone I stood  
 With Florian, cursing Cyril, vexed at  
 heart,  
 In the pavilion: there like parting  
 hopes  
 I heard them passing from me: hoof  
 by hoof,  
 And every hoof a knell to my desires,  
 Clang'd on the bridge; and then an-  
 other shriek,  
 "The Head, the Head, the Princess,  
 O the Head!"  
 For blind with rage she miss'd the  
 plank, and roll'd  
 In the river. Out I sprang from glow  
 to gloom;  
 There whirl'd her white robe like a  
 blossom'd branch  
 Rapt to the horrible fall; a glance I  
 gave,  
 No more; but woman-vested as I was  
 Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I  
 caught her; then  
 Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left  
 The weight of all the hopes of half the  
 world,  
 Strove to buffet to land in vain. A  
 tree  
 Was half-disrooted from his place and  
 stoop'd  
 To drench his dark locks in the gur-  
 gling wave



Mid-channel. Right on this we drove  
and caught,  
And grasping down the boughs I  
gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmer-  
ingly group'd  
In the hollow bank. One reaching  
forward drew  
My burthen from mine arms; they  
cried, "She lives!"  
They bore her back into the tent;  
but I,  
So much a kind of shame within me  
wrought,  
Not yet endured to meet her opening  
eyes,  
Nor found my friends; but push'd  
alone on foot  
(For since her horse was lost I left her  
mine)  
Across the woods, and less from Indian  
craft  
Than beelike instinct hiveward, found  
at length  
The garden portals. Two great stat-  
ues, Art  
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up  
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were  
valves  
Of open-work in which the hunter  
rued  
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his  
brows  
Had sprouted, and the branches there-  
upon  
Spread out at top, and grimly spiked  
the gates.

A little space was left between the  
horns,  
Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top  
with pain,  
Dropt on the sward, and up the linden  
walks,  
And, tost on thoughts that changed  
from hue to hue,  
Now poring on the glow-worm, now  
the star,  
I paced the terrace till the bear had  
wheel'd  
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns,

A step  
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form  
Than female, moving thro' the uncer-  
tain gloom,  
Disturb'd me with the doubt "if this  
were she,"  
But it was Florian. "Hist, O hist,"  
he said,  
"They seek us: out so late is out of  
rules.  
Moreover 'Seize the strangers' is the  
cry.  
How came you here?" I told him:  
"I," said he,  
"Last of the train, a moral leper, I  
To whom none spake, half-sick at  
heart, return'd,  
Arriving all confused among the rest  
With hooded brows I crept into the  
hall,  
And, couch'd behind a Judith, under-  
neath [saw,  
The head of Holofernes peep'd and  
Girl after girl was call'd to trial; each  
Disclaim'd all knowledge of us; last of  
all,  
Melissa: trust me, Sir, I pitied her.  
She, question'd if she knew us men, at  
first  
Was silent; closer prest, denied it not  
And then, demanded if her mother  
knew,  
Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied:  
From whence the Royal mind, familiar  
with her,  
Easily gather'd either guilt. She sent  
For Psyche, but she was not there;  
she call'd  
For Pysche's child to cast it from the  
doors;  
She sent for Blanche to accuse her  
face to face; [now?  
And I slept out: but whither will you  
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both  
are fled:  
What, if together? that were not so  
well.  
Would rather we had never come! I  
dread  
His wildness, and the chances of the  
dark."

"And yet," I said, "you wrong him  
 more than I  
 That struck him: this is proper to the  
 clown,  
 Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled,  
 still the clown,  
 To harm the thing that trusts him, and  
 to shame  
 That which he says he loves: for Cyril,  
 howe'er  
 He deal in frolic, as to-night—the  
 song  
 Might have been worse and sinn'd in  
 grosser lips  
 Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold  
 These flashes on the surface are not he.  
 He has a solid base of temperament:  
 But as the water-lily starts and slides  
 Upon the level in little puffs of wind,  
 Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is  
 he."

Scarce had I ceased when from a  
 tamarisk near  
 Two Proctors leapt upon us, crying,  
 "Names."  
 He, standing still, was clutch'd; but I  
 began  
 To thrice the musky-circled mazes, wind  
 And double in and out the boles, and  
 race  
 By all the fountains: fleet I was of  
 foot:  
 Before me shower'd the rose in flakes;  
 behind  
 I heard the puff'd pursuer; at mine ear  
 Bubbled the nightingale and heeded  
 not,  
 And secret laughter tickled all my  
 soul.  
 At last I hook'd my ankle in a vine,  
 That claspt the feet of a Mnemosyne,  
 And falling on my face was caught and  
 known.

They haled us to the Princess where  
 she sat  
 High in the hall: above her droop'd  
 a lamp,  
 And made the single jewel on her brow  
 Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-  
 head,

Prophet of storm: a hand-maid on  
 each side  
 Bow'd toward her, combing out her  
 long black hair  
 Damp from the river; and close be-  
 hind her stood  
 Eight daughters of the plough, stronger  
 than men,  
 Huge women blowz'd with health, and  
 wind, and rain,  
 And labor. Each was like a Druid  
 rock;  
 Or like a spire of land that stands  
 apart  
 Cleft from the main, and wail'd about  
 with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd divid-  
 ing clove  
 An advent to the throne; and there-  
 beside,  
 Half-naked, as if caught at once from  
 bed  
 And tumbled on the purple footcloth,  
 lay  
 The lily-shining child; and on the left,  
 Bow'd on her palms and folded up  
 from wrong,  
 Her round white shoulder shaken with  
 her sobs,  
 Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche erect  
 Stood up and spake, an affluent orator.

"It was not thus, O Princess, in old  
 days:  
 You prized my counsel, lived upon my  
 lips:  
 I led you then to all the Castalies;  
 I fed you with the milk of every Muse;  
 I loved you like this kneeler, and you  
 me  
 Your second mother: those were gra-  
 cious times.  
 Then came your new friend: you be-  
 gan to change—  
 I saw it and grieved—to slacken and  
 to cool;  
 Till taken with her seeming openness  
 You turned your warmer currents all  
 to her,  
 To me you froze: this was my need  
 for all.

Yet I bore up in part from ancient  
 love,  
 And partly that I hoped to win you  
 back,  
 And partly conscious of my own de-  
 serts, [head,  
 And partly that you were my civil  
 And chiefly you were born for some-  
 thing great,  
 In which I might your fellow-worker  
 be,  
 When time should serve; and thus a  
 noble scheme  
 Grew up from seed we too long since  
 had sown;  
 In us true growth, in her a Jonah's  
 gourd,  
 Up in one night and due to sudden  
 sun:  
 We took this palace; but even from  
 the first  
 You stood in your own light and dark-  
 en'd mine.  
 What student came but that you planed  
 her path  
 To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,  
 A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,  
 I your old friend and tried, she new in  
 all?  
 But still her lists were swell'd and mine  
 were lean;  
 Yet I bore up in hope she would be  
 known:  
 Then came these wolves: *they* knew  
 her: *they* endured,  
 Long-closeted with her the yester-morn,  
 To tell her what they were, and she to  
 hear:  
 And me none told: not less to an eye  
 like mine,  
 A lidless watcher of the public weal,  
 Last night, their mask was patent, and  
 my foot  
 Was to you: but I thought again: I  
 fear'd  
 To meet a cold 'We thank you, we  
 shall hear of it  
 From Lady Psyche:' you had gone to  
 her,  
 She told, perforce; and winning easy  
 grace,

No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd  
 among us  
 In our young nursery still unknown,  
 the stem  
 Less grain than touchwood, while my  
 honest heat  
 Were all miscounted as malignant  
 haste  
 To push my rival out of place and  
 power.  
 But public use required she should be  
 known;  
 And since my oath was ta'en for pub-  
 lic use,  
 I broke the letter of it to keep the  
 sense.  
 I spoke not then at first, but watch'd  
 them well,  
 Saw that they kept apart, no mischief  
 done;  
 And yet this day (tho' you should hate  
 me for it)  
 I came to tell you: found that you had  
 gone,  
 Ridd'n to the hills, she likewise: now,  
 I thought,  
 That surely she will speak; if not,  
 then I:  
 Did she? These monsters blazon'd  
 what they were,  
 According to the coarseness of their  
 kind,  
 For thus I hear; and known at last  
 (my work)  
 And full of cowardice and guilty shame,  
 I grant in her some sense of shame.  
 she flies;  
 And I remain on whom to wreak your  
 rage,  
 I, that have lent my life to build up  
 yours,  
 I that have wasted here health, wealth,  
 and time,  
 And talents, I—you know it—I will  
 not boast:  
 Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,  
 Divorced from my experience, will be  
 chaff  
 For every gust of chance, and men will  
 say



We did not know the real light, but  
chased  
The wisp that flickers where no foot  
can tread."

She ceased: the Princess answer'd  
coldly "Good:  
Your oath is broken: we dismiss you:  
go.  
For this lost lamb (she pointed to the  
child)  
Our mind is changed: we take it to  
ourselves."

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture  
throat,  
And shot from crooked lips a haggard  
smile.

"The plan was mine. I built the  
nest," she said,

"To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!" and  
stoop'd to updrag

Melissa: she, half on her mother propt,  
Half drooping from her, turn'd her  
face, and cast

A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,  
Which melted Florian's fancy as she  
hung,

A Niobean daughter, one arm out,  
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven; and  
while

We gazed upon her came a little stir  
About the doors, and 'on a sudden  
rush'd

Among us, out of breath, as one pur-  
sued,

A woman-post in flying raiment. Fear  
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her  
face, and wing'd

Her transit to the throne, whereby she  
fell

Delivering seal'd despatches which the  
Head

Took half-amazed, and in her lion's  
mood

Tore open, silent we with blind sur-  
mise

Regarding, while she read, till over  
brow

And cheek and bosom brake the wrath-  
ful bloom

As of some fire against a stormy cloud.

When the wild peasant rights himself,  
the rick

Flames, and his anger reddens in the  
heavens;

For anger most it seem'd, while now  
her breast,

Beaten with some great passion at her  
heart,

Palpitated, her hand shook, and we  
heard

In the dead hush the papers that she  
held

Rustle: at once the lost lamb at her  
feet

Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam;  
The plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she  
crush'd

The scrolls together, made a sudden  
turn

As if to speak, but, utterance failing  
her,

She whirl'd them on to me, as who  
should say,

"Read," and I read—two letters—one  
her sire's.

"Fair daughter, when we sent the  
Prince your way

We knew not your ungracious laws,  
which learnt,

We, conscious of what temper you are  
built,

Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but  
fell

Into his father's hands, who has this  
night,

You lying close upon his territory,  
Slipt round and in the dark invested  
you.

And here he keeps me hostage for his  
son."

The second was my father's, running  
thus:

"You have our son: touch not a hair  
of his head:

Render him up unscathed: give him  
your hand:

Cleave to your contract: tho' indeed  
we hear

You hold the woman is the better  
man;

A rampant heresy, such as if it spread  
Would make all women kick against  
their lords

Thro' all the world, and which might  
well deserve

That we this night should pluck your  
palace down;

And we will do it, unless you send us  
back

Our son, on the instant, whole."

So far I read;

And then stood up and spoke impetu-  
ously.

"O not to pry and peer on your re-  
serve,

But led by golden wishes, and a hope  
The child of regal compact, did I  
break

Your precinct; not a scorner of your  
sex

But venerator, zealous it should be

All that it might be: hear me, for I  
bear,

Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er your  
wrongs,

From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a  
life

Less mine than yours: my nurse would  
tell me of you;

I babbled for you, as babies for the  
moon,

Vague brightness; when a boy, you  
stoop'd to me

From all high places, lived in all fair  
lights,

Came in long breezes rapt from inmost  
south

And blown to inmost north; at eve  
and dawn

With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;

The leader wild-swan in among the  
stars

Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of  
glow-worn light

The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida.  
Now,

Because I would have reach'd you, had  
you been

Sphered up with Cassiopëia, or the en-  
throned

Peresphone in Hades, now at length,  
Those winters of abeyance all worn  
out,

A man I came to see you: but, in-  
deed,

Not in this frequency can I lend full  
tongue,

O noble Ida, to those thoughts that  
wait

On you, their centre: let me say but  
this,

That many a famous man and woman,  
town

And landskip, have I heard of, after  
seen

The dwarfs of prestige; tho' when  
known, there grew

Another kind of beauty in detail

Made them worth knowing; but in you  
I found

My boyish dream involved and dazzled  
down

And master'd, while that after-beauty  
makes

Such head from act to act, from hour  
to hour,

Within me, that except you slay me  
here,

According to your bitter statute book,  
I cannot cease to follow you, as they  
say

The seal does music; who desire you  
more

Than growing boys their manhood;  
dying lips,

With many thousand matters left to  
do,

The breath of life; O more than poor  
men wealth,

Than sick men health,—yours, yours,  
not mine,—but half

Without you, with you, whole; and of  
those halves

You worthiest; and howe'er you block  
and bar

Your heart with system out from mine,  
I hold

That it becomes no man to nurse de-  
spair,

But in the teeth of clench'd antagon-  
isms

To follow up the worthiest till he die :  
Yet that I came not all unauthorized  
Behold your father's letter."

On one knee  
Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught,  
and dash'd

Unopen'd at her feet : a tide of fierce  
Invective seem'd to wait behind her  
lips,

As waits a river level with the dam  
Ready to burst and flood the world  
with foam ;

And so she would have spoken, but  
there rose

A hubbub in the court of half the  
maids [hall

Gather'd together : from the illumined  
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a  
press

Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded  
ewes,

And rainbow robes, and gems and  
gem-like eyes,

And gold and golden heads; they to  
and fro

Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some  
red, some pale,

All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the  
light,

Some crying there was an army in the  
land,

And some that men were in the very  
walls,

And some they cared not ; till a clamor  
grew

As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,  
And worse confounded : high above  
them stood

The placid marble Muses, looking  
peace.

Not peace she look'd, the Head : but  
rising up

Robed in the long night of her deep  
hair, so

To the open window moved, remaining  
there

Fixt like a beacon-tower above the  
waves

Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling  
eye

Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the  
light

Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd  
her arms and call'd

Across the tumult and the tumult fell.

"What fear ye brawlers? am not I  
your Head?

On me, me, me, the storm first breaks :  
I dare

All these male thunderbolts : what is  
it ye fear?

Peace! there are those to avenge us  
and they come :

If not,—myself were like enough, O  
girls,

To unfurl the maiden banner of our  
rights,

And clad in iron burst the ranks of  
war,

Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,  
Die : yet I blame ye not so much for  
fear;

Six thousand years of fear have made  
ye that

From which I would redeem ye : but  
for those

That stir this hubbub—you and you—  
I know

Your faces there in the crowd—to mor-  
row morn [they

We hold a great convention : then shall  
That love their voices more than duty,

learn

With whom they deal, dismiss'd in  
shame to live

No wiser than their mothers, household  
stuff,

Live chattels, mincers of each other's  
fame,

Full of weak poison, turnspits for the  
clown,

The drunkard's football, laughing-  
stocks of Time,

Whose brains are in their hands and in  
their heels,

But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to  
thrum,

To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and  
to scour,

Forever slaves at home and fools  
abroad."



She, ending, waved her hands :  
 thereat the crowd  
 Muttering dissolved : then with a smile,  
 that look'd  
 A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,  
 When all the glens are drown'd in  
 azure gloom  
 Of thunder-shower, she floated to us  
 and said :

"You have done well and like a  
 gentleman,  
 And like a prince : you have our thanks  
 for all :  
 And you look well too in your woman's  
 dress :  
 Well have you done and like a gentle-  
 man.  
 You saved our life : we owe you bitter  
 thanks :  
 Better have died and spilt our bones in  
 the flood—  
 Then men had said—but now—What  
 hinders me  
 To take such bloody vengeance on you  
 both ?—  
 Yet since our father—Wasps in our  
 good hive,  
 You would be quenchers of the light  
 to be,  
 Barbarians, grosser than your native  
 bears—  
 O would I had his sceptre for one hour !  
 You that have dared to break our  
 bound, and gull'd  
 Our servants, wrong'd and lied and  
 thwarted us—  
 I wed with thee ! I bound by precon-  
 tract  
 Your bride, your bondslave ! not tho'  
 all the gold  
 That veins the world were pack'd to  
 make your crown,  
 And every spoken tongue should lord  
 you. Sir,  
 Your falsehood and you-self are hate-  
 ful to us :  
 I trample on your offers and on you :  
 Begone : we will not look upon you  
 more.  
 Here, push them out at gates."

In wrath she spake.  
 Then those eight mighty daughters of  
 the plough  
 Bent their broad faces toward us and  
 address'd  
 Their motion : twice I sought to plead  
 my cause,  
 But on my shoulder hung their heavy  
 hands,  
 The weight of destiny : so from her  
 face  
 They push'd us, down the steps, and  
 thro' the court,  
 And with grim laughter thrust us out  
 at gates.

We cross'd the street and gain'd a  
 petty mound  
 Beyond it, whence we saw the lights  
 and heard  
 The voices murmuring. While I  
 listen'd, came  
 On a sudden the weird seizure and the  
 doubt :  
 I seem'd to move among a world of  
 ghosts :  
 The Princess with her monstrous  
 woman-guard,  
 The jest and earnest working side by  
 side,  
 The cataract and the tumult and the  
 kings  
 Were shadows ; and the long fantastic  
 night  
 With all its doings had and had not  
 been,  
 And all things were and were not.

This went by  
 As strangely as it came, and on my  
 spirits  
 Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy ;  
 Not long ; I shook it off ; for spite of  
 doubts  
 And sudden ghostly shadowings I was  
 one  
 To whom the touch of all mischance  
 but came  
 As night to him that sitting on a hill  
 Sees the midsummer, midnight, Nor-  
 way sun  
 Set into sunrise : then we moved away.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands ;  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands :  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee ;  
The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and  
thee.

So Lilia sang: we thought her half-  
possess'd,  
She struck such warbling fury thro'  
the words ;  
And, after feigning pique at what she  
call'd

The raillery, or grotesque, or false sub-  
lime—

Like one that wishes at a dance to  
change

The music—clapt her hands and cried  
for war,

Or some grand fight to kill and make  
an end :

And he that next inherited the tale  
Half turning to the broken statue said,  
"Sir Ralph has got your colors ; if I  
prove

Your knight, and fight your battle, what  
for me ?" [tomb

It chanced, her empty glove upon the  
Lay by her like a model of her hand.

She took it and she flung it. "Fight,"  
she said,

"And make us all we would be, great  
and good."

He knightlike in his cap instead of  
casque,

A cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall,  
Arranged the favor, and assumed the  
Prince.

## V.

Now, scarce three paces measured  
from the mound,

We stumbled on a stationary voice,  
And "Stand, who goes ?" "Two from  
the palace," I.

"The second two : they wait," he said,  
"pass on ;

His Highness wakes" : and one, that  
clash'd in arms,

By glimmering lanes the walls of can-  
vas, led

Threading the soldier-city, till we heard  
The drowsy folds of our great ensign  
shake

From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial  
tent

Whispers of war.

Entering, the sudden light  
Dazed me half-blind : I stood and  
seem'd to hear

As in a poplar grove when a light wind  
wakes

A lisp of the innumerable leaf and  
dies,

Each hissing in his neighbor's ear,  
and then

A strangled titter, out of which there  
brake

On all sides, clamoring etiquette to  
death,

Unmeasured mirth ; while now the two  
old kings

Began to wag their baldness up and  
down,

The fresh young captains flash'd their  
glittering teeth,

The huge bush-bearded Barons heaved  
and blew,

And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded  
Squire.

At length my Sire, his rough cheek  
wet with tears,

Panted from weary sides, "King, you  
are free !

We did but keep you surety for our  
son,

If this be he,—or a draggled mawkin,  
thou,

That tends her bristled grunTERS in the  
sludge :

For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn  
with briars,

More crumpled than a poppy from the  
sheath,

And all one rag, disprinc'd from head  
to heel.

Then some one sent beneath his vaulted  
palm

A whisper'd jest to some one near him  
"Look,

He has been among his shadows."

"Satan take

The old women and their shadows!  
(thus the King

Roar'd) make yourself a man to fight  
with men.

Go: Cyril told us all."

At boys that slink

From ferule and the trespass-chiding  
eye,

Away we stole, and transient in a trice  
From what was left of faded woman-  
slough

To sheathing splendors and the golden  
scale

Of harness, issued in the sun, that  
now

Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the  
Earth,

And hit the northern hills. Here  
Cyril met us,

A little shy at first, but by and by  
We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd  
and given

For stroke and song, resolder'd peace,  
whereon

Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled  
away

Thro' the dark land, and later in the  
night

Had come on Psyche weeping: "then  
we fell [lies,

Into your father's hand and there she  
But will not speak, nor stir."

He show'd a tent

A stone-shot off: we enter'd in, and  
there

Among piled arms and rough accoutre-  
ments,

Pitiful sight, wrapt in a soldier's cloak,  
Like some sweet sculpture draped from  
head to foot,

And push'd by rude hands from its  
pedestal,

All her fair length upon the ground  
she lay:

And at her head a follower of the camp,  
A char'd and wrinkled piece of

womanhood,  
Sat watching like a watcher by the

dead.

Then Florian knelt, and "Come"  
he whisper'd to her,

"Lift up your head, sweet sister: lie  
not thus

What have you done but right? you  
could not slay

Me, nor your prince: look up: be  
comforted:

Sweet is it to have done the thing one  
ought,

When fall'n in darker ways." And  
likewise I:

"Be comforted: have I not lost her  
too,

In whose least act abides the nameless  
charm

That none has else for me?" She  
heard, she moved,

She moan'd, a folded voice; and up  
she sat,

And raised the cloak from brows as  
pale and smooth

As those that mourn half shrouded over  
death

In deathless marble. "Her," she  
said, "my friend—

Parted from her—betray'd her cause  
and mine—

Where shall I breathe? why kept ye  
not your faith?

O base and bad! what comfort? none  
for me!"

To whom remorseful Cyril, "Yet I  
pray

Take comfort: live, dear lady, for your  
child!"

At which she lifted up her voice and  
cried.

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah  
my child,

My one sweet child, whom I shall see  
no more!

For now will cruel Ida keep her back;  
And either she will die from want of

care,

Or sicken with ill usage, when they say  
The child is hers—for every little fault,

The child is hers; and they will beat  
my girl

Remembering her mother: O my  
flower!



Or they will take her, they will make  
her hard,  
And she will pass me by in after-life  
With some cold reverence worse than  
were she dead.

Ill mother that I was to leave her there,  
To lag behind, scared by the cry they  
made,  
The horror of the shame among them  
all:

But I will go and sit beside the doors,  
And make a wild petition night and  
day,

Until they hate to hear me like a wind  
Wailing forever, till they open to me,  
And lay my little blossom at my feet,  
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one  
child:

And I will take her up and go my way,  
And satisfy my soul with kissing her:  
Ah! what might that man not deserve  
of me,

Who gave me back my child?" "Be  
comforted,"

Said Cyril, "you shall have it," but  
again

She veil'd her brows, and prone she  
sank, and so

Like tender things that being caught  
feign death,

Spoke not, nor stirr'd.

By this a murmur ran  
Thro' all the camp and inward raced  
the scouts

With rumor of Prince Arac hard at  
hand.

We left her by the woman, and without  
Found the gray kings at parle: and

"Look you," cried

My father, "that our compact be ful-  
fill'd:

You have spoilt this child; she laughs  
at you and man:

She wrongs herself, her sex, and me,  
and him:

But red-faced war has rods of steel and  
fire;

She yields, or war."

Then Gama turn'd to me:  
"We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy  
time

With our strange girl: and yet they say  
that still

You love her. Give us, then, your  
mind at large:

How say you, war or not?"

"Not war, if possible,  
O king," I said, "lest from the abuse  
of war,

The desecrated shrine, the trampled  
year,

The smouldering homestead, and the  
household flower

Torn from the lintel—all the common  
wrong—

A smoke go up thro' which I loom to  
her

Three times a monster: now she  
lightens scorn

At him that mars her plan, but then  
would hate

(And every voice she talk'd with ratify  
it,

And every face she look'd on justify it)  
The general foe. More soluble is this  
knot,

By gentleness than war I want her  
love.

What were I nigher this altho' we  
dash'd

Your cities into shards with catapults,  
She would not love;—or brought her  
chain'd, a slave,

The lifting of whose eyelash is my  
lord,

Not ever would she love; but brood-  
ing turn

The book of scorn till all my little  
chance

Were caught within the record of her  
wrongs,

And crush'd to death: and rather, Sire,  
than this

I would the old god of war himself  
were dead,

Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,  
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs  
of wreck,

Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd  
in ice,

Not to be molten out."

And roughly spake.

My father, "Tut, you know them not,  
the girls.

Boy, when I hear you prate I almost  
think

That idiot legend credible. Look you,  
Sir!

Man is the hunter; woman is his  
game:

The sleek and shining creatures of the  
chase,

We hunt them for the beauty of their  
skins;

They love us for it, and we ride them  
down.

Wheedling and siding with them!  
Out! for shame!

Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear  
to them

As he that does the thing they dare not  
do,

Breathing and sounding beauteous bat-  
tle, comes

With the air of the trumpet round him,  
and leaps in

Among the women, snares them by the  
score

Fatter'd and fluster'd, wins, though  
dash'd with death

He reddens what he kisses: thus I won  
Your mother, a good mother, a good

wife,  
Worth winning; but this firebrand—

gentleness  
To such as her! if Cyril spake her

true,  
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,

To trip a tiger with a gossamer,  
Were wisdom to it."

"Yea, but Sire," I cried,  
"Wild natures need wise curbs. The

soldier? No:  
What dares not Ida do that she should

prize  
The soldier? I beheld her, when she

rose  
The yester-night, and storming in

extremes  
Stood for her cause, and flung defiance

down  
Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd

the death,

No, not the soldier's: yet I hold her,  
king,

True woman; but you clash them all  
in one,

That have as many differences as we.  
The violet varies from the lily as far

As oak from elm: one loves the  
soldier, one

The silken priest of peace, one this,  
one that,

And some unworthily; their sinless  
faith,

A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,  
Glorifying clown and satyr; whence

they need  
More breadth of culture: is not Ida

right?  
They worth it? truer to the law within?

Severer in the logic of a life?  
Twice as magnetic to sweet influences

Of earth and heaven? and she of whom  
you speak,

My mother, looks as whole as some  
serene

Creation minted in the golden moods  
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a

touch,  
But pure as lines of green that streak

the white  
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves; I

say,  
Not like the piebald miscellany, man,

Bursts of great heart and slips in sen-  
sual mire,

But whole and one: and take them all-  
in-all, [kind,

Were we ourselves but half as good, as  
As truthful, much that Ida claims as

right  
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly

theirs  
As dues of Nature. To our point;

not war:  
Lest I lose all."

"Nay, nay, you spake but sense,"  
Said Gama. "We remember love our-

selves  
In our sweet youth; we did not rate

him then  
This red-hot iron to be shaped with

blows.

You talk almost like Ida; *she* can talk;  
And there is something in it as you  
say:

But you talk kindlier: we esteem you  
for it.—

He seems a gracious and a gallant  
Prince,

I would he had our daughter: for the  
rest,

Our own detention, why the causes  
weigh'd,

Fatherly fears—you used us courte-  
ously—

We would do much to gratify your  
Prince—

We pardon it; and for your ingress  
here

Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair  
land,

You did but come as goblins in the  
night,

Nor in the furrow broke the plough-  
man's head,

Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the  
milking-maid

Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of  
cream:

But let our Prince (our royal word upon  
it,

He comes back safe) ride with us to  
our lines,

And speak with Arac; Arac's word is  
thrice

As ours with Ida; something may be  
done—

I know not what—and ours shall see  
us friends. *Arac* will,

You, likewise, our late guests, if so you  
Follow us: who knows? we four may

build some plan  
Foursquare to opposition."

Here he reach'd  
White hands of farewell to my sire,

who growl'd  
An answer which, half-muffled in his

beard,  
Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Then rode we with the old king  
across the lawns

Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings  
of Spring

In every hole, a song on every spray  
Of birds that piped their Valentines,  
and woke

Desire in me to infuse my tale of love  
In the old king's ears, who promised  
help, and oozed

All o'er with honey'd answer as we  
rode; [dews

And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy  
Gather'd by night and peace, with

each light air  
On our mail'd heads: but other

thoughts than Peace  
Burnt in us, when we saw the embat-  
tled squares,

And squadrons of the Prince, tram-  
pling the flowers

With clamor: for among them rose a  
cry

As if to greet the king: they made a  
halt;

The horses yell'd; they clash'd their  
arms; the drum

Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the mar-  
tial fife;

And in the blast and bray of the long  
horn

And serpent-throated bugle, undulated  
The banner: anon to meet us lightly

pranced  
Three captains out; nor ever had I

seen  
Such thews of men: the midmost and

the highest  
Was Arac: all about his motion clung

The shadow of his sister, as the beam  
Of the East, that play'd upon them,

made them glance  
Like those three stars of the airy

Giant's zone,  
That glitter burnish'd by the frosty

dark;  
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,

And bickers into red and emerald,  
shone

Their morions, wash'd with morning,  
as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I  
heard

War-music, felt the blind wildbeast of  
force,



Whose home is in the sinews of a man,  
Stir in me as to strike ; then took the  
king

His three broad sons : with now a  
wandering hand

And now a pointed finger, told them  
all :

A common light of smiles at our dis-  
guise

Broke from their lips, and, ere the  
windy jest

Had labor'd down within his ample  
lungs,

The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself  
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in  
words.

"Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he  
himself

Your captive, yet my father wills not  
war :

And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war  
or no ?

But then this question of your troth re-  
mains :

And there's a downright honest mean-  
ing in her ;

She flies too high, she flies too high !  
and yet

She ask'd but space and fairplay for  
her scheme ; [self,

She prest and prest it on me—I my-  
What know I of these things ? but, life  
and soul !

I thought her half-right talking of her  
wrongs :

I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what  
of that ?

I take her for the flower of womankind,  
And so I often told her, right or wrong,

And, Prince, she can be sweet to those  
she loves,

And, right or wrong, I care not : this  
is all,

I stand upon her side : she made me  
swear it—

'Sdeath,—and with solemn rites by can-  
dle-light—

Swear by St. something—I forget her  
name—

Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest  
men :

*She* was a princess too ; and so I swore.  
Come, this is all ; she will not : waive  
your claim,

If not, the foughten field, what else, at  
once

Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's  
will."

I lagg'd in answer loath to render  
up

My precontract, and loath by brainless  
war

To cleave the rift of difference deeper  
yet ;

Till one of those two brothers, half  
aside

And fingering at the hair about his  
lip,

To prick us on to combat "Like to  
like !

The woman's garment hid the woman's  
heart."

A taunt that clench'd his purpose like  
a blow !

For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-  
scoff,

And sharp I answer'd touch'd upon  
the point

Where idle boys are cowards to their  
shame,

"Decide it here: why not? we are  
three to three."

Then spake the third, "But three to  
three? no more !

No more, and in our noble sister's  
cause?

More, more, for honor : every captain  
waits

Hungry for honor, angry for his king.  
More, more, some fifty on a side, that  
each

May breathe himself, and quick ! by  
overthrow

Of these or those, the question settled  
die."

"Yea," answer'd I, "for this wild  
wreath of air,

This flake of rainbow flying on the  
highest

Foam of men's deeds—this honor, if ye  
will.

If needs must be for honor if at all:  
 Since, what decision? if we fail, we  
 fail,  
 And if we win, we fail: she would not  
 keep  
 Her compact." "Sdeath! but we will  
 send to her,"  
 Said Arac, "worthy reasons why she  
 should  
 Bide by this issue: let our missive  
 thro',  
 And you shall have her answer by the  
 word."

"Boys!" shriek'd the old king, but  
 vainlier than a hen  
 To her false daughters in the pool; for  
 none  
 Regarded; neither seem'd there more  
 to say:  
 Back rode we to my father's camp, and  
 found  
 He thrice had sent a herald to the  
 gates,  
 To learn if Ida yet would cede our  
 claim,  
 Or by denial flush her babbling wells  
 With her own people's life; three  
 times he went:  
 The first, he blew and blew, but none  
 appear'd:  
 He batter'd at the doors; none came:  
 the next,  
 An awful voice within had warn'd him  
 thence:  
 The third, and those eight daughters  
 of the plough  
 Came sallying thro' the gates, and  
 caught his hair,  
 And so belabor'd him on rib and cheek  
 They made him wild: not less one  
 glance he caught  
 Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there  
 Unshaken, clinging to her purpose,  
 firm  
 Tho' compass'd by two armies and the  
 noise  
 Of arms; and standing like a stately  
 Pine  
 Set in a cataract on an island-crag,  
 When storm is on the heights, and  
 right and left

Suck'd from the dark heart of the long  
 hills roll  
 The torrents, dash'd to the vale: and  
 yet her will  
 Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was  
 pledged  
 To fight in tourney for my bride, he  
 clash'd

His iron palms together with a cry;  
 Himself would tilt it out among the  
 lads:

But overborne by all his bearded lords  
 With reasons drawn from age and  
 state, perforce

He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce  
 demur:

And many a bold knight started up in  
 heat,

And sware to combat for my claim till  
 death.

All on this side the palace ran the  
 field

Flat to the garden wall: and likewise  
 here,

Above the garden's glowing blossom-  
 belts,

A column'd entry shone and marble  
 stairs,

And great bronze valves, emboss'd  
 with Tomyris

And what she did to Cyrus after fight,  
 But now fast barr'd: so here upon the  
 flat

All that long morn the lists were ham-  
 mer'd up,

And all that morn the heralds to and  
 fro,

With message and defiance, went and  
 came;

Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,  
 But shaken here and there, and rolling  
 words

Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read.

"O brother, you have known the  
 pangs we felt,

What heats of indignation when we  
 heard

Of those that iron-cramp'd their we  
 men's feet;

Of lands in which at the altar the poor  
 bride  
 Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift  
 a scourge ;  
 Of living hearts that crack within the  
 fire  
 Where smoulder their dead despots ;  
 and of those,—  
 Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling  
 Their pretty maids in the running  
 flood, and swoops  
 The vulture, beak and talon, at the  
 heart  
 Made for all noble motion : and I saw  
 That equal baseness lived in sleeker  
 times  
 With smoother men ; the old leaven  
 leaven'd all :  
 Millions of throats would bawl for  
 civil rights,  
 No woman named : therefore I set my  
 face  
 Against all men, and lived but for  
 mine own,  
 Far off from men I built a fold for  
 them :  
 I stored it full of rich memorial :  
 I fenced it round with gallant insti-  
 tutes,  
 And biting laws to scare the beasts of  
 prey, [boys  
 And prosper'd ; till a rout of saucy  
 Brake on us at our books, and marr'd  
 our peace,  
 Mask'd like our maids, blustering I  
 knew not what  
 Of insolence and love, some pretext  
 held  
 Of baby troth, invalid, since my will  
 Seal'd not the bond—the striplings!—  
 for their sport !—  
 I tamed my leopards : shall I not tame  
 these ?  
 Or you ? or I ? for since you think me  
 touch'd  
 In honor—what, I would not aught of  
 false—  
 Is not our cause pure ? and whereas I  
 know  
 Your prowess, Arac, and what mother's  
 blood

You draw from, fight, you failing, I  
 abide  
 What end soever : fail you will not  
 Still  
 Take not his life : he risk'd it for my  
 own ;  
 His mother lives : yet whatsoe'er you  
 do,  
 Fight and fight well ; strike and strike  
 home. O dear  
 Brothers, the woman's Angel guards  
 you, you  
 The sole men to be mingled with our  
 cause,  
 The sole men we shall prize in the  
 after-time,  
 Your very armor hallow'd, and your  
 statues  
 Rear'd, sung to, when this gad-fly  
 brush'd aside,  
 We plant a solid foot into the Time,  
 And mould a generation strong to  
 move  
 With claim on claim from right to  
 right, till she  
 Whose name is yoked with children's,  
 know herself ;  
 And knowledge in our own land make  
 her free,  
 And, ever following those two crown'd  
 twins,  
 Commerce and conquest, shower the  
 fiery grain  
 Of freedom broadcast over all that  
 orbs  
 Between the Northern and the South-  
 ern morn."

Then came a postscript dash'd across  
 the rest.  
 "See that there be no traitors in your  
 camp :  
 We seem a nest of traitors—none to  
 trust :  
 Since our arms fail'd—this Egypt  
 plague of men !  
 Almost our maids were better at their  
 homes,  
 Than thus man-girdled here : indeed I  
 think  
 Our chiefest comfort is the little child



Of one unworthy mother; which she left:

She shall not have it back: the child shall grow

To prize the authentic mother of her mind.

I took it for an hour in mine own bed  
This morning: there the tender orphan hands

Felt at my heart, and seemed to charm from thence

The wrath I nursed against the world: farewell."

I ceased: he said: "Stubborn, but she may sit

Upon a king's right hand in thunderstorms,

And breed up warriors! See now, tho' yourself

Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to sloughs

That swallow common sense, the spinning king,

This Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance.

When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up,

And topples down the scales; but this is fixt [all;

As are the roots of earth and base of Man for the field and woman for the hearth;

Man for the sword and for the needle she:

Man with the head and woman with the heart:

Man to command and woman to obey; All else confusion. Look you! the gray mare

Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills

From tile to scullery, and her small good-man

Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell

Mix with his hearth: but you—she's yet a colt—

Take, break her: strongly groom'd and straitly curb'd

She might not rank with those detestable

That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl

Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street.

They say she's comely; there's the fairer chance:

I like her none the less for rating at her!

Besides, the woman wed is not as we, But suffers change of frame. A lusty brace

Of twins may weed her of her folly. Boy,

The bearing and the training of a child

Is woman's wisdom."

Thus the hard old king:

I took my leave, for it was nearly noon:

I pored upon her letter which I held, And on the little clause "take not his life:"

I mused on that wild morning in the woods,

And on the "Follow, follow, thou shalt win:"

I thought on all the wrathful king had said,

And how the strange betrothment was to end:

Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's curse

That one should fight with shadows and should fall;

And like a flash the weird affection came:

King, camp and college turn'd to hollow shows;

I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts, And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,

To dream myself the shadow of a dream:

And ere I woke it was the point of noon,

The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed

We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there

Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared

At the barrier like a wild horn in a land

Of echoes, and a moment, and once more  
 The trumpet, and again: which the storm  
 Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears  
 And riders front to front, until they closed  
 In conflict with the crash of shivering points,  
 And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream;  
 I dream'd  
 Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed,  
 And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,  
 And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.  
 A noble dream! what was it else I saw?  
 Part sat like rocks; part reel'd but kept their seats;  
 Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew:  
 Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses. Down  
 From those two bulks at Arac's side, and down [flail,  
 From Arac's arm, as from a giant's  
 The large blows rain'd, as here and everywhere  
 He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,  
 And all the plain—brand, mace, and shaft, and shield—  
 Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd  
 With hammers; till I thought, can this be he  
 From Gama's dwarfish loins? if this be so,  
 The mother makes us most—and in my dream  
 I glanced aside, and saw the palace-front  
 Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes,  
 And highest, among the statues, statue-like,  
 Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,  
 With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,

A single band of gold about her hair,  
 Like a Saint's glory up in heaven: but she  
 No saint—inexorable—no tenderness—  
 Too hard, too cruel: yet she sees me fight,  
 Yea, let her see me fall! with that I drave  
 Among the thickest and bore down a Prince,  
 And Cyril, one. Yea, let me make my dream  
 All that I would. But that large-moulded man,  
 His visage all agrin as at a wake,  
 Made at me thro' the press, and, staggering back,  
 With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman came  
 As comes a pillar of electric cloud,  
 Flaying the roofs and sucking up the drains,  
 And shadowing down the champaign till it strikes  
 On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks, and splits,  
 And twists the grain with such a roar that Earth  
 Reels, and the herdsmen cry; for everything [he  
 Gave way before him: only Florian,  
 That loved me closer than his own right eye,  
 Thrust in between; but Arac rode him down:  
 And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the Prince,  
 With Psyche's color round his helmet, tough,  
 Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms;  
 But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that smote  
 And threw him: last I spurr'd; I felt my veins  
 Stretch with fierce heat; a moment hand to hand,  
 And sword to sword, and horse to horse we hung,  
 Till I struck out and shouted; the blade glanced;



*"But high upon the palace Ida stood  
With Psyche's babe in arm."*

THE PRINCESS, Canto VI, Page 143.



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I did but shear a feather, and dream  
and truth  
Flow'd from me; darkness closed me;  
and I fell.

Home they brought her warrior dead;  
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Call'd him worthy to be loved.  
Truest friend and noblest foe;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face;  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

## VI.

My dream had never died or lived  
again.  
As in some mystic middle state I lay;  
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard;  
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all  
So often that I speak as having seen.

For so it seem'd, or so they said to  
me,  
That all things grew more tragic and  
more strange;  
That when our side was vanquish'd  
and my cause  
Forever lost, there went up a great cry,  
The Prince is slain. My father heard  
and ran  
In on the lists, and there unlaced my  
casque  
And grovell'd on my body, and after  
him  
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaia.

But high upon the palace Ida stood  
With Psyche's babe in arm: there on  
the roofs  
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she  
sang.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have  
fall'n: the seed  
The little seed they laugh'd at in the  
dark,  
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown  
a bulk  
Of spanless girth, that lays on every  
side  
A thousand arms and rushes to the  
Sun.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have  
fall'n: they came:  
The leaves were wet with women's  
tears: they heard  
A noise of songs they would not un-  
derstand:  
They mark'd it with the red cross to  
the fall,  
And would have strown it, and are  
fall'n themselves.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have  
fall'n: they came,  
The woodmen with their axes: lo the  
tree!  
But we will make it fagots for the  
hearth,  
And shape it plank and beam for roof  
and floor,  
And boats and bridges for the use of  
men.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have  
fall'n: they struck;  
With their own blows they hurt them-  
selves, nor knew  
There dwelt an iron nature in the  
grain:  
The glittering axe was broken in their  
arms,  
Their arms were shatter'd to the  
shoulder blade.

"Our enemies have fall'n, but this  
shall grow  
A night of Summer from the heat, a  
breadth

Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power;  
 and roll'd  
 With music in the growing breeze of  
 Time,  
 The tops shall strike from star to star,  
 the fangs  
 Shall move the stony bases of the  
 world.

“And now, O maids, behold our  
 sanctuary  
 Is violate, our laws broken: fear we  
 not  
 To break them more in their behoof,  
 whose arms  
 Champion'd our cause and won it with  
 a day  
 Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual  
 feast,  
 When dames and heroines of the gold-  
 en year  
 Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of  
 Spring,  
 To rain an April of ovation round  
 Their statues, borne aloft, the three:  
 but come,  
 We will be liberal, since our rights are  
 won.  
 Let them not lie in the tents with  
 coarse mankind,  
 Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer  
 these  
 The brethren of our blood and cause,  
 that there  
 Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender  
 ministries  
 Of female hands and hospitality.”

She spoke, and with the babe yet in  
 her arms,  
 Descending, burst the great bronze  
 valves, and led  
 A hundred maids in train across the  
 Park.  
 Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed,  
 on they came,  
 Their feet in flowers, her loveliest: by  
 them went  
 The enamor'd air sighing, and on their  
 curls  
 From the high tree the blossom waver-  
 ing fell,

And over them the tremulous isles of  
 light,  
 Slided, the moving under shade: but  
 Blanche  
 At distance follow'd: so they came:  
 anon  
 Thro' open field into the lists they  
 wound  
 Timorously; and as the leader of the  
 herd  
 That holds a stately fretwork to the  
 Sun,  
 And follow'd up by a hundred airy  
 does,  
 Steps with a tender foot, light as on  
 air,  
 The lovely, lordly creature floated on  
 To where her wounded brethren lay;  
 there stay'd;  
 Knelt on one knee,—the child on  
 one,—and prest  
 Their hands, and call'd them dear de-  
 liverers,  
 And happy warriors and immortal  
 names,  
 And said, “You shall not lie in the  
 tents but here,  
 And nursed by those for whom you  
 fought, and served  
 With female hands and hospitality.”

Then, whether moved by this, or  
 was it chance,  
 She past my way. Up started from  
 my side  
 The old lion, glaring with his whelp-  
 less eye,  
 Silent; but when she saw me lying  
 stark,  
 Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly  
 pale,  
 Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd; and when  
 she saw  
 The haggard father's face and reverend  
 beard  
 Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the  
 blood  
 Of his own son, shudder'd a twitch of  
 pain,  
 Tortured her mouth, and o'er her fore-  
 head past



A shadow, and her hue changed, and  
she said:

"He saved my life: my brother slew  
him for it."

No more: at which the king in bitter  
scorn

Drew from my neck the painting and  
the tress,

And held them up: she saw them, and  
a day

Rose from the distance on her memory,  
When the good Queen, her mother,  
shore the tress

With kisses, ere the days of Lady  
Blanche:

And then once more she look'd at my  
pale face:

Till understanding all the foolish work  
Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,  
Her iron will was broken in her mind;  
Her noble heart was molten in her  
breast;

She bow'd, she set the child on the  
earth; she laid

A feeling finger on my brows, and  
presently

"O Sire," she said, "he lives: he is  
not dead:

O let me have him with my brethren  
here [him

In our own palace: we will tend on  
Like one of these; if so, by any means,  
To lighten this great clog of thanks,  
that make

Our progress falter to the woman's  
goal."

She said: but at the happy word  
"he lives,"

My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my  
wounds.

So those two foes above my fallen life,  
With brow to brow like night and  
evening mixt

Their dark and gray, while Psyche  
ever stole

A little nearer, till the babe that by us,  
Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden  
brede,

Lay like a new fall'n meteor on the  
grass,

Uncared for, spied its mother and  
began

A blind and babbling laughter, and to  
dance

Its body, and reach its fatling innocent  
arms

And lazy lingering fingers. She the  
appeal

Brook'd not, but clamoring out "Mine  
—mine—not yours,

It is not yours, but mine: give me the  
child,"

Ceased all on tremble: piteous was the  
cry:

So stood the unhappy mother open-  
mouth'd,

And turn'd her face each way: wan  
was her cheek

With hollow watch, her blooming  
mantle torn,

Red grief and mother's hunger in her  
eye,

And down dead-heavy sank her curls,  
and half

The sacred mother's bosom, panting  
burst

The laces toward her babe; but she  
nor cared

Nor knew it, clamoring on, till Ida  
heard,

Look'd up, and rising slowly from me,  
stood

Erect and silent, striking with her  
glance

The mother, me, the child; but he that  
lay

Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was,  
Trail'd himself up on one knee: then  
he drew

Her robe to meet his lips, and down  
she look'd

At the arm'd man sideways, pitying, as  
it seem'd,

Or self-involved; but when she learnt  
his face,

Remembering his ill-omen'd song, arose  
Once more thro' all her height, and o'er  
him grew

Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand  
When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and  
he said:

"O fair and strong and terrible!  
 Lioness  
 That with your long locks play the  
 Lion's mane!  
 But Love and Nature, these are two  
 more terrible  
 And stronger. See, your foot is on our  
 necks,  
 We vanquish'd, you the victor of your  
 will,  
 What would you more? give her the  
 child! remain  
 Orl'd in your isolation: he is dead,  
 Or all as dead: henceforth we let you  
 be:  
 Win you the hearts of women; and  
 beware  
 Lest, where you seek the common love  
 of these,  
 The common hate with the revolving  
 wheel  
 Should drag you down, and some great  
 Nemesis  
 Break from a darken'd future, crown'd  
 with fire  
 And tread you out forever: but how-  
 soe'er  
 Fix'd in yourself, never in your own  
 arms  
 To hold your own, deny not hers to  
 her,  
 Give her the child! O if, I say, you  
 keep  
 One pulse that beats true woman, if  
 you loved  
 The breast that fed or arm that dandled  
 you,  
 Or own one part of sense not flint to  
 prayer,  
 Give her the child! or if you scorn to  
 lay it,  
 Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with  
 yours,  
 Or speak to her, your dearest, her one  
 fault  
 The tenderness, not yours, that could  
 not kill,  
 Give *me* it; *I* will give it her."

He said:

At first her eye with slow dilation  
 roll'd

Dry flame, she listening; after sank  
 and sank  
 And, into mournful twilight mellowing,  
 dwelt  
 Full on the child; she took it: "Pretty  
 bud!  
 Lily of the vale! half open'd bell of  
 the woods!  
 Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a  
 world  
 Of traitorous friend and broken system  
 made  
 No purple in the distance, mystery,  
 Pledge of a love not to be mine, fare-  
 well;  
 These men are hard upon us as of old,  
 We too must part: and yet how fain  
 was I  
 To dream thy cause embraced in mine,  
 to think [felt  
 I might be something to thee, when I  
 Thy helpless warmth about my barren  
 breast  
 In the dead prime: but may thy mother  
 prove [me!  
 As true to thee as false, false, false to  
 And, if thou needs must bear the yoke,  
 I wish it  
 Gentle as freedom"—here she kissed  
 it: then—

"All good go with thee! take it, Sir,"  
 and so  
 Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed  
 hands,  
 Who turn'd half-round to Psyche as  
 she sprang  
 To meet it, with an eye that swum in  
 thanks:  
 Then felt it sound and whole from  
 head to foot,  
 And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close  
 enough,  
 And in her hunger mouth'd and mum-  
 bled it,  
 And hid her bosom with it; after that  
 Put on more calm and added suppli-  
 antly:

"We two were friends: I go to mine  
 own land  
 Forever: find some other: as for me

I scarce am fit for your great plans :  
yet speak to me,  
Say one soft word and let me part for-  
given."

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the  
child.

Then Arac. "Ida—'sdeath ! you blame  
the man ;

You wrong yourselves—the woman is  
so hard

Upon the woman. Come, a grace to  
me !

I am your warrior ; I and mine have  
fought

Your battle : kiss her ; take her hand,  
she weeps :

'Sdeath ! I would sooner fight thrice  
o'er than see it."

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the  
ground,

And reddening in the furrows of his  
chin,

And moved beyond his custom, Gama  
said :

"I've heard that there is iron in the  
blood,

And I believe it. Not one word ? not  
one ?

Whence drew you this steel temper ?  
not from me,

Not from your mother now a saint  
with saints.

She said you had a heart—I heard her  
say it—

'Our Ida has a heart'—just ere she  
died—

'But see that some one with authority  
Be near her still,' and I—I sought for  
one—

All people said she had authority—  
The Lady Blanche : much profit ! Not  
one word ;

No ! tho' your father sues : see how  
you stand

Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good  
knights maim'd,

I trust that there is no one hurt to  
death,

For your wild whim : and was it then  
for this,

Was it for this we gave our palace up,  
Where we withdrew from summer  
heats and state,

And had our wine and chess beneath  
the planes,

And many a pleasant hour with her  
that's gone,

Ere you were born to vex us ? Is it  
kind ?

Speak to her I say : is this the son of  
whom,

When first she came, all flush'd you  
said to me

Now had you got a friend of your own  
age,

Now could you share your thought ;  
now should men see

Two women faster welded in one love  
Than pairs of wedlock ; she you walk'd  
with, she

You talk'd with, whole nights long, up  
in the tower,

Of sine and arc, spheroid and azimuth,  
And right ascension, Heaven knows  
what ; and now

A word, but one, one little kindly  
word,

Not one to spare her : out upon you,  
flint !

You love nor her, nor me, nor any ;  
nay,

You shame your mother's judgment  
too. Not one ?

You will not ? well—no heart have you,  
or such

As fancies like the vermin in a nut  
Have fretted all to dust and bitter-  
ness."

So said the small king moved beyond  
his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'd of  
her force

By many a varying influence and so  
long.

Down thro' her limbs a drooping lan-  
guor wept :

Her head a little bent ; and on her  
mouth



A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon

In a still water : then brake out my sire  
Lifting his grim head from my wounds.

"O you,

Woman, whom we thought woman  
even now,

And were half fool'd to let you tend our  
son,

Because he might have wish'd it—but  
we see

The accomplice of your madness un-  
forgiven,

And think that you might mix his  
draught with death,

When your skies change again : the  
rougher hand

Is safer : on to the tents : take up the  
Prince."

He rose, and while each ear was  
prick'd to attend

A tempest, thro' the cloud that dimm'd  
her broke

A genial warmth and light once more,  
and shone

Thro' glittering drops on her sad  
friend.

"Come hither,

O Psyche," she cried out, "embrace  
me, come,

Quick while I melt ; make reconcile-  
ment sure

With one that cannot keep her mind  
an hour :

Come to the hollow heart they slander  
so !

Kiss and be friends, like children being  
chid !

I seem no more : I want forgiveness  
too :

I should have had to do with none but  
maids,

That have no links with men. Ah  
false but dear,

Dear traitor, too much loved, why?—  
why? Yet see,

Before these kings we embrace you yet  
once more

With all forgiveness, all oblivion,  
And trust, not love, you less.

And now, O Sire,

Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait  
upon him,

Like mine own brother. For my debt  
to him,

This nightmare weight of gratitude, I  
know it ;

Taunt me no more : yourself and yours  
shall have

Free adit ; we will scatter all our maids  
Till happier times each to her proper

hearth :

What use to keep them here now ?  
grant my prayer.

Help, father, brother, help ; speak to  
the king :

Thaw this male nature to some touch  
of that

Which kills me with myself, and drags  
me down

From my fixt height to mob me up  
with all

The soft and milky rabble of woman-  
kind,

Poor weakling ev'n as they are."

Passionate tears

Follow'd the king replied not : Cyril  
said :

"Your brother, Lady,—Florian,—ask  
for him [too—

Of your great head—for he is wounded  
That you may tend upon him with the

Prince."

"Ay so," said Ida with a bitter smile,  
"Our laws are broken : let him enter  
too."

Then Violet, she that sang the mourn-  
ful song,

And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,  
Petition'd too for him. "Ay so," she  
said,

"I stagger in the stream : I cannot  
keep

My heart an eddy from the brawling  
hour :

We break our laws with ease, but let  
it be."

"Ay so?" said Blanche : "Amazed  
am I to hear

Your Highness : but your Highness  
breaks with ease

The law your Highness did not make :  
'twas I.

I had been wedded wife, I knew man-kind,

And block'd them out ; but these men came to woo

Your Highness—verily I think to win.”  
So she, and turn'd askance a wintry eye :

But Ida with a voice, that like a bell  
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,

Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn.

“Fling our doors wide ! all, all, not one, but all,

Not only he, but by my mother's soul,  
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,

Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls  
Till the storm die ! but had you stood by us,

The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base

Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,

But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.

We brook no further insult but are gone.”

She turn'd ; the very nape of her white neck

Was rosed with indignation ; but the Prince

Her brother came ; the king her father charm'd

Her wounded soul with words ; nor did mine own

Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare

Straight to the doors : to them the doors gave way

Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shriek'd

The virgin marble under iron heels ;  
And on they moved and gain'd the hall, and there

Rested : but great the crush was, and each base,

To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd

In silken fluctuation and the swarm  
Of female whisperers : at the further end

Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats

Close by her, like supporters on a shield,

Bow-back'd with fear : but in the centre stood

The common men with rolling eyes ; amazed

They glared upon the women, and aghast

The women stared at these, all silent,  
When armor clash'd or jingled, while the day,

Descending, struck athwart the hall and shot

A flying splendor out of brass and steel,

That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,

Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm.

Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame,

And now and then an echo started up,  
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died

Of fright in far apartments.

Then the voice  
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance :

And me they bore up the broad stairs, and thro'

The long-laid galleries past a hundred doors

To one deep chamber shut from sound, and due

To languid limbs and sickness ; left me in it ;

And others elsewhere they laid ; and all

That afternoon a sound arose of hoof  
And chariot, many a maiden passing home

Till happier times ; but some were left of those

Held sagest, and the great lords out  
and in,  
From those two hosts that lay beside  
the walls,  
Walk'd at their will and everything  
changed.

Ask me no more : the moon may draw  
the sea ;  
The cloud may stoop from heaven  
and take the shape,  
With fold to fold, of mountain or of  
cape ;  
But O too fond, when have I an-  
swer'd thee ?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : what answer should  
I give ?  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye :  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have  
thee die !

Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee  
live ;

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more : thy fate and mine  
are seal'd :  
I strove against the stream and all  
in vain :  
Let the great river take me to the  
main :  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I  
yield ;

Ask me no more.

#### VII.

So was their sanctuary violated,  
So their fair college turn'd to hospital ;  
At first with all confusion : by and by  
Sweet order lived again with other  
laws :  
A kindlier influence reign'd ; and every-  
where  
Low voices with the ministering hand  
Hung round the sick : the maidens  
came, they talk'd,  
They sang, they read : till she not fair,  
began  
To gather light, and she that was,  
became

Her former beauty treble ; and to and  
fro  
With books, with flowers, with Angel  
offices,  
Like creatures native unto gracious  
act,  
And in their own clear element, they  
moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,  
And hatred of her weakness, blent  
with shame.  
Old studies fail'd ; seldom she spoke ;  
but oft

Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone  
for hours

On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of  
men

Darkening her female field : void was  
her use ;

And she as one that climbs a peak to  
gaze

O'er land and main, and sees a great  
black cloud

Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of  
night,

Blot out the slope of sea from verge to  
shore,

And suck the blinding splendor from  
the sand,

And quenching lake by lake and tarn  
by tarn

Expunge the world : so fared she gaz-  
ing there ;

So blacken'd all her world in secret,  
blank

And waste it seem'd and vain ; till  
down she came,

And found fair peace once more among  
the sick.

And twilight dawn'd ; and morn by  
morn the lark

Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres,  
but I

Lay silent in the muffled cage of life :  
And twilight gloom'd ; and broader-

grown the bowers  
Drew the great night into themselves,  
and Heaven,

Star after star, arose and fell ; but I,  
Deeper than those weird doubts could

reach me, lay



Quite sunder'd from the moving Uni-  
verse,  
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the  
hand  
That nursed me, more than infants in  
their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian : with  
her oft  
Melissa came ; for Blanche had gone,  
but left  
Her child among us, willing she should  
keep  
Court-favor : here and there the small  
bright head,  
A light of healing, glanced about the  
couch,  
Or thro' the parted silks the tender  
face [man  
Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded  
With blush and smile, a medicine in  
themselves  
To wile the length from languorous  
hours and draw  
The sting from pain ; nor seem'd it  
strange that soon  
He rose up whole, and those fair  
charities  
Join'd at her side ; nor stranger seem'd  
that hearts  
So gentle, so employ'd, should close in  
love,  
Than when two dew-drops on the petal  
shake  
To the same sweet air, and tremble  
deeper down,  
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Less prosperously the second suit  
obtain'd  
At first with Psyche. Not though  
Blanche had sworn  
That after that dark night among the  
fields,  
She needs must wed him for her own  
good name ;  
Not tho' he built upon the babe re-  
stored ;  
Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but  
fear'd  
To incense the Head once more ; till  
on a day

When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind  
Seen but of Psyche : on her foot she  
hung  
A moment, and she heard, at which her  
face  
A little flush'd, and she past on : but  
each  
Assumed from thence a half-consent  
involved  
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at  
peace.

Nor only these : Love in the sacred  
halls  
Held carnival at will, and flying struck  
With showers of random sweet on maid  
and man.  
Nor did her father cease to press my  
claim,  
Nor did mine own now reconciled ; nor  
yet  
Did those twin brothers, risen again  
and whole ;  
Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she  
sat :  
Then came a change ; for sometimes I  
would catch  
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it  
hard,  
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek  
"You are not Ida" ; clasp it once  
again,  
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,  
And call her sweet, as if in irony,  
And call her hard and cold which  
seem'd a truth :  
And still she fear'd that I should lose  
my mind,  
And often she believed that I should  
die :  
Till out of long frustration of her care,  
And pensive tendance in the all-weary  
noons,  
And watches in the dead, the dark,  
when clocks  
Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace  
floors, or call'd  
On flying Time from all their silver  
tongues—

And out of memories of her kindlier  
 days,  
 And sidelong glances at my father's  
 grief,  
 And at the happy lovers heart in  
 heart—  
 And out of hauntings of my spoken  
 love,  
 And lonely listenings to my mutter'd  
 dream,  
 And often feeling of the helpless hands,  
 And wordless broodings on the wasted  
 cheek—  
 From all a closer interest flourish'd up,  
 Tenderness touch by touch, and last,  
 to these,  
 Love, like an Alpine harebell hung  
 with tears  
 By some cold morning glacier; frail at  
 first  
 And feeble, all unconscious of itself,  
 But such as gather'd color day by day.

Last I woke sane, but wellnigh close  
 to death  
 For weakness: it was evening: silent  
 light  
 Slept on the painted walls, wherein  
 were wrought  
 Two grand designs: for on one side  
 arose  
 The women up in wild revolt, and  
 storm'd  
 At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes,  
 they cramm'd  
 The forum, and half-crush'd among the  
 rest  
 A dwarflike Cato cower'd. On the  
 other side  
 Hortensia spoke against the tax;  
 behind,  
 A train of dames: by axe and eagle  
 sat,  
 With all their foreheads drawn in  
 Roman scowls,  
 And half the wolf's-milk curdled in  
 their veins,  
 The fierce triumvirs: and before them  
 paused  
 Hortensia, pleading: angry was her  
 face.

I saw the forms: I knew not where  
 I was:  
 They did but seem as hollow shows;  
 nor more  
 Sweet Ida: palm to palm she sat:  
 the dew  
 Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her  
 shape  
 And rounder show'd: I<sup>o</sup> moved: I  
 sigh'd: a touch  
 Came round my wrist, and tears upon  
 my hand:  
 Then all for languor and self-pity ran  
 Mine down my face, and with what life  
 I had,  
 And like a flower that cannot all un-  
 fold,  
 So drench'd it is with tempest, to the  
 sun,  
 Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on  
 her  
 Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisper-  
 ingly:

“If you be, what I think you, some  
 sweet dream,  
 I would but ask you to fulfil yourself:  
 But if you be that Ida whom I knew,  
 I ask you nothing: only, if a dream,  
 Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die  
 to-night.  
 Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I  
 die.”

I could no more, but lay like one in  
 trance,  
 That hears his burial talk'd of by his  
 friends,  
 And cannot speak, nor move, nor  
 make one sign,  
 But lies and dreads his doom. She  
 turn'd; she paused;  
 She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt  
 a cry;  
 Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of  
 death;  
 And I believed that in the living world  
 My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;  
 Till back I fell, and from mine arms  
 she rose  
 Glowing all over noble shame; and all

Her falser self slipt from her like a  
 robe,  
 And left her woman, lovelier in her  
 mood  
 Than in her mould that other, when  
 she came  
 From barren deeps to conquer all with  
 love;  
 And down the streaming crystal dropt;  
 and she  
 Far-fleeted by the purple island sides,  
 Naked, a double light in air and wave,  
 To meet her Graces, where they deck'd  
 her out  
 For worship without end; nor end of  
 mine,  
 Stateliest, for thee! but, mute she  
 glided forth,  
 Nor glanced behind her, and I sank  
 and slept,  
 Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a  
 happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke: she, near  
 me, held  
 A volume of the Poets of her land:  
 There to herself, all in low tones, she  
 read.

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now  
 the white;  
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace  
 walk;  
 Nor winks the gold fin in the prophry  
 font:  
 The firefly wakens: waken thou with  
 me.

"Now droops the milkwhite peacock  
 like a ghost,  
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to  
 me.

"Now lies the Earth all Danaë to  
 the stars,  
 And all thy heart lies open unto me.

"Now slides the silent meteor on,  
 and leaves  
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in  
 me.

"Now folds the lily all her sweet-  
 ness up,  
 And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and  
 slip  
 Into my bosom and be lost in me."

I heard her turn the page; she  
 found a small  
 Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she  
 read:

"Come down, O maid, from yonder  
 mountain height:  
 What pleasure lives in height (the  
 shepherd sang)  
 In height and cold, the splendor of the  
 hills?  
 But cease to move so near the Heavens,  
 and cease  
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted  
 Pine,  
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
 And come, for Love is of the valley,  
 come,  
 For Love is of the valley, come thou  
 down  
 And find him; by the happy thresh-  
 old, he,  
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the  
 maize,  
 Or red with spirted purple of the vats,  
 Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to  
 walk  
 With Death and Morning on the Silver  
 Horns,  
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white  
 ravine,  
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of  
 ice,  
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven  
 falls  
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:  
 But follow; let the current dance thee  
 down  
 To find him in the valley; let the wild  
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and  
 leave  
 The monstrous ledges there to slope,  
 and spill  
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling  
 water-smoke,



That like a broken purpose waste in  
air:

So waste not thou; but come; for all  
the vales

Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee; the children call, and I  
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every  
sound,

Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is  
sweet;

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the  
lawn,

The moan of doves in immemorial elms.  
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

So she low-toned; while with shut  
eyes I lay

Listening; then look'd. Pale was the  
perfect face;

The bosom with long sighs labor'd;  
and meek

Seem'd the full lips, and mild the  
luminous eyes,

And the voice trembled and the hand.  
She said

Brokenly, that she knew it, she had  
fail'd

In sweet humility; had fail'd in all;  
That all her labor was but as a block

Left in the quarry; but she still were  
loath,

She still were loath to yield herself to  
one,

That wholly scorn'd to help their equal  
rights

Against the sons of men, and barbarous  
laws.

She pray'd me not to judge their cause  
from her

That wrong'd it, sought far less for  
truth than power

In knowledge: something wild within  
her breast,

A greater than all knowledge, beat her  
down.

And she had nursed me there from  
week to week:

Much had she learnt in little time. In  
part

It was ill-counsel had misled the girl  
To vex true hearts: yet was she but a  
girl—

"Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of  
farce!

When comes another such! never, I  
think

Till the Sun drop dead from the signs."  
Her voice

Choked, and her forehead sank upon  
her hands,

And her great heart through all the  
faultful Past

Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not  
break;

Till notice of a change in the dark  
world

Was lisp'd about the acacias, and a  
bird,

That early woke to feed her little  
ones,

Sent from a dewy breast a cry for  
light: [fell.

She moved, and at her feet the volume  
"Blame not thyself too much," I

said, "nor blame  
Too much the sons of men and barbarous  
laws;

These were the rough ways of the  
world till now.

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me,  
that know

The woman's cause is man's: they rise  
or sink

Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or  
free:

For she that out of Lethe scales with  
man

The shining steps of Nature, shares  
with man

His nights, his days, moves with him  
to one goal,

Stays all the fair young planet in her  
hands—

It she be small, slight-natured, misera-  
ble,

How shall men grow? but work no  
more alone!

Our place is much: as far as in us lies  
We two will serve them both in aiding  
her—

Will clear away the parasitic forms  
That seem to keep her up but drag her  
down—

Will leave her space to burgeon out of  
all

Within her—let her make herself her  
own

To give or keep, to live and learn and  
be

All that not harms distinctive woman-  
hood.

For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the  
man,

Sweet love were slain: his dearest  
bond is this,

Not like to like, but like in difference.  
Yet in the long years liker must they  
grow;

The man be more of woman, she of  
man;

He gain in sweetness and in moral  
height,

Nor lose the wrestling thews that  
throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in child-  
ward care,

Nor lose the childlike in the larger  
mind;

Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;

And so these twain, upon the skirts of  
Time,

Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their  
powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing  
each,

Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other ev'n as those who  
love.

Then comes the statelier Eden back to  
men:

Then reign the world's great bridals,  
chaste and calm:

Then springs the crowning race of  
humankind,

May these things be!"

Sighing she spoke, "I fear  
They will not."

"Dear, but let us type them now  
In our own lives, and this proud watch-  
word rest

Of equal; seeing either sex alone

Is half itself, and in true marriage lies  
Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfils

Defect in each, and always thought in  
thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they  
grow,

The single pure and perfect animal,  
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one  
full stroke,

Life."

And again sighing she spoke: "A  
dream

That once was mine! what woman  
taught you this?"

"Alone," I said, "from earlier than  
I know,

Immersed in rich foreshadowings of  
the world,

I loved the woman: he, that doth not,  
lives

A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,  
Or pines in sad experience worse than  
death,

Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt  
with crime:

Yet was there one thro' whom I loved  
her, one

Not learned, save in gracious house-  
hold ways,

Not perfect, nay, but full of tender  
wants.

No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt  
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,

Interpreter between the Gods and men,  
Who look'd all native to her place, and  
yet

On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a  
sphere

Too gross to tread, and all male minds  
perforce

Sway'd to her from their orbits as they  
moved,

And girdled her with music. Happy  
he

With such a mother! faith in woman-  
kind

Beats with his blood, and trust in all  
things high

Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip  
and fall

He shall not blind his soul with clay."

"But I,"

Said Ida, tremulously, "so all unlike—  
It seems you love to cheat yourself  
with words :

This mother is your model. I have  
heard

Of your strange doubts: they well  
might be: I seem

A mockery to my own self. Never,  
Prince;

You cannot love me."

"Nay but thee," I said

"From yearlong poring on thy pic-  
tured eyes,

Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen,  
and saw

Thee woman thro' the crust of iron  
moods

That mask'd thee from men's rever-  
ence up, and forced

Sweet love on pranks of saucy boy-  
hood: now,

Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro'  
thee, [light

Indeed I love: the new day comes, the  
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for  
faults

Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts  
are dead,

My haunting sense of hollow shows:  
the change,

This truthful change in thee has kill'd  
it. Dear,

Look up, and let thy nature strike on  
mine,

Like yonder morning on the blind half-  
world;

Approach and fear not; breathe upon  
my brows;

In that fine air I tremble, all the past  
Melts mist-like into this bright hour,  
and this

Is morn to more, and all the rich to-  
come

Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland  
reels

Athwart the smoke of burning weeds.  
Forgive me,

I waste my heart in signs: let be. My  
bride,

My wife, my life. O we will walk this  
world,

Yoked in all exercise of noble end.

And so thro' those dark gates across  
the wild

That no man knows. Indeed I love  
thee: come,

Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine  
are one:

Accomplish thou my manhood and  
thyself;

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust  
to me."

### CONCLUSION.

So closed our tale, of which I give you  
all

The random scheme as wildly as it  
rose:

The words are mostly mine; for when  
we ceased

There came a minute's pause, and  
Walter said,

"I wish she had not yielded!" then to  
me,

"What, if you drest it up poetically!"  
So pray'd the men, the women: I gave  
assent:

Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme  
of seven

Together in one sheaf? What style  
could suit?

The men required that I should give  
throughout

The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque,  
With which we banter'd little Lilia  
first:

The women—and perhaps they felt  
their power,

For something in the ballads which  
they sang,

Or in their silent influence as they sat,  
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with bur-  
lesque,

And drove us, last, to quite a solemn  
close—

They hated banter, wish'd for some-  
thing real,

A gallant fight, a noble princess—why



Not make her true-heroic—true-sublime?

Or all, they said, as earnest as the close?

Which yet with such a framework scarce could be.

Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,  
Betwixt the mockers and the realists;  
And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,

And yet to give the story as it rose,  
I moved as in a strange diagonal,  
And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no part

In our dispute: the sequel of the tale  
Had touch'd her; and she sat, she pluck'd the grass,

She flung it from her, thinking: last, she fixt

A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,

"You—tell us what we are" who might have told,

For she was cramm'd with theories out of books,

But that there rose a shout: the gates were closed

At sunset, and the crowd were swarming now,

To take their leave, about the garden rails.

So I and some went out to these: we climb'd

The slope to Vivian-place, and turning saw

The happy valleys, half in light, and half

Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace;

Gray halls alone among the massive groves;

Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic tower

Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat;

The shimmering glimpses of a stream; the seas;

A red sail, or a white; and far beyond,  
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of France.

"Look there, a garden!" said my college friend,

The Tory member's elder son, "and there!

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,

And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,

A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled—  
Some sense of duty, something of a faith,

Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,

Some patient force to change them when we will,

Some civic manhood firm against the crowd—

But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden heat,

The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,

The king is scared, the soldier will not fight,

The little boy begins to shoot and stab,

A kingdom topples over with a shriek  
Like an old woman, and down rolls the world

In mock heroics stranger than our own;

Revolts, republics, revolutions, most  
No graver than a school-boys' barring out;

Too comic for the solemn things they are,

Too solemn for the comic touches in them,

Like our wild Princess with as wise a dream

As some of theirs—God bless the narrow seas!

I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad."

"Have patience," I replied, "ourselves are full

Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams

Are but the needful preludes of the truth:  
 For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,  
 The sport half-science, fill me with a faith.  
 This fine old world of ours is but a child  
 Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time  
 To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides."

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails,  
 And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,  
 Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks,  
 Among six boys, head under head, and look'd  
 No little lily-handed Baronet he,  
 A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman,  
 A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,  
 A raiser of huge melons and of pine,  
 A patron of some thirty charities,  
 A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,  
 A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;  
 Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn;  
 Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those  
 That stood the nearest—now address'd to speech—  
 Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed  
 Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year  
 To follow: a shout rose again, and made

The long line of the approaching rookery swerve  
 From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer  
 From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang  
 Beyond the bourn of sunset; O, a shout  
 More joyful than the city-roar that hails  
 Premier or king! Why should not these great Sirs  
 Give up their parks some dozen times a year  
 To let the people breathe? So thrice they cried,  
 I likewise, and in groups they stream'd away.

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on,  
 So much the gathering darkness charm'd: we sat  
 But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,  
 Perchance upon the future man: the walls  
 Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls whoop'd,  
 And gradually the powers of the night,  
 That range above the region of the wind,  
 Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up  
 Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,  
 Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

Last little Lilia, rising quietly  
 Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph  
 From those rich silks, and home well-pleased we went.

## IN MEMORIAM.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy  
face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
Thou madest life in man and brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man, he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
They have their day and cease to be:  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to  
more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;  
We mock thee when we do not fear:  
But help thy foolish ones to bear;  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;  
What seem'd my worth since I  
began;  
For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering  
cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth;  
Forgive them where they fail in  
truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

## IN MEMORIAM.

A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII.

I.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-  
stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years,  
And find in loss a gain to match?  
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be  
drown'd  
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:  
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,  
To dance with death, to beat the  
ground,

Than that the victor Hours should  
scorn  
The long result of love, and boast,  
"Behold the man that loved and lost  
But all he was is overworn."



## II.

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones  
That name the underlying dead,  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,  
And bring the firstling to the flock;  
And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale,  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
I seem to fail from out my blood  
And grow incorporate into thee.

## III.

O SORROW, cruel fellowship,  
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,  
O sweet and bitter in a breath,  
What whispers from thy lying lip?

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly  
run;  
A web is wov'n across the sky:  
From out waste places comes a cry,  
And murmurs from the dying sun:

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands,  
With all the music in her tone,  
A hollow echo of my own,—  
A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind,  
Embrace her as my natural good;  
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,  
Upon the threshold of the mind?

## IV.

To Sleep I give my powers away;  
My will is bondsman to the dark;  
I sit within a helmless bark,  
And with my heart I muse and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now,  
That thou shouldst fail from thy  
desire,  
Who scarcely darest to inquire  
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

Something it is which thou hast lost,  
Some pleasure from thine early  
years.  
Break, thou deep vase of chilling  
tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross  
All night below the darken'd eyes;  
With morning wakes the will, and  
cries,  
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

## V.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the  
cold;  
But that large grief which these en-  
fold  
Is given in outline and no more.

## VI.

ONE writes, that "Other friends re-  
main,"  
That "Loss is common to the  
race,"—  
And common is the commonplace,  
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more:  
Too common! Never morning won,  
To evening, but some heart did break

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,  
 Who pledgest now thy gallant son;  
 A shot, ere half thy draught be done,  
 Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save  
 Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,  
 His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud  
 Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought  
 At that last hour to please him well;  
 Who mused on all I had to tell,  
 And something written, something  
 thought.

Expecting still his advent home:  
 And ever met him on his way  
 With wishes, thinking, here to-day,  
 Or here to-morrow will he come.

O somewhere, meek unconscious dove,  
 That sittest ranging golden hair;  
 And glad to find thyself so fair,  
 Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows  
 In expectation of a guest  
 And thinking "This will please him  
 best,"

She takes a ribbon or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;  
 And with the thought her color  
 burns;  
 And, having left the glass, she turns  
 Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse  
 Had fallen, and her future lord  
 Was drown'd in passing thro' the  
 ford,  
 Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?  
 And what to me remains of good  
 To her, perpetual maidenhood,  
 And unto me no second friend.

## VII.

DARK house, by which once more I  
 stand  
 Here in the long unlovely street,

Doors, where my heart was used to  
 beat

So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more,—  
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,  
 And like a guilty thing I creep  
 At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away  
 The noise of life begins again,  
 And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain  
 On the bald street breaks the blank  
 day.

## VIII.

A HAPPY lover who has come  
 To look on her that loves him well,  
 Who 'lights and rings the gateway  
 bell,  
 And learns her gone and far from  
 home;

He saddens, all the magic light  
 Dies off at once from bower and hall,  
 And all the place is dark, and all  
 The chambers emptied of delight;

So find I every pleasant spot  
 In which we two were wont to meet,  
 The field, the chamber, and the  
 street,

For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there  
 In those deserted walks, may find  
 A flower beat with rain and wind,  
 Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,  
 O my forsaken heart, with thee  
 And this poor flower of poesy  
 Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,  
 I go to plant it on his tomb,  
 That if it can it there may bloom,  
 Or dying, there at least may die.

## IX.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore  
 Sailest the placid ocean-plains  
 With my lost Arthur's loved re-  
 mains,  
 Spread thy full wings, and waft him  
 o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn  
 In vain; a favorable speed  
 Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, any urn.  
 Thro' prosperous floods his hold lead  
 All night no ruder air perplex  
 Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor,  
 bright  
 As our pure love, thro' early light  
 Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;  
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the  
 prow;  
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps  
 now,  
 My friend, the brother of my love;  
 My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
 Till all my widow'd race be run;  
 Dear as the mother to the son,  
 More than my brothers are to me.

## X.

I HEAR the noise about thy keel;  
 I hear the bell struck in the night;  
 I see the cabin-window bright;  
 I see the sailor at the wheel.  
 Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,  
 And travell'd men from foreign  
 lands;  
 And letters unto trembling hands;  
 And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.  
 So bring him: we have idle dreams:  
 This look of quiet flatters thus  
 Our home-bred fancies: O to us,  
 The fools of habit, sweeter seems  
 To rest beneath the clover sod,  
 That takes the sunshine and the  
 rains,  
 Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
 The chalice of the grapes of God;  
 Than if with thee the roaring wells  
 Should gulf him fathom deep in  
 brine;  
 And hands so often clasp'd in mine  
 Should toss with tangle and with shells.

## XI. ✓

† CALM is the morn without a sound  
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,

And only thro' the faded leaf  
 The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high  
 wold  
 And on these dews that drench the  
 furze,  
 And all the silvery gossamers  
 That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
 That sweeps with all its autumn  
 bowers,  
 And crowded farms and lessening  
 towers,  
 To mingle with the bounding main;

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
 These leaves that redden to the fall;  
 And in my heart, if calm at all,  
 If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
 And waves that sway themselves in  
 rest,  
 And dead calm in that noble breast  
 Which heaves but with the heaving  
 deep.

## XII.

Lo, as a dove when up she springs  
 To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,  
 Some dolorous message knit below  
 The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay;  
 I leave this mortal ark behind,  
 A weight of nerves without a mind,  
 And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,  
 And reach the glow of southern  
 skies,  
 And see the sails at a distance rise,  
 And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, "Comes he thus, my  
 friend?  
 Is this the end of all my care?"  
 And circle moaning in the air:  
 "Is this the end? Is this the end?"



And forward dart again, and play  
About the prow, and back return  
To where the body sits, and learn,  
That I have been an hour away.

## XIII.

TEARS of the widower, when he sees  
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,  
And moves his doubtful arms, and  
feels

Her place is empty, fall like these ;

Which weep a loss forever new,  
A void where heart on heart re-  
posed ;

And, where warm hands have prest  
and clos'd,  
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice  
An awful thought, a life removed,  
The human-hearted man I loved,  
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many  
years,  
I do not suffer in a dream ;  
For now so strange do these things  
seem

Mine eyes have leisure for their tears ;

My fancies time to rise on win  
And glance about the approaching  
sails,  
As tho' they brought but merchants'  
bales,  
And not the burthen that they bring.

## XIV.

IF one should bring me this report,  
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-  
day,

And I went down unto the quay,  
And found thee lying in the port ;

And standing, muffled round with woe,  
Should see thy passengers in rank  
Come stepping lightly down the  
plank,

And beckoning unto those they know ;

And if along with these should come  
The man I held as half divine ;

Should strike a sudden hand in  
mine,  
And ask a thousand things of home ;

And I should tell him all my pain,  
And how my life had droop'd of  
late,

And he should sorrow o'er my state  
And marvel what possess'd my brain ;

And I perceived no touch of change,  
No hint of death in all his frame,  
But found him all in all the same,  
I should not feel it to be strange.

## XV.

TO-NIGHT the winds begin to rise  
And roar from yonder dropping day ;  
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,  
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,  
The cattle huddled on the lea ;  
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
The sunbeam strikes along the world :

And but for fancies, which aver  
That all thy motions gently pass  
Athwart a plane of molten glass,  
I scarce could brook the strain and  
stir

That makes the barren branches loud ;  
And but for fear it is not so,  
The wild unrest that lives in woe  
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,  
And onward drags a laboring breast,  
And topples round the dreary west,  
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

## XVI.

WHAT words are these have fall'n  
from me ?

Can calm despair and wild unrest  
Be tenants of a single breast,  
Or sorrow such a changeling be ?

Or doth she only seem to take  
The touch of change in calm or  
storm ;  
But knows no more of transient  
form

In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark  
 Hung in the shadow of a heaven?  
 Or has the shock, so harshly given,  
 Confused me like the unhappy bark  
 That strikes by night a craggy shelf,  
 And staggers blindly ere she sink?  
 And stunn'd me from my power to  
 think  
 And all my knowledge of myself;  
 And made me that delirious man  
 Whose fancy fuses old and new,  
 And flashes into false and true,  
 And mingles all without a plan?

## XVII.

THOU comest, much wept for: such a  
 breeze  
 Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer  
 Was as the whisper of an air  
 To breathe thee over lonely seas.  
 For I in spirit saw thee move  
 Thro' circles of the bounding sky,  
 Week after week: the days go by:  
 Come quick, thou bringest all I love.  
 Henceforth, wherever thou may'st  
 roam,  
 My blessing, like a line of light,  
 Is on the waters day and night,  
 And like a beacon guards thee home.  
 So may whatever tempest mars  
 Mid-ocean spare thee, sacred bark;  
 And balmy drops in summer dark  
 Slide from the bosom of the stars.  
 So kind an office hath been done,  
 Such precious relics brought by thee;  
 The dust of him I shall not see  
 Till all my widow'd race be run.

## XVIII.

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may  
 stand  
 Where he in English earth is laid,  
 And from his ashes may be made  
 The violet of his native land.  
 'Tis little; but it looks in truth  
 As if the quiet bones were blest  
 Among familiar names to rest  
 And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the  
 head  
 That sleeps or wears the mask of  
 sleep,  
 And come, whatever loves to weep,  
 And hear the ritual of the dead.  
 Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,  
 I, falling on his faithful heart,  
 Would breathing through his lips  
 impart  
 The life that almost dies in me;  
 That dies not, but endures with pain,  
 And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
 Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
 The words that are not heard again.

## XIX.

THE Danube to the Severn gave  
 The darken'd heart that beat no  
 more;  
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
 And in the hearing of the wave.  
 There twice a day the Severn fills;  
 The salt sea-water passes by,  
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
 And makes a silence in the hills.  
 The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,  
 And hush'd by deepest grief of all,  
 When fill'd with tears that cannot  
 fall,  
 I brim with sorrow drowning song.  
 The tide flows down, the wave again  
 Is vocal in its wooded walls;  
 My deeper anguish also falls  
 And I can speak a little then.

## XX.

THE lesser griefs that may be said,  
 That breathe a thousand tender vows,  
 Are but as servants in a house  
 Where lies the master newly dead;  
 Who speak their feeling as it is,  
 And weep the fulness from the  
 mind:  
 "It will be hard," they say, "to find  
 Another service such as this."

My lighter moods are like to these,  
That out of words a comfort win;  
But there are other griefs within,  
And tears that at their fountain freeze:

For by the hearth the children sit  
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,  
And scarce endure to draw the  
breath,  
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:

But open converse is there none,  
So much the vital spirits sink  
To see the vacant chair, and think,  
"How good! how kind! and he is  
gone."

## XXI.

I SING to him that rests below,  
And, since the grasses round me  
wave,  
I take the grasses of the grave,  
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,  
And sometimes harshly will he  
speak:

"This fellow would make weakness  
weak,  
And melt the waxen hearts of men."

Another answers, "Let him be,  
He loves to make parade of pain,  
That with his piping he may gain  
The praise that comes to constancy."

A third is wroth, Is this an hour  
For private sorrow's barren song,  
When more and more the people  
throng  
The chairs and thrones of civil power?

"A time to sicken and to swoon,  
When Science reaches forth her  
arms  
To feel from world to world, and  
charms  
Her secret from the latest moon?"

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:  
Ye never knew the sacred dust;  
I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And one is glad; her note is gay,  
For now her little ones have ranged;  
And one is sad; her note is changed,  
Because her brood is stol'n away.

## XXII.

THE path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us  
well,  
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to  
snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And crown'd with all the season lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended, following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,  
And think that somewhere in the  
waste

The Shadow sits and waits for me.

## XXIII.

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,  
Or breaking into song by fits,  
Alone, alone, to where he sits,  
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,  
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,  
I wander, often falling lame,  
And looking back to whence I came,  
Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, "How changed from  
where it ran  
Thro' lands where not a leaf was  
dumb;  
But all the lavish hills would hum  
The murmur of a happy Pan:

"When each by turns was guide to  
each,  
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,



And Thought leapt out to wed with  
Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with  
Speech;

"And all we met was fair and good,  
And all was good that Time could  
bring,

And all the secret of the Spring  
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

"And many an old philosophy  
On Argive heights divinely sang,  
And round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady."

## XXIV.

AND was the day of my delight  
As sure and perfect as I say?  
The very source and fount of Day  
Is dash'd with wandering isles of  
night.

If all was good and fair we met,  
This earth had been the Paradise  
It never look'd to human eyes  
Since Adam left his garden yet.

And is it that the haze of grief  
Makes former gladness loom so  
great?

The lowness of the present state,  
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win  
A glory from its being far;  
And orb into the perfect star  
We saw not, when we moved therein?

## XXV.

I KNOW that this was Life,—the track  
Whereon with equal feet we fared;  
And then, as now, the day prepared  
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move  
As light as carrier-birds in air;  
I loved the weight I had to bear,  
Because I needed help of love;

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
When mighty Love would cleave in  
twain

The lading of a single pain,  
And part it, giving half to him.

## XXVI.

STILL onward winds the weary way;  
I with it; for I long to prove  
No lapse of moons can canker Love,  
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt  
And goodness, and hath power to see  
Within the green the moulder'd tree,  
And towers fall'n as soon as built,—

O, if indeed that eye foresee  
Or see (in Him is no before)  
In more of life true life no more  
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn  
Breaks hither over Indian seas,  
That shadow waiting with the keys,  
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

## XXVII.

I ENVY not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in the field of time,  
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes:

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth,  
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth  
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, what'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most:  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

## XXVIII.

THE time draws near the birth of  
Christ;  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and  
moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and good-will, good-will and  
peace,  
Peace and good-will, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no more to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy;  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with  
joy,  
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

## XXIX.

WITH such compelling cause to grieve  
As daily vexes household peace,  
And chains regret to his decease,  
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve

Which brings no more a welcome guest  
To enrich the threshold of the night  
With shower'd largess of delight,  
In dance and song and game and jest.

Yet go, and while the holly-boughs  
Entwine the cold baptismal font,  
Make one wreath more for Use and  
Wont  
That guard the portals of the house;

Old sister of a day gone by,  
Gray nurses, loving nothing new;  
Why should they miss their yearly  
due  
Before their time? They too will die.

## XXX.

WITH trembling fingers did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas  
hearth;  
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,  
And sadly fell on Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall  
We gamboll'd, making vain pretence  
Of gladness, with an awful sense  
Of one mute Shadow watching all,

We paused: the winds were in the  
beech;  
We heard them sweep the winter  
land;  
And in a circle hand-in-hand  
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;  
We sung tho' every eye was dim,  
A merry song we sang with him  
Last year. impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept  
Upon us: surely rest is meet:  
"They rest," we said, "their sleep  
is sweet,"  
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;  
Once more we sang: "They do not  
die  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us, although they  
change;

"Rapt from the fickle and the frail  
With gather'd power, yet the same,  
Pierces the keen seraphic flame  
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,  
Draw forth the cheerful day from  
night:  
O father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was  
born.

## XXXI.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,  
And home to Mary's house return'd,  
Was this demanded,—if he yearn'd  
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four  
days?"  
There lives no record of reply,  
Which telling what it is to die  
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbors met,  
The streets were fill'd with joyful  
sound,  
A solemn gladness even crown'd  
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !  
 The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;  
 He told it not ; or something seal'd  
 The lips of that Evangelist.

## XXXII.

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
 Nor other thought her mind admits  
 But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
 And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
 All other, when her ardent gaze  
 Roves from the living brother's face,  
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
 Borne down by gladness so complete,  
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's  
 feet

With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful  
 prayers,

Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
 What souls possess themselves so  
 pure,

Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

## XXXIII.

O THOU that after toil and storm  
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer  
 air,

Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
 Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister, when she prays,  
 Her early Heaven, her happy views ;  
 Nor thou with shadow'd hint con-  
 fuse

A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,  
 Her hands are quicker unto good :  
 O, sacred be the flesh and blood  
 To which she links a truth divine !

See thou, that contest reason ripe  
 In holding by the law within,  
 Thou fail not in a world of sin,  
 And ev'n for want of such a type.

## XXXIV.

My own dim life should teach me this,  
 That life shall live forevermore,

Else earth is darkness at the core,  
 And dust and ashes all that is :

This round of green, this orb of flame,  
 Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks  
 In some wild Poet, when he works  
 Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I ?  
 'Twere hardly worth my while to  
 choose

Of things all mortal, or to use  
 A little patience ere I die ;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
 Like birds the charming serpent  
 draws,

To drop head foremost in the jaws  
 Of vacant darkness, and to cease.

## XXXV.

YET if some voice that man could trust  
 Should murmur from the narrow  
 house,

"The cheeks drop in ; the body  
 bows ; "

Man dies : nor is there hope in dust : "

Might I not say, " Yet even here,  
 But for one hour, O Love, I strive  
 To keep so sweet a thing alive ? "

But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,  
 The sound of streams that swift or  
 slow

Draw down Æonian hills, and sow  
 The dust of continents to be ;

And Love would answer with a sigh,  
 " The sound of that forgetful shore  
 Will change my sweetness more and  
 more,

Half-dead to know that I shall die. "

O me ! what profits it to put  
 An idle case ? If Death were seen  
 At first as Death, Love had not been,  
 Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,  
 Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape  
 Had bruised the herb and crush'd  
 the grape,  
 And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.



## XXXVI.

THO' truths in manhood darkly join,  
 Deep-seated in our mystic frame,  
 We yield all blessing to the name  
 Of Him that made them current coin  
 For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,  
 Where truth in closest words shall  
 fail,  
 When truth embodied in a tale  
 Shall enter in at lowly doors.  
 And so the Word had breath, and  
 wrought  
 With human hands the creed of  
 creeds  
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
 More strong than all poetic thought;  
 Which he may read that binds the  
 sheaf,  
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
 And those wild eyes that watch the  
 wave  
 In roarings round the coral reef.

## XXXVII.

URANIA speaks with darken'd brow;  
 "Thou pratest here where thou art  
 least;  
 This faith has many a purer priest,  
 And many an abler voice than thou.  
 "Go down beside thy native rill,  
 On thy Parnassus set thy feet,  
 And hear thy laurel whisper sweet  
 About the ledges of the hill."  
 And my Melpomene replies,  
 A touch of shame upon her cheek:  
 "I am not worthy ev'n to speak  
 Of thy prevailing mysteries;  
 "For I am but an earth Muslye,  
 And owning but a little art  
 To lull with song an aching heart,  
 And render human love his dues;  
 "But brooding on the dear one dead,  
 And all he said of things divine,  
 (And dear to me as sacred wine  
 To dying lips is all he said,)  
 "I murmur'd, as I came along,  
 Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;

And loiter'd in the Master's field,  
 And darken'd sanctities with song."

## XXXVIII.

WITH weary steps I loiter on,  
 Tho' always under alter'd skies  
 The purple from the distance dies,  
 My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,  
 The herald melodies of spring,  
 But in the songs I love to sing  
 A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here  
 Survive in spirits render'd free,  
 Then are these songs I sing of thee  
 Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

## XXXIX.

COULD we forget the widow'd hour,  
 And look on Spirits breathed away,  
 As on a maiden in the day  
 When first she wears her orange-  
 flower!

When crown'd with blessing she doth  
 rise  
 To take her latest leave of home,  
 And hopes and light regrets that  
 come  
 Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,  
 And tears are on the mother's face,  
 As parting with a long embrace  
 She enters other realms of love:

Her office there to rear, to teach,  
 Becoming, as is meet and fit,  
 A link among the days, to knit  
 The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
 A life that bears immortal fruit  
 In such great offices as suit  
 The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern!  
 How often shall her old fireside  
 Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
 How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
And bring her babe, and make her boast

Till even those that miss'd her most  
Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low ;  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

## XL.

THY spirit ere our fatal loss  
Did ever rise from high to higher :  
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,  
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange.

And I have lost the links that bound  
Thy changes ; here upon the ground,  
No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly ! yet that this could be,—  
That I could wing my will with might

To leap the grades of life and light,  
And flash at once, my friend, to thee ;

For tho' my nature rarely yields  
To that vague fear implied in death ;  
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,  
The howlings from forgotten fields :

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor  
An inner trouble I behold,

A spectral doubt which makes me cold,

That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind  
The wonders that have come to thee,  
Thro' all the secular to-be,  
But evermore a life behind.

## XLI.

I VEX my heart with fancies dim :  
He still outstript me in the race ;  
It was but unity of place  
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,  
And he the much-beloved again,  
A lord of large experience, train  
To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves, but knows not,  
reaps

A truth from one that loves and knows ?

## XLII.

If Sleep and Death be truly one,  
And every spirit's folded bloom  
Thro' all its interval gloom  
In some long trance should slumber on ;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
Bare of the body, might it last,  
And silent traces of the past  
Be all the color of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;  
So that still garden of the souls  
In many a figured leaf enrolls  
The total world since life began ;

And love will last as pure and whole  
As when he loved me here in Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

## XLIII.

How fares it with the happy dead ?  
For here the man is more and more ;  
But he forgets the days before  
God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,  
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense  
Gives out at times (he knows not  
whence)

A little flash, a mystic hint ;

And in the long harmonious years  
(If Death so taste Lethean springs)  
May some dim touch of earthly things  
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,  
 O turn thee round, resolve the  
 doubt;  
 My guardian angel will speak out  
 In that high place, and tell thee all.

## XLIV.

THE baby new to earth and sky,  
 What time his tender palm is prest  
 Against the circle of the breast,  
 Has never thought that "this is I:"

But as he grows he gathers much,  
 And learns the us of "I," and  
 "me,"  
 And finds "I am not what I see,  
 And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind  
 From whence clear memory may  
 begin,  
 As thro' the frame that binds him in  
 His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,  
 Which else were fruitless of their  
 due,  
 Had man to learn himself anew,  
 Beyond the second birth of Death.

## XLV.

WE ranging down the lower track,  
 The path we came by, thorn and  
 flower,  
 Is shadow'd by the growing hour,  
 Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last  
 In that deep dawn behind the tomb,  
 But clear from marge to marge shall  
 bloom  
 The eternal landscape of the past:

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;  
 The fruitful hours of still increase;  
 Days order'd in a wealthy peace,  
 And those five years its richest field.

Oh Love, thy province were not large,  
 A bounded field, nor stretching far;  
 Look also, Love, a brooding star,  
 A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

## XLVI.

THAT each, who seems a separate  
 whole,  
 Should move his rounds, and fusing  
 all  
 The skirts of self again, should fall  
 Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:  
 Eternal form shall still divide  
 The eternal soul from all beside;  
 And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
 Enjoying each the other's good:  
 What vaster dream can hit the mood  
 Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
 Before the spirits fade away,  
 Some landing-place, to clasp and  
 say,  
 "Farewell! We lose ourselves in  
 light"

## XLVII.

IF these brief lays, of Sorrow born,  
 Were taken to be such as closed  
 Grave doubts and answers here pro-  
 posed,  
 Then these were such as men might  
 scorn:

Her care is not to part and prove;  
 She takes, when harsher moods  
 remit,  
 What slender shade of doubt  
 flit,  
 And makes it vassal unto love:

And hence, indeed, she sports with  
 words,  
 But better serves a wholesome law,  
 And holds it sin and shame to draw  
 The deepest measure from the chords:

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
 But rather loosens from the lip  
 Short swallow-flights of song, that  
 dip  
 Their wings in tears, and skim away.



## XLVIII.

FROM art, from nature, from the  
schools,

Let random influences glance,  
Like light in many a shiver'd lance  
That breaks about the dappled pools :

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,  
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath,  
The slightest air of song shall  
breathe

To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,  
But blame not thou the winds that  
make

The seeming-wanton ripple break,  
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears,  
Ay me! the sorrow deepens down,  
Whose muffled motions blindly  
drown

The bases of my life in tears.

## XLIX.

BE near me when my light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the  
nerves prick

And tingle ; and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer  
trust :

And Time, a maniac scattering dust,  
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,  
And men the flies of latter spring,  
That lay their eggs, and sting and  
sing,

And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,  
To point the term of human strife,  
And on the low dark verge of life  
The twilight of eternal day.

## L.

Do we indeed desire the dead  
Should still be near us at our side ?

Is there no baseness we would hide !  
No inner vileness that we dread ?

Should he for whose applause I strove,  
I had such reverence for his blame,  
See with clear eye some hidden  
shame,  
And I be lessen'd in his love ?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :  
Shall love be blamed for want of  
faith ? [Death  
There must be wisdom with great  
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall :  
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
With larger other eyes than ours,  
To make allowance for us all.

## II.

I CANNOT love thee as I ought,  
For love reflects the thing beloved ;  
My words are only words, and  
moved

Upon the topmost froth of thought.

"Yet blame not thou thy plaintive  
song,"

The Spirit of true love replied ;  
"Thou canst not move me from thy  
side,

Nor human frailty do me wrong.

"What keeps a spirit wholly true  
To that ideal which he bears ?  
What record ? not the sinless years  
That breathed beneath the Syrian  
blue :

"So fret not, like an idle girl,  
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin,  
Abide : thy wreath is gather'd in,  
When Time hath sunder'd shell from  
pearl."

## LII.

How many a father have I seen,  
A sober man among his boys,  
Whose youth was full of foolish  
noise,

Who wears his manhood hale and  
green :

And dare we to this fancy give,  
That had the wild-oat not been  
sown,  
The soil, left barren, scarce had  
grown  
The grain by which a man may live?

O, if we held the doctrine sound  
For life outliving heats of youth,  
Yet who would preach it as a truth  
To those that eddy round and round?

Hold thou the good: define it well;  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and  
be  
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

## LIII. ✓

O YET we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood  
That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroy'd;  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile com-  
plete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.  
So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.

## LIV. ✓

THE wish, that of the living whole —  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likeliest God within the soul?  
Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?

So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds, —  
And finding that of fifty seeds —  
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and  
grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all.  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

## LV. ✓

"So careful of the type?" but no.  
From scarp'd cliff and quarried  
stone  
She cries, "A thousand types are  
gone:  
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:  
I bring to life, I bring to death:  
The spirit does but mean the breath:  
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so  
fair,

Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,  
And love Creation's final law,—  
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravin, shriek'd against his  
creed,—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tear each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music match'd with him

O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to sooth and bless!  
 What hope of answer, or redress?  
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

## LVI.

PEACE; come away: the song of woe  
 Is after all an earthly song:  
 Peace; come away: we do him  
 wrong  
 To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are  
 pale;  
 But half my life I leave behind:  
 Methinks my friend is richly shined  
 But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Vet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
 One set slow bell will seem to toll  
 The passing of the sweetest soul  
 That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
 Eternal greetings to the dead;  
 And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,  
 "Adieu, adieu," forevermore.

## LVII.

IN those sad words I took farewell:  
 Like echoes in sepulchral halls,  
 As drop by drop the water falls  
 In vaults and catacombs they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace  
 Of hearts that beat from day to day,  
 Half conscious of their dying clay,  
 And those cold crypts where they shall  
 cease.

The high Muse answer'd: "Wherefore  
 grieve  
 Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?  
 Abide a little longer here,  
 And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

## LVIII.

O SORROW, wilt thou live with me,  
 No casual mistress, but a wife,  
 My bosom-friend and half of life,  
 As I confess it needs must be;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,  
 Be sometimes lovely like a bride,  
 And put thy harsher moods aside,  
 If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move,  
 Nor will it lessen from to-day;  
 But I'll have leave at times to play  
 As with the creature of my love.

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,  
 With so much hope for years to  
 come,  
 That, howsoe'er I know thee, some  
 Could hardly tell what name were  
 thine.

## LIX.

HE past: a soul of nobler tone:  
 My spirit loved and loves him yet,  
 Like some poor girl whose heart is  
 set  
 On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,  
 She finds the baseness of her lot,  
 Half jealous of she knows not what,  
 And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;  
 She sighs amid her narrow days,  
 Moving about the household ways,  
 In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbors come and go,  
 And tease her till the day draws by:  
 At night she weeps, "How vain am  
 I!  
 How should he love a thing so low?"

## LX.

IF, in thy second state sublime,  
 Thy ransom'd reason change replies  
 With all the circle of the wise,  
 The perfect flower of human time:

And if thou cast thine eyes below,  
 How dimly character'd and slight,  
 How dwarf'd a growth of cold and  
 night,  
 How blanch'd with darkness must I  
 grow!



Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,  
Where thy first form was made a  
man;  
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
The soul of Shakespeare love thee  
more.

## LXI.

THO' if an eye that's downward cast  
Could make thee somewhat blench  
or fail,  
Then be my love an idle tale,  
And fading legend of the past;

And thou as one that once declined  
When he was little more than boy,  
On some unworthy heart with joy,  
But lives to wed an equal mind;

And breathes a novel world, the while  
His other passion wholly dies,  
Or in the light of deeper eyes  
Is matter for a flying smile.

## LXII.

YET pity for a horse o'er-driven,  
And love in which my hound has  
part,  
Can hang no weight upon my heart  
In its assumptions up to heaven;

And I am so much more than these,  
As thou, perchance, art more than I,  
And yet I spare them sympathy,  
And I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep  
As unto vaster motions bound,  
The circuits of thine orbit round  
A higher height, a deeper deep.

## LXIII.

DOST thou look back on what hath  
been,  
As some divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began  
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy  
chance,

And breasts the blows of circum-  
stance,  
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,  
And lives to clutch the golden keys  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning  
slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,  
When all his active powers are still,  
A distant dearthness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He play'd at counsellors and kings,  
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea  
And reaps the labor of his hands,  
Or in the furrow musing stands:  
"Does my old friend remember me?"

## LXIV.

SWEET soul, do with me as thou wilt;  
I lull a fancy trouble-tost  
With "Love's too precious to be  
lost,  
A little grain shall not be spilt."

And in that solace can I sing,  
Till out of painful phases wrought  
There flutters up a happy thought,  
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends,  
And thine effect so lives in me,  
A part of mine may live in thee,  
And move thee on to noble ends.

## LXV.

You thought my heart too far discased;  
You wonder when my fancies play  
To find me gay among the gay,  
Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,  
Which makes a desert in the mind,  
Has made me kindly with my kind,  
And like to him whose sight is lost ;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,  
Whose jest among his friends is free,  
Who takes the children on his knee,  
And winds their curls about his hand :

He plays with threads, he beats his  
chair

For pastime, dreaming of the sky ·  
His inner day can never die,  
His night of loss is always there.

## LXVI.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,  
I know that in thy place of rest,  
By that broad water of the west,  
There comes a glory on the walls :

Thy marble bright in dark appears  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name.  
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away :  
From off my bed the moonlight dies ;  
And, closing eaves of wearied eyes,  
I sleep till dusk is dimt in gray :

And then I know the mist is drawn  
A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
And in the dark church, like a ghost,  
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

## LXVII.

WHEN in the down I sink my head,  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times  
my breath ;  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows  
not Death,  
Nor can I dream of thee as dead :

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,  
When all our path was fresh with  
dew,  
And all the bugle breezes blew  
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,  
I find a trouble in thine eye,  
Which makes me sad, I know not  
why,

Nor can my dream resolve the doubt :

But ere the lark hath left the lea  
I wake, and I discern the truth ;  
It is the trouble of my youth  
That foolish sleep transfers to the

## LXVIII.

I DREAM'D there would be Spring no  
more,  
That Nature's ancient power was  
lost :

The streets were black with smoke  
and frost,  
They chatter'd trifles at the door :

I wander'd from the noisy town,  
I found a wood with thorny boughs :  
I took the thorns to bind my brows,  
I wore them like a civic crown :

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns  
From youth and babe and hoary  
hairs :

They call'd me in the public squares  
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :

They call'd me fool, they call'd me  
child :

I found an angel of the night ;  
The voice was low, the look was  
bright ;

He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

He reach'd the glory of a hand,  
That seem'd to touch it into leaf :  
The voice was not the voice of grief ;  
The words were hard to understand.

## LXIX.

I CANNOT see the features right,  
When on the gloom I strive to paint  
The face I know ; the hues are faint  
And mix with hollow masks of night ;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons  
wrought,

A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,  
A hand that points and palled shapes  
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought ;

And crowds that stream from yawning  
doors,  
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;  
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,  
And lazy lengths on boundless shores:  
Till all at once beyond the will  
I hear a wizard music roll,  
And thro' a lattice on the soul  
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

## LXX.

SLEEP, kinsman thou to death and  
trance  
And madness, thou hast forged at  
last  
A night-long Present of the Past  
In which we went thro' summer France.

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?  
Then bring an opiate trebly strong,  
Drug down the blindfold sense of  
wrong

That so my pleasure may be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd  
Of men and minds, the dust of  
change,  
The days that grow to something  
strange,

In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,  
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,  
The cataract flashing from the bridge,  
The breaker breaking on the beach.

## LXXI.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
And howlest, issuing out of night,  
With blasts that blow the poplar  
white,  
And lash with storm the streaming  
pane?

Day, when my crown'd estate begun  
To pine in that reverse of doom,  
Which sicken'd every living bloom,  
And blurr'd the splendor of the sun;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour  
With thy quick tears that make the  
rose

Pull sideways, and the daisy close  
Her crimson fringes to the shower;

Who might'st have heaved a windlass  
flame

Up the deep East, or, whispering,  
play'd

A chequer-work of beam and shade  
Along the hills, yet looked the same,

As wan, as chill, as wild as now;

Day, mark'd as with some hideous  
crime

When the dark hand struck down  
thro' time,

And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

Lift as thou mayst thy burthen'd brows  
Thro' clouds that drench the morn-  
ing star,

And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,  
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound  
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous  
day;

Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,  
And hide thy shame beneath the  
ground.

## LXXII.

So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be,  
How know I what had need of thee,  
For thou wert strong as thou wert  
true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,  
The head hath miss'd an earthly  
wreath:

I curse not nature, no, nor death;  
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self-infolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a  
name.



## LXXIII.

As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those that watch it more and  
more,

A likeness, hardly seen before,  
Comes out—to some one of his race:

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art, and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,  
And what I see I leave unsaid,  
Nor speak it, knowing Death has  
made  
His darkness beautiful with thee.

## LXXIV.

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd  
In verse that brings myself relief,  
And by the measure of my grief  
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd;

What practice howso'er expert  
In fitting aptest words to things,  
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days  
To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
And round thee with the breeze of  
song  
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,  
And, while we breathe beneath the  
sun,  
The world which credits what is  
done  
Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame;  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

## LXXV.

TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,  
And in a moment set thy face

Where all the starry heavens of  
space  
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end;

Take wings of foresight; lighten thro'  
The secular abyss to come,  
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb  
Before the mouldering of a yew;

And if the matin songs, that woke  
The darkness of our planet, last,  
Thine own shall wither in the vast,  
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these, have clothed their branchy  
bowers  
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain;  
And what are they when these re-  
main  
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

## LXXVI.

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme  
To him who turns a musing eye  
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that  
lie  
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain  
May bind a book, may line a box,  
May serve to curl a maiden's locks;  
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,  
And, passing, turn the page that  
tells [else,  
A grief, then changed to something  
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways  
Shall ring with music all the same;  
To breathe my loss is more than  
fame,  
To utter love more sweet than praise.

## LXXVII.

AGAIN at Christmas did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas  
hearth;  
The silent snow possess'd the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,  
No wing of wind the region swept,  
But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,  
Again our ancient games had place,  
The mimic picture's breathing grace,  
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?  
No single tear, no mark of pain:  
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?  
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!  
No,—mixt with all this mystic frame,  
Her deep relations are the same,  
But with long use her tears are dry.

## LXXVIII.

"MORE than my brothers are to me,"  
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!  
I know thee of what force thou art  
To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,  
As moulded like in nature's mint;  
And hill and wood and field did print  
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd  
Thro' all his eddying coves; the  
same  
All winds that roam the twilight  
came  
In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,  
One lesson from one book we  
learn'd,  
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd  
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,  
But he was rich where I was poor,  
And he supplied my wants the more  
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

## LXXIX.

If any vague desire should rise,  
That holy Death ere Arthur died

Had moved me kindly from his side,  
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,  
The grief my loss in him had  
wrought,

A grief as deep as life or thought,  
But stay'd in peace with God and man

I make a picture in the brain;  
I hear the sentence that he speaks;  
He bears the burthen of the weeks:  
But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free;  
And, influence-rich to soothe and  
save,

Unused example from the grave  
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

## LXXX.

COULD I have said while he was here,  
"My love shall now no further  
range;  
There cannot come a mellower  
change,  
For now is love mature in ear."

Love, then, had hope of richer store:  
What end is here to my complaint?  
This haunting whisper makes me  
faint,  
"More years had made me love thee  
more."

But Death returns an answer sweet:  
"My sudden frost was sudden gain,  
And gave all ripeness to the grain  
It might have drawn from after-heat."

## LXXXI.

I WAGE not my feud with Death  
For changes wrought on form and  
face;  
No lower life that earth's embrace  
May breed with him can fright my  
faith.

Eternal process moving on,  
From state to state the spirit walks;  
And these are but the shatter'd  
stalks,  
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare  
 The use of virtue out of earth :  
 I know transplanted human worth  
 Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak  
 The wrath that garners in my heart ;  
 He put our lives so far apart  
 We cannot hear each other speak.

## LXXXII.

DIP down upon the northern shore,  
 O sweet new-year, delaying long :  
 Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;  
 Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded  
 noons,  
 Thy sweetness from its proper place ?  
 Can trouble live with April days,  
 Or sadness in the summer moons ?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
 The little speedwell's darling blue,  
 Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,  
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
 That longs to burst a frozen bud,  
 And flood a fresher throat with song.

## LXXXIII.

WHEN I contemplate all alone  
 The life that had been thine below,  
 And fixed my thoughts on all the  
 glow  
 To which thy crescent would have  
 grown.

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
 A central warmth diffusing bliss  
 In glance and smile, and clasp and  
 kiss,  
 On all the branches of thy blood ;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine  
 For now the day was drawing-on  
 When thou shouldst link thy life with  
 one  
 Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled "Uncle" on my knee ;  
 But that remorseless iron hour  
 Made cypress of her orange-flower,  
 Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,  
 To clap their cheeks, to call them  
 mine.

I see their unborn faces shine  
 Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honor'd guest,  
 Thy partner in the flowery walk  
 Of letters, genial table-talk,  
 Or deep dispute, and graceful jest ;

While now thy prosperous labor fills  
 The lips of men with honest praise,  
 And sun by sun the happy days  
 Descend below the golden hills.

With promise of a morn as fair ;  
 And all the train of bounteous hours  
 Conduct by paths of growing powers  
 To reverence and the silver hair ;

Till slowly worn by earthly robe,  
 Her lavish mission richly wrought,  
 Leaving great legacies of thought,  
 Thy spirit should fail from off the  
 globe ;

What time mine own might also flee,  
 As link'd with thine in love and fate,  
 And, hovering o'er the dolorous  
 strait

To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal  
 And He that died in Holy Land  
 Would reach us out the shining  
 hand,  
 And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that on which I leant ?  
 Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
 The old bitterness again, and break  
 The low beginnings of content ?

## LXXXIV.

THIS truth came borne with bier and  
 pall,  
 I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all—



O true in word, and tried in deed,  
Demanding, so to bring relief  
To this which is our common grief,  
What kind of life is that I lead ;

And whether trust in things above  
Be dimm'd of sorrow or sustain'd ;  
And whether love for him have  
drain'd

My capabilities of love ;

Your words have virtue such as draws  
A faithful answer from the breast,  
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,  
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,  
Till on mine ear this message falls,  
That in Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair  
That range above our mortal state,  
In circle round the blessed gate,  
Received and gave him welcome there ;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,  
And show'd him in the fountain  
fresh

All knowledge that the sons of flesh  
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,  
Whose life, whose thoughts were  
little worth,

To wander on a darken'd earth,  
Where all things round me breathed of  
him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,  
O heart, with kindest motion warm,  
O sacred essence, other form,  
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !

Yet none could better know than I,  
How much of act at human hands  
The sense of human will demands  
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,  
I felt and feel tho' left alone,  
His being working in mine own,  
The footsteps of his life in mine ;

A life that all the Muses deck'd  
With gifts of grace, that might  
express

All-comprehensive tenderness,  
All-subtilizing intellect :

And so my passion hath not swerved  
To works of weakness, but I find  
An image comforting the mind,  
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,  
That loved to handle spiritual strife,  
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,  
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again  
For other friends that once I met ;  
Nor can it suit me to forget  
The mighty hope that make us men.

I woo your love : I count it crime  
To mourn for any overmuch ;  
I, the divided half of such  
A friendship as had master'd Time ;

Which masters Time indeed, and is  
Eternal, separate from fears ;  
The all-assuming months and years  
Can take no part away from this :

But Summer on the steaming floods,  
And Spring that swells the narrow  
brooks,

And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,  
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave  
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,  
My old affection of the tomb,  
And my prime passion in the grave :

My old affection of the tomb,  
A part of stillness, yearns to speak :  
" Arise, and get thee forth and seek  
A friendship for the years to come.

" I watch thee from the quiet shore ;  
Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;  
But in dear words of human speech  
We two communicate no more."

And I, " Can clouds of nature stain  
The starry clearness of the free ?  
How is it ? Canst thou feel for me  
Some painless sympathy with pain ? "

And lightly does the whisper fall :  
 " 'Tis hard for thee to fathom this :  
 I triumph in conclusive bliss,  
 And that serene result of all."

So hold I commerce with the dead ;  
 Or so methinks the dead would say ;  
 Or so shall grief with symbols play,  
 And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,  
 That these things pass, and I shall  
 prove  
 A meeting somewhere, love with  
 love,

I crave your pardon, O my friend ;

If not so fresh, with love as true,  
 I, clasping brother-hands, aver  
 I could not, if I would, transfer  
 The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart  
 The promise of the golden hours ?  
 First love, first friendship, equal  
 powers,  
 That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,  
 That beats within a lonely place,  
 That yet remembers his embrace,  
 But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest  
 Quite in the love of what is gone,  
 But seeks to beat in time with one  
 That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,  
 Knowing the primrose yet is dear,  
 The primrose of the later year,  
 As not unlike to that of Spring.

## LXXXV.

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,  
 That rollest from the gorgeous  
 gloom

Of evening over brake and bloom  
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below  
 Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,  
 And shadowing down the horned  
 flood

In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
 The full new life that feeds thy  
 breath

Throughout my frame, till Doubt  
 and Death,  
 Ill brethren let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas  
 On leagues of odor streaming far,  
 To where in yonder orient star  
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

## LXXXVI.

I PAST beside the reverend walls  
 In which of old I wore the gown ;  
 I roved at random thro' the town,  
 And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes  
 The storm their high-built organs  
 make,  
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
 The prophets blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant  
 shout,  
 The measured pulse of racing oars  
 Among the willows ; paced the  
 shores

And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
 The same, but not the same ; and  
 last

Up that long walk of limes I past  
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :  
 I linger'd ; all within was noise  
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and  
 boys

That crash'd the glass and beat the  
 floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band  
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
 And labor, and the changing mart,  
 And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,  
 But send it slackly from the string ;  
 And one would pierce an outer ring  
 And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he  
 Would cleave the mark. A willing  
 ear  
 We lent him. Who, but hung to  
 hear  
 The rapt oration flowing free  
 From point to point, with power and  
 grace  
 And music in the bounds of law,  
 To those conclusions when we saw  
 The God within him light his face,  
 And seem to lift the form, and glow  
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise;  
 And over those ethereal eyes  
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

## LXXXVII.

WILD bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,  
 Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,  
 O tell me where the senses mix,  
 O tell me where the passions meet,  
 Whence radiate : fierce extremes em-  
 ploy  
 Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,  
 And in the midmost heart of grief  
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy :  
 And I—my harp would prelude woe—  
 I cannot all command the strings :  
 The glory of the sum of things  
 Will flash along the chords and go.

## LXXXVIII.

WITCH-ELMS that counterchange the  
 floor  
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and  
 bright;  
 And thou, with all thy breadth and  
 height  
 Of foliage, towering sycamore ;  
 How often, hither wandering down,  
 My Arthur found your shadows fair,  
 And shook to all the liberal air  
 The dust and din and steam of town :  
 He brought an eye for all he saw ;  
 He mixt in all our simple sports ;

They pleased him, fresh from broil-  
 ing courts  
 And dusty purlicus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,  
 Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
 To drink the cooler air, and mark  
 The landscape winking thro' the heat :

O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
 The sweep of scythe in morning  
 dew,  
 The gust that round the garden flew,  
 And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
 About him, heart and ear were fed  
 To hear him, as he lay and read  
 The Tuscan poet on the lawn :

Or in the all-golden afternoon  
 A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
 Or here she brought the harp and  
 flung  
 A ballad to the brightening moon :

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,  
 Beyond the bounding hill to stray,  
 And break the livelong summer day  
 With banquet in the distant woods ;

Whereat we glanced from theme to  
 theme,  
 Discuss'd the books to love or hate,  
 Or touch'd the changes of the state.  
 Or threaded some Socratic dream :

But if I praised the busy town,  
 He loved to rail against it still,  
 For "ground in yonder social mill,  
 We rub each other's angles down,

"And merge," he said, "in form and  
 gloss  
 The picturesque of man and man."  
 We talk'd : the stream beneath us  
 ran,

The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave ;  
 And last, returning from afar,  
 Before the crimson-circled star  
 Had fall'n into her father's grave,



And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,  
We heard behind the woodbine veil  
The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.

## LXXXIX.

HE tasted love with half his mind,  
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring  
Where nighest heaven, who first  
could fling

This bitter seed among mankind :

That could the dead, whose dying eyes  
Were closed with wail, resume their  
life,

They would but find in child and  
wife

An iron welcome when they rise :

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with  
wine,

To pledge them with a kindly tear,  
To talk them o'er, to wish them  
here,

To count their memories half divine ;

But if they came who passed away,  
Behold their brides in other hands ;  
The hard heir strides about their  
lands,

And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,  
Not less the yet-loved sire would  
make

Confusion worse than death, and  
shake

The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah dear, but come thou back to me :

Whatever change the years have  
wrought

I find not yet one lonely thought  
That cries against my wish for thee.

## XC.

WHEN rosy plumelets tuft the larch,  
And rarely pipes the mounted  
thrush ;

Or underneath the barren bush  
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March ;

Come, wear the form by which I know  
Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;  
The hope of unaccomplish'd years  
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-melioring  
change

May breathe, with many roses sweet,  
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,  
That ripple round the lonely grange ;

Come: not in watches of the night,  
But where the sunbeam broodeth  
warm,

Come, beauteous in thine after form,  
And like a finer light in light.

## XCI.

If any vision should reveal

Thy likeness, I might count it vain,  
As but the canker of the brain ;

Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast  
Together in the days behind.

I might but say, I hear a wind  
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view  
A fact within the coming year ;

And tho' the months, revolving near,  
Should prove the phantom-warning  
true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,  
But spiritual presentiments,

And such refraction of events  
As often rises ere they rise.

## XCII.

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say

No spirit ever brake the band

That stays him from the native land,  
Where first he walk'd when clasped in  
clay ?

No visual shade of some one lost,

But he, the Spirit himself, may come

Where all the nerve of sense is  
numb ;

Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range  
 With gods in un conjectured bliss,  
 O, from the distance of the abyss  
 Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear  
 The wish too strong for words to  
 name;

That in this blindness of the frame  
 My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

## XCIII.

How pure at heart and sound in head,  
 With what divine affections bold,  
 Should be the man whose thought  
 would hold  
 An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
 The spirits from their golden day,  
 Except, like them, thou too canst  
 say,  
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
 Imaginations calm and fair,  
 The memory like a cloudless air,  
 The conscience as a sea at rest

But when the heart is full of din,  
 And doubt beside the portal waits,  
 They can but listen at the gates,  
 And hear the household jar within.

## XCIV.

By night we linger'd on the lawn,  
 For underfoot the herb was dry;  
 And genial warmth; and o'er the  
 sky  
 The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn  
 Unwavering; not a cricket chirr'd:  
 The brook alone far-off was heard,  
 And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
 And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
 That haunt the dusk, with ermine  
 capes  
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that  
 peal'd  
 From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd  
 at ease,  
 The white kine glimmer'd, and the  
 trees  
 Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when these others, one by one,  
 Withdrew themselves from me and  
 night,  
 And in the house light after light  
 Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read  
 Of that glad year that once had been,  
 In those fall'n leaves which kept  
 their green,  
 The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke  
 The silent-speaking words, and  
 strange  
 Was love's dumb cry defying change  
 To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell  
 On doubts that drive the coward  
 back,  
 And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
 Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,  
 The dead man touch'd me from the  
 past,  
 And all at once it seem'd at last  
 His living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd  
 About empyreal heights of thought,  
 And came on that which is, and  
 caught  
 The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out  
 The steps of Time, the shocks of  
 Chance,  
 The blows of Death. At length my  
 trance  
 Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with  
 doubt.

Vague words ! but ah, how hard to  
frame

In matter-moulded forms of speech,  
Or ev'n for intellect to reach  
Thro' memory that which I became :

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
The knoll once more where, couch'd  
at ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the  
trees

Laid their dark arms about the field :

And suck'd from out the distant gloom,  
A breeze began to tremble o'er  
The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,  
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and  
swung

The heavy-folded rose, and flung  
The lilies to and fro, and said,

"The dawn, the dawn," and died away ;  
And East and West, without a  
breath,

Mixt their dim lights, like life and  
death,

To broaden into boundless day.

xcv.

You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue  
eyes

Are tender over drowning flies,  
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not : one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true :

Perplex'd in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.

There lives more faith in honest  
doubt,

Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd  
strength,

He would not make his judgment  
blind,

He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them ; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;  
And Power was with him in the  
night,

Which makes the darkness and the  
light,

And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
As over Sinai's peaks of old,

While Israel made their gods of gold,  
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

xcvi.

My love has talk'd with rocks and  
trees ;

He finds on misty mountain-ground  
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd ;  
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life,—  
I look'd on these, and thought of  
thee

In vastness and in mystery,  
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two—they dwelt with eye on  
eye,

Their hearts of old have beat in turn,  
Their meetings made December  
June,

Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away ;  
The days she never can forget  
Are earnest that he loves her yet,  
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart,  
He loves her yet, she will not weep  
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep  
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,  
He reads the secret of the star,  
He seems so near and yet so far,  
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind

She keeps the gift of years before,  
A wither'd violet is her bliss ;  
She knows not what his greatness is :  
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings  
Of early faith and plighted vows ;  
She knows but matters of the house,  
And he, he knows a thousand things.



Her faith is fixt and cannot move,  
 She darkly feels him great and wise,  
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes,  
 "I cannot understand : I love."

## XCVII.

You leave us : you will see the Rhine,  
 And those fair hills I sail'd below,  
 When I was there with him ; and go  
 By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,  
 That City. All her splendor seems  
 No livelier than the wisp that gleams  
 On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair  
 Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me  
 I have not seen, I will not see  
 Vienna ; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts  
 The birth, the bridal ; friend from  
 friend  
 Is oftener parted, fathers bend  
 Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey  
 By each cold hearth, and sadness  
 flings  
 Her shadow on the blaze of kings :  
 And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town  
 With statelier progress to and fro  
 The double tides of chariots flow  
 By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves ; nor more content,  
 He told me, lives in any crowd,  
 When all is gay with lamps, and  
 loud  
 With sport and song, in booth and  
 tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain ;  
 And wheels the circled dance, and  
 breaks  
 The rocket molten into flakes  
 Of crimson or in emerald rain.

## XCVIII.

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
 So loud with voices of the birds,  
 So thick with lowings of the herds,  
 Day, when I lost the flower of men ;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red  
 On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles  
 fast

By meadows breathing of the past,  
 And woodlands holy to the dead ;

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves  
 A song that slights the coming care,  
 And Autumn laying here and there  
 A fiery finger on the leaves ;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath,  
 To myriads on the genial earth,  
 Memories of bridal, or of birth,  
 And unto myriads more of death.

O, wheresoever those may be,  
 Betwixt the slumber of the poles,  
 To-day they count as kindred souls ;  
 They know me not, but mourn with  
 me.

## XCIX.

I CLIMB the hill : from end to end  
 Of all the landscape underneath,  
 I find no place that does not breathe  
 Some gracious memory of my friend ;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,  
 Or low morass and whispering reed,  
 Or simple stile from mead to mead,  
 Or sheepwalk up the windy wold ;

No hoary knoll of ash and haw  
 That hears the latest linnet trill,  
 Nor quarry trench'd along the hill,  
 And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock :  
 Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves  
 To left and right thro' meadowy  
 curves,

That feed the mothers of the flock ;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,  
 And each reflects a kindlier day ;  
 And, leaving these, to pass away,  
 I think once more he seems to die.

## C.

UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall  
 sway,  
 The tender blossom flutter down,  
 Unloved, that beech will gather  
 brown,  
 This maple burn itself away ;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,  
 Ray round with flames her disk of  
 seed,

And many a rose-carnation feed  
 With summer spice the humming air ;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,  
 The brook shall babble down the  
 plain,

At noon, or when the lesser wain  
 Is twisting round the polar star ;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,  
 And flood the haunts of hern and  
 crake ;

Or into silver arrows break  
 The sailing moon in creek and cove ;

Till from the garden and the wild  
 A fresh association blow,  
 And year by year the landscape  
 grow,

Familiar to the stranger's child ;

As year by year the laborer tills  
 His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;  
 And year by year our memory fades  
 From all the circle of the hills.

## CI.

WE leave the well-beloved place  
 Where first we gazed upon the sky ;  
 The roofs, that heard our earliest  
 cry,

Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,  
 As down the garden-walks I move,  
 Two spirits of a diverse love  
 Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, thy boyhood sung  
 Long since its matin song, and heard  
 The low love-language of the bird  
 In native hazels tassel-hung.

The other answers, "Yea, but here  
 Thy feet have strayed in after hours  
 With thy lost friend among the  
 bowers,  
 And this hath made them trebly dear."

These two have striven half the day,  
 And each prefers his separate clay,  
 Poor rivals in a losing game,  
 That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go : my feet are set  
 To leave the pleasant fields and  
 farms ;

They mix in one another's arms  
 To one pure image of regret.

## CII.

ON that last night before we went  
 From out the doors where I was  
 bred,

I dream'd a vision of the dead,  
 Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,  
 And maidens with me : distant hills  
 From hidden summits fed with rills  
 A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.  
 They sang of what is wise and good  
 And graceful. In the centre stood  
 A statue veil'd, to which they sang ;

And which tho' veil'd was known to  
 me,

The shape of him I loved, and love  
 Forever : then flew in a dove  
 And brought a summons from the sea :

And when they learnt that I must go,  
 They wept and wail'd, but led the  
 way

To where a little shallop lay  
 At anchor in the flood below ;

And on by many a level mead,  
 And shadowing bluff that made the  
 banks,

We glided winding under ranks  
 Of iris, and the golden reed ;

And still as vaster grew the shore,  
 And roll'd the floods in grander  
 space,  
 The maidens gather'd strength and  
 grace  
 And presence, lordlier than before ;

And I myself, who sat apart  
 And watch'd them, wax'd in every  
 limb ;  
 I felt the thews of Anakim,  
 The pulses of a Titan's heart ;

As one would sing the death of war,  
 And one would chant the history  
 Of that great race which is to be,  
 And one the shaping of a star ;

Until the forward-creeping tides  
 Began to foam, and we to draw,  
 From deep to deep, to where we saw  
 A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck,  
 But thrice as large as man he bent  
 To greet us. Up the side I went,  
 And fell in silence on his neck :

Whereat those maidens with one mind  
 Bewail'd their lot ; I did them wrong :  
 " We served thee here," they said,  
 " so long,  
 And wilt thou leave us now behind ? "

So rapt I was, they could not win  
 An answer from my lips, but he  
 Replying, " Enter likewise ye  
 And go with us " : they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep  
 A music out of sheet and shroud,  
 We steer'd her toward a crimson  
 cloud  
 That landlike slept along the deep.

## CIII

THE time draws near the birth of  
 Christ :  
 The moon is hid, the night is still ;  
 A single church below the hill  
 As pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,  
 That wakens at this hour of res  
 A single murmur in the breast,  
 That these are not the bells I know.

Like stranger's voices here they sound,  
 In lands where not a memory strays,  
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
 But all is new unhallow'd ground.

## CIV.

THIS holly by the cottage-eave,  
 To-night, ungather'd, shall it stand :  
 We live within the stranger's land,  
 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone  
 And silent under other snows  
 There in due time the woodbine  
 blows,  
 The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse  
 The genial hour with mask and  
 mime ;  
 For change of place, like growth of  
 time,  
 Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,  
 By which our lives are chiefly proved,  
 A little spare the night I loved,  
 And hold it solemn to the past

But let no footstep beat the floor,  
 Nor bowl nor wassil mantle warm ;  
 For who would keep an ancient form  
 Thro' which the spirit breathes no  
 more ?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast ;  
 Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be  
 blown ;  
 No dance, no motion, save alone  
 What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.  
 Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;  
 Run out your measured arcs, and  
 lead  
 The closing cycle rich in good.



## CV.

RING out wild bells to the wild sky,  
Thy flying cloud, the frosty light :  
The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more ;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife ;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times ;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful  
rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite ;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## CVI.

It is the day when he was born,  
A bitter day that early sank  
Behind a purple-frosty bank  
Of vapor, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves  
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies  
The blast of North and East, and  
ice  
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns  
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs  
Above the wood which grides and  
clangs  
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass  
To darken on the rolling brine  
That breaks the coast. But fetch  
the wine,  
Arrange the board and brim the glass ;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,  
To make a solid core of heat ;  
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat  
Of all things ev'n as he were by ;

• We keep the day. With festal cheer,  
With books and music, surely we  
Will drink to him whate'er he be,  
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

## CVII.

I WILL not shut me from my kind,  
And, lest I stiffen into stone,  
I will not eat my heart alone,  
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind :

What profit lies in barren faith,  
And vacant yearning, tho' with might  
To scale the heaven's highest height,  
Or dive below the wells of Death ?

What find I in the highest place,  
But mine own phantom chanting  
hymns ?  
And on the depths of death there  
swims  
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be  
Of sorrow under human skies :  
'Tis held that sorrow makes us  
wise,  
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

## CVIII.

HEART-AFFLUENCE in discursive talk  
From household fountains never  
dry ;  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk :

Seraphic intellect and force  
To seize and throw the doubts of  
man;

Impassion'd logic, which outran  
The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,  
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;  
And passion pure in snowy bloom  
Thro' all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt,  
Of freedom in her regal seat  
Of England; not the school-boy  
heat,  
The blind hysterics of the Celt;

And manhood fused with female grace  
In such a sort, the child would  
twine

A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,  
And find his comfort in thy face;

All these have been, and thee mine  
eyes

Have look'd on: if they look'd in  
vain,

My shame is greater who remain,  
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

## CIX.

THY converse drew us with delight,  
The men of rathe and riper years :  
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,  
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,  
The proud was half disarm'd of  
pride,

Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert  
by,

The flippant put himself to school  
And heard thee, and the brazen fool  
Was soften'd, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest, sat apart,  
And felt thy triumph was as mine ;  
And loved them more, that they  
were thine,  
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill  
But mine the love that will not tire,  
And, born of love, the vague desire  
That spurs an imitative will.

## CX.

THE churl in spirit, up or down  
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,  
To him who grasps a golden ball,  
By blood a-king, at heart a clown;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil  
His want in forms for fashion's  
sake,

Will let his coltish nature break  
At seasons thro' the gilded pale :

For who can always act? but he,  
To whom a thousand memories call,  
Not being less but more than all  
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and  
join'd

Each office of the social hour  
To noble manners, as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,  
Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
Drew in the expression of an eye,  
Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

## CXI.

HIGH wisdom holds my wisdom less,  
That I, who gaze with temperate  
eyes

On glorious insufficiencies,  
Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room  
Of all my love, art reason why  
I seem to cast a careless eye  
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou? some novel  
power

Sprang up forever at a touch,  
And hope could never hope too  
much,

In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,  
 And tracks of calm from tempest  
 made,  
 And world-wide fluctuation sway'd  
 In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

## CXII.

TIS held that sorrow makes us wise ;  
 Yet how much wisdom sleeps with  
 thee

Which not alone had guided me,  
 But served the seasons that may rise ;

For can I doubt who knew thee keen  
 In intellect, with force and skill  
 To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—  
 I doubt not what thou wouldst have  
 been :

A life in civic action warm,  
 A soul on highest mission sent,  
 A potent voice of Parliament,  
 A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,  
 Becoming, when the time has birth,  
 A lever to uplift the earth  
 And roll it in another course,

With thousand shocks that come and  
 go,  
 With agonies, with energies,  
 With overthrowings, and with cries,  
 And undulations to and fro.

## CXIII.

WHO loves not Knowledge? Who  
 shall rail  
 Against her beauty? May she mix  
 With men and prosper! Who shall  
 fix

Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire :  
 She sets her forward countenance  
 And leaps into the future chance,  
 Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,  
 She cannot fight the fear of death.  
 What is she, cut from love and  
 faith,  
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst  
 All barriers in her onward race  
 For power. Let her know her  
 place ;  
 She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,  
 If all be not in vain : and guide  
 Her footsteps, moving side by side  
 With wisdom, like the younger child :

For she is earthly of the mind,  
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.  
 O friend, who camest to thy goal  
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like  
 thee,  
 Who grewest not alone in power  
 And knowledge, but by year and  
 hour  
 In reverence and in charity.

## CXIV.

Now fades the last long streak of  
 snow,  
 Now bourgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and  
 thick  
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and  
 long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drown'd in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and  
 lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the  
 vale,  
 And milkier every milky sail  
 On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or  
 dives  
 In yonder gleaming green, and fly  
 The happy birds that change their  
 sky  
 To build and brood ; that live their  
 lives



From land to land : and in my breast  
 Spring wakens too ; and my regret  
 Becomes an April violet,  
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

## CXV.

Is it, then, regret for buried time  
 That keener in sweet April wakes,  
 And meets the year, and gives and  
 takes

The colors of the crescent prime ?

Not all ; the songs, the stirring air,  
 The life re-orient out of dust,  
 Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust  
 In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret : the face will shine  
 Upon me, while I muse alone ;  
 And that dear voice I once have  
 known

Still speak to me of me and mine :

Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
 For days of happy commune dead ;  
 Less yearning for the friendship fled,  
 Than some strong bond which is to be.

## CXVI.

O DAYS and hours, your work is this,  
 To hold me from my proper place,  
 A little while from his embrace,  
 For fuller gain of after bliss ;

That out of distance might ensue  
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet ;  
 And unto meeting when we meet,  
 Delight a hundred-fold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,  
 And every span of shade that steals,  
 And every kiss of toothed wheels,  
 And all the courses of the suns.

## CXVII.

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,  
 The giant laboring in his youth ;  
 Nor dream of human love and truth,  
 As dying Nature's earth and lime ;

But trust that those we call the dead  
 Are breathers of an ampler day,

Forever nobler ends. They say,  
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,  
 And grew to seeming-random forms,  
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms  
 Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime  
 to clime

The herald of a higher race,  
 And of himself in higher place  
 If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more ;  
 Or, crown'd with attributes of woe  
 Like glories, move his course, and  
 show

That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,  
 And heated hot with burning fears,  
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly  
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;  
 Move upward, working out the beast,  
 And let the ape and tiger die.

## CXVIII.

DOORS, where my heart was used to  
 beat

So quickly, not as one that weeps  
 I come once more ; the city sleeps :  
 I smell the meadow in the street ;

I hear a chirp of birds ; I see  
 Betwixt the black fronts long with-  
 drawn

A light-blue lane of early dawn,  
 And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,  
 And bright the friendship of thine  
 eye :

And in my thoughts with scarce a  
 sigh

I take the pressure of thine hand

## CXIX.

I TRUST I have not wasted breath ;  
 I think we are not wholly brain,  
 Magnetic mockeries ; not in vain,  
 Like Paul with beasts, I fought with  
 Death.

Not only cunning casts in clay :  
 Let Science prove we are, and then  
 What matters Science unto men,  
 At least to me ? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs  
 Hereafter, up from childhood-shape  
 His action, like the greater ape,  
 But I was born to other things.

## CXX.

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun,  
 And ready, thou, to die with him  
 Thou watchest all things ever dim  
 And dimmer, and a glory done :

The team is loosen'd from the wain,  
 The boat is drawn upon the shore ;  
 Thou listenest to the closing door,  
 And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,  
 By thee the world's great work is  
 heard

Beginning, and the wakeful bird :  
 Behind thee comes the greater light :

The market boat is on the stream,  
 And voices hail it from the brink ;  
 Thou hear'st the village hammer  
 clink,

And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name  
 For what is one, the first, the last,  
 Thou, like my present and my past,  
 Thy place is changed ; thou art the  
 same.

## CXXI.

O, WAST thou with me, dearest, then,  
 While I rose up against my doom,  
 And yearn'd to burst the folded  
 gloom  
 fo bare the eternal Heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,  
 The strong imagination roll  
 A sphere of stars about my soul,  
 In all her motion one with law.

If thou wert with me, and the grave  
 Divide us not, be with me now,  
 And enter in at breast and brow,  
 Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quickened with a livelier breath,  
 And live an inconsiderate boy,  
 As 'in the former flash of joy,  
 I slip the thoughts of life and death :

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,  
 And every dew-drop paints a bow,  
 The wizard lightnings deeply glow,  
 And every thought breaks out a rose.

## CXXII

THERE rolls the deep where grew the  
 tree.

O earth, what changes thou hast  
 seen !

There where the long street roars,  
 hath been

The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
 From form to form, and nothing  
 stands ;

They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
 Like clouds they shape themselves and  
 go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
 And dream my dream, and hold it  
 true ;

For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

## CXXIII

THAT which we dare invoke to bless :  
 Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest  
 doubt ;

He, They, One, All ; within, with-  
 out ;

The Power in darkness whom we  
 guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye :  
Nor thro' the questions men may  
try,  
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

If e'er, when faith had fall'n asleep,  
I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That tumbled in the Godless deep :

A warmth within the breast would  
melt  
The freezing reasons' colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answer'd, "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear :  
But that blind clamor made me  
wise ;

Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again  
What is, and no man understands ;  
And out of darkness came the hands  
That reach thro' nature, moulding  
men.

## CXXIV.

WHATEVER I have said or sung,  
Some bitter notes my harp would  
give,  
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live  
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth :  
She did but look thro' dimmer  
eyes ;  
Or Love but play'd with gracious  
lies

Because he felt so fix'd in truth :

And if the song were full of care,  
He breathed the spirit of the song ;  
And if the words were sweet and  
strong,

He set his royal signet there ;

Abiding with me till I sail  
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,  
And this electric force, that keeps  
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

## CXXV.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,  
And in his presence I attend  
To hear the tidings of my friend,  
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,  
And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
Within his court on earth, and sleep  
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel  
Who moves about from place to  
place,  
And whispers to the worlds of space,  
In the deep night, that all is well.

## CXXVI.

AND all is well, tho' faith and form  
Be sunder'd in the night of fear :  
Well roars the storm to those that  
hear  
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,  
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again  
The red fool-fury of the Seine  
Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,  
And him, the lazar, in his rags :  
They tremble, the sustaining crags ;  
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood ;  
The fortress crashes from on high,  
The brute earth lightens to the sky,  
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell ;  
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,  
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,  
And smilest, knowing all is well.

## CXXVII.

THE love that rose on stronger wings,  
Unpalsied when we met with Death,  
Is comrade of the lesser faith  
That sees the course of human things.



No doubt vast eddies in the flood  
Of onward time shall yet be made,  
And throned races may degrade :  
Yet, O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and  
Fear,  
If all your office had to do  
With old results that look like new ;  
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,  
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,  
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,  
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,  
To cramp the student at his desk,  
To make old bareness picturesque  
And tuft with grass a feudal tower ;

Why then my scorn might well descend  
On you and yours. I see in part  
That all, as in some piece of art,  
Is toil coöperant to an end.

## CXXVIII.

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,  
So far, so near in woe and weal ;  
O loved the most, when most I feel  
There is a lower and a higher ;

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;  
Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not  
die,  
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine ;

Strange friend, past, present, and to  
be ;  
Love deeper, darker understood ;  
Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee.

## CXXIX.

THY voice is on the rolling air ;  
I hear thee where the waters run ;  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;  
But tho' I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee some diffusive power,  
I do not therefore love thee less :

My love involves the love before ;  
My love is vaster passion now ;  
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature  
thou,  
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;  
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;  
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

## ✓ CXXX.

O LIVING will that shalt endure  
When all that seems shall suffer  
shock,  
Rise in the spiritual rock,  
Flow thro' our deeds and make them  
pure,

That we may lift from out of dust  
A voice as unto him that hears,  
A cry above the conquer'd years  
To one that with us works, and trusts

With faith that comes of self-contror,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,  
Demand not thou a marriage lay ;  
In that it is thy marriage day  
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss  
Since first he told me that he loved  
A daughter of our house ; nor proved  
Since that dark day a day like this ;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er  
Some thrice three years : they went  
and came,  
Remade the blood and changed the  
frame,  
And yet is love not less, but more ;

No longer caring to embalm  
 In dying songs a dead regret,  
 But like a statue solid-set,  
 And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more  
 Than in the summers that are flown,  
 For I myself with these have grown  
 To something greater than before ;

Which makes appear the songs I made  
 As echoes out of weaker times,  
 As half but idle brawling rhymes,  
 The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,  
 That must be made a wife ere noon ?  
 She enters, glowing like the moon  
 Of Eden on its bridal bower :

On me she bends her blissful eyes,  
 And then on thee ; they meet thy  
 look  
 And brighten like the star that shook  
 Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,  
 He too foretold the perfect rose. \*  
 For thee she grew, for thee she  
 grows  
 Forever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy ; full of power ;  
 As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,  
 Consistent ; wearing all that weight  
 Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out : the moon is near,  
 And I must give away the bride ;  
 She fears not, or with thee beside  
 And me behind her, will not fear :

For I that danced her on my knee,  
 That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,  
 That shielded all her life from harm,  
 At last must part with her to thee ;

Now waiting to be made a wife,  
 Her feet, my darling, on the dead ;  
 Their pensive tablets round her  
 head,  
 And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,  
 The "wilt thou," answer'd, and  
 again  
 The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of  
 twain  
 Her sweet "I will" has made ye one.

Now sign your names, which shall be  
 read,  
 Mute symbols of a joyful morn,  
 By village eyes as yet unborn ;  
 The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells  
 The joy to every wandering breeze ;  
 The blind wall rocks, and on the  
 trees  
 The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours  
 Await them. Many a merry face  
 Salutes them—maidens of the place,  
 That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride  
 With him to whom her hand I gave.  
 They leave the porch, they pass the  
 grave  
 That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,  
 For them the light of life increased,  
 Who stay to share the morning feast,  
 Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance  
 To meet and greet a whiter sun ;  
 My drooping memory will not shun  
 The foaming grape of Eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,  
 And hearts are warm'd, and faces  
 bloom,  
 As drinking health to bride and  
 groom  
 We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I  
 Conjecture of a stiller guest,  
 Perchance, perchance, among the  
 rest,  
 And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,  
 And those white-favor'd horses wait;  
 They rise, but linger; it is late;  
 Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark  
 From little cloudlets on the grass,  
 But sweeps away as out we pass  
 To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,  
 And talk of others that are wed,  
 And how she look'd, and what she  
 said,  
 And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech the glee,  
 The shade of passing thought, the  
 wealth  
 Of words and wit, the double health,  
 The crowning cup, the three-times-  
 three,

And last the dance;—till I retire:  
 Dumb is that tower which spake so  
 loud,  
 And high in heaven the streaming  
 cloud,

And on the downs a rising fire;  
 And rise, O moon, from yonder down,  
 Till over down and over dale  
 All night the shining vapor sail  
 And pass the silent-lighted town,  
 The white-faced halls, the glancing  
 rills,

And catch at every mountain head,  
 And o'er the friths that branch and  
 spread  
 Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,  
 With tender gloom the roof, the  
 wall;  
 And breaking let the splendor fall  
 To spangle all the happy shores—

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,  
 And, star and system rolling past,  
 A soul shall draw from out the vast  
 And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,  
 Result in man. be born and think,  
 And act and love, a closer link  
 Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look  
 On knowledge; under whose com-  
 mand  
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their  
 hand  
 Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,  
 For all we thought and loved and  
 did,  
 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed  
 Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod  
 This planet, was a noble type  
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,  
 That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,  
 One God, one law, one element,  
 And one far-off divine event,  
 To which the whole creation moves.



## MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS.

### MAUD.

#### I.

##### 1.

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,  
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heat  
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,  
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

##### 2.

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,  
His who had given me life—O father! O God! was it well?—  
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dented into the ground  
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

##### 3.

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had far  
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair,  
And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd,  
And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.

##### 4.

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd  
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright,  
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard  
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night.

##### 5.

Villany somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all.  
Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintain'd:  
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,  
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.

##### 6.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,  
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;  
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse  
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

## 7.

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,  
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?  
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind  
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

## 8.

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print  
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;  
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,  
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

## 9.

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,  
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,  
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;  
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

## 10.

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,  
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

## 11.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villanous centre-bits  
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,  
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps; as he sits  
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

## 12.

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,  
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,  
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea,  
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

## 13.

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,  
That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.—

## 14.

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood?  
Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die  
Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore to brood  
On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?

## 15.

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there was *love* in the passionate shriek,  
 Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave—  
 Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak  
 And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to rave.

## 16.

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main.  
 Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here?  
 O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain,  
 Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear?

## 17.

There are workmen up at the Hall: they are coming back from abroad;  
 The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire:  
 I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud;  
 I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair.

## 18.

Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,  
 Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,  
 Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,  
 Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all,—

## 19.

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse.  
 No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone.  
 Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse.  
 I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil may pipe to his own.

## II.

LONG have I sigh'd for a calm: God grant I may find it at last!  
 It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither savor nor salt,  
 But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage past,  
 Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault?  
 All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)  
 Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,  
 Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been  
 For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,  
 Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,  
 Or the least delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,  
 From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen.

## III.

COLD and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,  
 Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drown'd,  
 Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek,  
 Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound;



Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong  
 Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before  
 Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,  
 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long  
 Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more,  
 But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground,  
 Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar,  
 Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave,  
 Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found  
 The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave.

## IV.

## I.

A MILLION emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime  
 In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be  
 Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,  
 When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,  
 Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,  
 The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?

## 2.

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!  
 And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite;  
 And Jack on his alehouse bench has as many lies as a Czar;  
 And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall;  
 And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like a light;  
 But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star!

## 3.

When have I bow'd to her father the wrinkled head of the race?  
 I met her to-day with her brother but no to her brother I bow'd;  
 I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the moor;  
 But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face.  
 O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud;  
 Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am nameless and poor.

## 4.

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander and steal;  
 I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a stoic, or like  
 A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its way:  
 For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;  
 The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike  
 And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey.

## 5

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower,  
 Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game  
 That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?  
 Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour;  
 We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;  
 However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

6.

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,  
For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,  
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race.  
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,  
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:  
He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?

7.

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,  
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor;  
The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice.  
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain;  
For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more  
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice.

8.

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.  
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?  
Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide.  
Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?  
Or an infant civilization be ruled with rod or with knout?  
I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

9.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,  
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,  
Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub of lies;  
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise,  
Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,  
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

10

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,  
The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill.  
Ah Maud, you milkwhite fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife.  
Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above;  
Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will;  
You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life.

V.

I.

A VOICE by the cedar-tree,  
In the meadow under the Hall!  
She is singing an air that is known to  
me,

A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
A martial song like a trumpet's call!  
Singing alone in the morning of life,

In the happy morning of life and of May  
Singing of men that in battle array,  
Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
March with banner and bugle and fife  
To the death, for their native land.

2.

Maud with her exquisite face,  
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny  
sky,

And feet like sunny gems on an Eng-  
lish green,  
Maud in the light of her youth and her  
grace,  
Singing of Death, and of Honor that  
cannot die,  
Till I well could weep for a time so  
sordid and mean,  
And myself so languid and base.

## 3.

Silence, beautiful voice !  
Be still, for you only trouble the mind  
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,  
A glory I shall not find.  
Still ! I will hear you no more,  
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a  
choice

But to move to the meadow and fall  
before  
Her feet on the meadow grass, and  
adore,  
Not her, who is neither courtly nor  
kind,  
Not her, not her, but a voice.

## VI.

## 1.

MORNING arises stormy and pale,  
No sun, but a wannish glare  
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,  
And the budded peaks of the wood  
are bow'd  
Caught and cuff'd by the gale :  
I had fancied it would be fair.

## 2.

Whom but Maud should I meet  
Last night, when the sunset burn'd  
On the blossom'd gable-ends  
At the head of the village street,  
Whom but Maud should I meet ?  
And she touch'd my hand with a smile  
so sweet  
She made me divine amends  
For a courtesy not return'd.

## 3.

And thus a delicate spark  
Of glowing and growing light

Thro' the livelong hours of the dark  
Kept itself warm in the heart of my  
dreams,  
Ready to burst in a color'd flame :  
Till at last, when the morning came  
In a cloud, it faded, and seems  
But an ashen-gray delight.

## 4.

What if with her sunny hair,  
And smile as sunny as cold,  
She meant to weave me a snare  
Of some coquettish deceit,  
Cleopatra-like as of old  
To entangle me when we met,  
To have her lion roll in a silken net,  
And fawn at a victor's feet.

## 5.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty  
Should Nature keep me alive,  
If I find the world so bitter  
When I am but twenty-five ?  
Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile were all that I dream'd  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet.

## 6.

What if tho' her eye seem'd full  
Of a kind intent to me,  
What if that dandy despot, he,  
That jewell'd mass of millinery,  
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull  
Smelling of musk and of insolence,  
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,  
Who wants the finer politic sense  
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,  
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn,—  
What if he had told her yesternorn  
How prettily for his own sweet sake  
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,  
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,  
That so, when the rotten hustings  
shake  
In another month to his brazen lies,  
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

## 7.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,  
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and  
ward,



Or thou wilt prove their tool.  
Yea too, myself from myself I guard,  
For often a man's own angry pride  
Is cap and bells for a fool.

8.

Perhaps the smile and tender tone  
Came out of her pitying womanhood,  
For am I not, am I not, here alone  
So many a summer since she died,  
My mother, who was so gentle and  
good?

Living alone in an empty house,  
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,  
Where I hear the dead at midday  
moan,  
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot  
mouse,  
And my own sad name in corners  
cried,  
When the shiver of dancing leaves is  
thrown  
About its echoing chambers wide,  
Till a morbid hate and horror have  
grown  
Of a world in which I have hardly  
mixt,  
And a morbid eating lichen fixt  
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

9.

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and  
caught  
By that you swore to withstand?  
For what was it else within me  
wrought  
But, I fear, the new strong wine of  
love,  
That made my tongue so stammer and  
trip  
When I saw the treasured splendor,  
her hand,  
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,  
And the sunlight broke from her lip;

10.

I have play'd with her when a child:  
She remembers it now we meet.  
Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled  
By some coquettish deceit.

Yet, if she were not a cheat,  
If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
And her smile had all that I dream'd  
Then the world were not so bitter  
But a smile could make it sweet.

VII.

1.

DID I hear it half in a doze  
Long since, I know not where?  
Did I dream it an hour ago,  
When asleep in this arm-chair?

2.

Men were drinking together,  
Drinking and talking of me;  
"Well, if it prove a girl, the boy  
Will have plenty; so let it be."

3.

Is it an echo of something  
Read with a boy's delight,  
Viziers nodding together  
In some Arabian night?

4.

Strange, that I hear two men,  
Somewhere talking of me;  
"Well, if it prove a girl, my boy  
Will have plenty: so let it be."

VIII.

SHE came to the village church,  
And sat by a pillar alone;  
An angel watching an urn  
Wept over her, carved in stone;  
And once, but once, she lifted her  
eyes,  
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely  
blush'd  
To find they were met by my own;  
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat  
stronger  
And thicker, until I heard no longer  
The snowy-banded, dilettante,  
Delicate-handed priest intone;  
And thought, is it pride, and mused  
and sigh'd  
"No surely, now it cannot be pride."

## IX.

I WAS walking a mile,  
 More than a mile from the shore,  
 The sun look'd out with a smile  
 Betwixt the cloud and the moor,  
 And riding at set of day  
 Over the dark moor land,  
 Rapidly riding far away,  
 She waved to me with her hand.  
 There were two at her side,  
 Something flash'd in the sun,  
 Down by the hill I saw them ride,  
 In a moment they were gone :  
 Like a sudden spark  
 Struck vainly in the night,  
 And back returns the dark  
 With no more hope of light.

## X.

## I.

SICK, am I sick of a jealous dread ?  
 Was not one of the two at her side  
 This new-made lord, whose splendor  
 plucks  
 The slavish hat from the villager's  
 head ?  
 Whose old grandfather has lately died,  
 Gone to a blacker pit, for whom  
 Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks  
 And laying his trams in a poison'd  
 gloom [mine  
 Wrought till he crept from a gutted  
 Master of half a servile shire,  
 And left his coal all turn'd into gold  
 To a grandson, first of his noble line,  
 Rich in the grace all women desire,  
 Strong in the power that all men  
 adore,  
 And simpler and set their voices lower,  
 And soften as if to a girl, and hold  
 Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,  
 Seeing his gew-gaw castle shine,  
 New as his title, built last year,  
 There amid perky larches and pine,  
 And over the sullen-purple moor  
 (Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

## 2.

What, has he found my jewel out ?  
 For one of the two that rode at her  
 side

Bound for the Hall, I am sure was  
 he :

Bound for the Hall, and I think for a  
 bride.

Blithe would her brother's acceptance  
 be.

Maud could be gracious too, no doubt,  
 To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,  
 A bought commission, a waxen face,  
 A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—  
 Bought? what is it he cannot buy?

And therefore splenetic, personal,  
 base,

A wounded thing with a rancorous  
 cry,

At war with myself and a wretched  
 race,

Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I.

## 3.

Last week came one to the county  
 town,

To preach our poor little army down,  
 And play the game of the despot  
 kings,

Tho' the state has done it and thrice  
 as well :

This broad-brim'd hawker of holy  
 things,

Whose ear is stuff'd with his cotton,  
 and rings

Even in dreams to the chink of his  
 pence,

This huckster put down war! can he  
 tell

Whether war be a cause or a conse-  
 quence?

Put down the passions that make earth  
 Hell!

Down with ambition, avarice, pride,  
 Jealousy, down! cut off from the  
 mind

The bitter springs of anger and fear;  
 Down too, down at your own fire-  
 side, [ear,

With the evil tongue and the evil  
 For each is at war with mankind.

## 4

I wish I could hear again  
 The chivalrous battle-song

That she warbled alone in her joy!  
I might persuade myself then  
She would not do herself this great  
wrong  
To take a wanton, dissolute boy  
For a man and leader of men.

5.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head,  
hand,  
Like some of the simple great ones  
gone  
Forever and ever by,  
One still strong man in a blatant land,  
Whatever they call him, what care I,  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat,—one  
Who can rule and dare not lie.

6.

And ah for a man to rise in me,  
That the man I am may cease to be!

XI.

I.

O LET the solid ground  
Not fail beneath my feet  
Before my life has found  
What some have found so sweet;  
Then let come what come may,  
What matter if I go mad,  
I shall have had my day.

2.

Let the sweet heavens endure,  
Not close and darken above me  
Before I am quite quite sure  
That there is one to love me;  
Then let come what come may  
To a life that has been so sad,  
I shall have had my day.

XII.

I.

BIRDS in the high Hall-garden  
When twilight was falling,  
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,  
They were crying and calling.

2.

Where was Maud? in our wood;  
And I, who else, was with her,

Gathering woodland lilies,  
Myraids blow together.

3.

Birds in our woods sang  
Ringing thro' the valleys.  
Maud is here, here, here  
In among the lilies.

4.

I kiss'd her slender hand,  
She took the kiss sedately;  
Maud is not seventeen,  
But she is tall and stately.

5.

I to cry out on pride  
Who have won her favor!  
O Maud were sure of Heaven  
If lowliness could save her.

6.

I know the way she went  
Home with her maiden posy,  
For her feet have touch'd the mea-  
dows  
And left the daisies rosy.

7.

Birds in the high Hall-garden  
Were crying and calling to her,  
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,  
One is come to woo her.

8.

Look, a horse at the door,  
And little King Charles is snarling,  
Go back, my lord, across the moor,  
You are not her darling.

XIII.

I.

SCORN'D, to be scorn'd by one that I  
scorn,  
Is that a matter to make me fret?  
That a calamity hard to be borne?  
Well, he may live to hate me yet.  
Fool that I am to be vexed with his  
pride!  
I past him, I was crossing his lands;  
He stood on the path a little aside;  
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,



Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and  
white,  
And six feet two, as I think, he stands ;  
But his essence turn'd the live air sick,  
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick  
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his  
hands.

## 2.

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,  
I long'd so heartily then and there  
To give him the grasp of fellowship;  
But while I past he was humming an  
air,  
Stopt, and then with a riding whip  
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,  
And curving a contumelious lip,  
Gorgonized me from head to foot  
With a stony British stare.

## 3.

Why sits he here in his father's chair ?  
That old man never comes to his  
place :  
Shall I believe him ashamed to be  
seen ?  
For only once, in the village street,  
Last year, I caught a glimpse of his  
face,  
A gray old wolf and a lean.  
Scarcely, now, would I call him a  
cheat ;  
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,  
She might by a true descent be untrue;  
And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet;  
Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due  
To the sweeter blood by the other  
side ;  
Her mother has been a thing complete,  
However she came to be so allied.  
And fair without, faithful within,  
Maud to him is nothing akin :  
Some peculiar mystic grace  
Made her only the child of her mother,  
And heap'd the whole inherited sin  
On that huge scapegoat of the race,  
All, all upon the brother.

## 4.

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be !  
Has not his sister smiled on me ?

## XIV.

## I.

MAUD has a garden of roses  
And lilies fair on a lawn ;  
There she walks in her state  
And tends upon bed and bower  
And thither I climb'd at dawn  
And stood by her garden gate ;  
A lion ramps, at the top,  
He is claspt by a passion flower.

## 2.

Maud's own little oak-room  
(Which Maud, like a precious stone  
Set in the heart of the carven gloom,  
Lights with herself, when alone  
She sits by her music and books,  
And her brother lingers late  
With a roistering company) looks  
Upon Maud's own garden gate :  
And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as  
white  
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid  
On the hasp of the window, and my  
Delight  
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious  
ghost, to glide,  
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven,  
down to my side,  
There were but a step to be made.

## 3.

The fancy flatter'd my mind,  
And again seem'd overbold ;  
Now I thought that she cared for me,  
Now I thought she was kind  
Only because she was cold.

## 4.

I heard no sound where I stood  
But the rivulet on from the lawn  
Running down to my own dark wood ;  
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it  
swell'd  
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn ;  
But I look'd, and round, all round the  
house I beheld  
The death-white curtain drawn ;  
Felt a horror over me creep,  
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,

Knew that the death-white curtain  
meant but sleep,  
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool  
of the sleep of death.

## XV.

So dark a mind within me dwells,  
And I make myself such evil cheer,  
That if I be dear to some one else,  
Then some one else may have much  
to fear ;  
But if I be dear to some one else,  
Then I should be to myself more  
dear.  
Shall I not take care of all that I think,  
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,  
If I be dear.  
If I be dear to some one else ?

## XVI.

## I.

THIS lump of earth has left his estate  
The lighter by the loss of his weight ;  
And so that he find what he went to  
seek,  
And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and  
drown  
His heart in the gross mud-honey of  
town,  
He may stay for a year who has gone  
for a week ;  
But this is the day when I must speak,  
And I see my Oread coming down,  
O this is the day !  
O beautiful creature, what am I  
That I dare to look her way ;  
Think I may hold dominion sweet,  
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her  
breast,  
And dream of her beauty with tender  
dread,  
From the delicate Arab arch of her  
feet  
To the grace that, bright and light as  
the crest  
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,  
And she knows it not : O, if she knew  
it,  
To know her beauty might half undo it,

I know it the one bright thing to save  
My yet young life in the wilds of Time,  
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from  
crime,  
Perhaps from a selfish grave.

## 2.

What, if she were fasten'd to this fool  
lord,  
Dare I bid her abide by her word ?  
Should I love her so well if she  
Had given her word to a thing so low ?  
Shall I love her as well as if she  
Can break her word were it even for  
me ?  
I trust that it is not so.

## 3.

Catch not my breath, O clamorous  
heart,  
Let not my tongue be a thrall to my  
eye,  
For I must tell her before we part,  
I must tell her, or die.

## XVII.

Go not, happy day,  
From the shining fields,  
Go not, happy day,  
Till the maiden yields.  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.  
When the happy Yes  
Falters from her lips,  
Pass and blush the news  
O'er the blowing ships,  
Over blowing seas,  
Over seas at rest,  
Pass the happy news,  
Blush it thro' the West,  
Till the red man dance  
By his red cedar-tree,  
And the red man's babe  
Leap, beyond the sea.  
Blush from West to East,  
Blush from East to West,  
Till the West is East,

Blush it thro' the West.  
 Rosy is the West,  
 Rosy is the South,  
 Roses are her cheeks,  
 And a rose her mouth.

## XVIII.

## I.

I HAVE led her home, my love, my  
 only friend.  
 There is none like her, none,  
 And never yet so warmly ran my  
 blood  
 And sweetly, on and on  
 Calming itself to the long-wish'd for  
 end,  
 Full to the banks, close on the prom-  
 ised good.

## 2.

None like her, none  
 Just now the dry-tongued laurel's pat-  
 tering talk  
 Seem'd her light foot along the garden  
 walk,  
 And shook my heart to think she  
 comes once more ;  
 But even then I heard her close the  
 door,  
 The gates of Heaven are closed, and  
 she is gone.

## 3.

There is none like her, none.  
 Nor will be when our summers have  
 deceased.  
 O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
 In the long breeze that streams to thy  
 delicious East,  
 Sighing for Lebanon,  
 Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here  
 increased,  
 Upon a pastoral slope as fair,  
 And looking to the South, and fed  
 With honey'd rain and delicate air,  
 And haunted by the starry head  
 Of her whose gentle will has changed  
 my fate,  
 And made my life a perfumed altar-  
 flame ;

And over whom thy darkness must  
 have spread  
 With such delight as theirs of old, thy  
 great  
 Forefathers of the thornless garden,  
 there  
 Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from  
 whom she came.

## 4.

Here will I lie, while these long  
 branches sway,  
 And you fair stars that crown a happy  
 day  
 Go in and out as, if at merry play,  
 Who am no more so all forlorn,  
 As when it seem'd far better to be  
 born  
 To labor and the mattock-harden'd  
 hand,  
 Than nursed its ease and brought to  
 understand  
 A sad astrology, the boundless plan  
 That makes you tyrants in your iron  
 skies,  
 Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,  
 Cold fires, yet with power to burn and  
 brand  
 His nothingness into man.

## 5.

But now shine on, and what care I,  
 Who in this stormy gulf have found a  
 pearl  
 The countercharm of space and hollow  
 sky,  
 And do accept my madness and would  
 die  
 To save from some slight shame one  
 simple girl.

## 6.

Would die ; for sullen seeming Death  
 may give  
 More life to Love than is or ever was  
 In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet  
 to live,  
 Let no one ask me how it came to  
 pass ;  
 It seems that I am happy, that to me



A livelier emerald twinkles in the  
grass,  
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

7.

Not die; but live a life of truest  
breath,  
And teach true life to fight with mortal  
wrongs.  
O, why should Love, like men in  
drinking-songs,  
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of  
death?  
Make answer, Maud my bliss.  
Maud made my Maud by that long  
lover's kiss,  
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer  
this?  
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven  
here  
With dear Love's tie, makes Love  
himself more dear."

8.

Is that enchanted moan only the  
swell  
Of the long waves that roll in yonder  
bay?  
And hark the clock within, the silver  
knell  
Of twelve sweet hours that past in  
bridal white,  
And died to live, long as my pulses  
play;  
But now by this my love has closed  
her sight  
And given false death her hand, and  
stol'n away  
To dreamful wastes where footless  
fancies dwell  
Among the fragments of the golden  
day.  
May nothing there her maiden grace  
affright!  
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy  
spell.  
My bride to be, my evermore delight,  
My own heart's heart and ownest own  
farewell;  
It is but for a little space I go

And ye meanwhile far over moor and  
fell  
Beat to the noiseless music of the  
night!  
Has our whole earth gone nearer to  
the glow  
Of your soft splendors that you look so  
bright?  
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely  
Hell.  
Beat, happy stars, timing with things  
below,  
Beat with my heart more blest than  
heart can tell,  
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent  
woe  
That seems to draw—but it shall not  
be so:  
Let all be well, be well.

XIX.

I.

HER brother is coming back to-night,  
Breaking up my dream of delight.

2.

My dream? do I dream of bliss?  
I have walk'd awake with Truth  
O when did a morning shine  
So rich in atonement as this  
For my dark-dawning youth,  
Darken'd watching a mother decline  
And that dead man at her heart and  
mine:  
For who was left to watch her but I?  
Yet so did I let my freshness die.

3.

I trust that I did not talk  
To gentle Maud in our walk  
(For often in lonely wanderings  
I have cursed him even to lifeless  
things)  
But I trust that I did not talk,  
Not touch on her father's sin:  
I am sure I did but speak  
Of my mother's faded cheek  
When it slowly grew so thin,  
That I felt she was slowly dying

Vext with lawyers and harass'd with  
debt:

For how often I caught her with eyes  
all wet,

Shaking her head at her son and  
sighing

A world of trouble within!

## 4.

And Maud too, Maud was moved  
To speak of the mother she loved  
As one scarce less forlorn,  
Dying abroad and it seems apart  
From him who had ceased to share her  
heart,

And ever mourning over the feud,  
The household Fury sprinkled with  
blood

By which our houses are torn;  
How strange was what she said,  
When only Maud and the brother  
Hung over her dying bed,—  
That Maud's dark father and mine  
Had bound us one to the other,  
Betrothed us over their wine  
On the day when Maud was born;  
Seal'd her mine from her first sweet  
breath.

Mine, mine by a right, from birth till  
death,

Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn.

## 5.

But the true blood spilt had in it a  
heat

To dissolve the precious seal on a  
bond,

That, if left uncancell'd, had been so  
sweet:

And none of us thought of a something  
beyond,

A desire that awoke in the heart of the  
child,

As it were a duty done to the tomb,  
To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled;

And I was cursing them and my  
doom,

And letting a dangerous thought run  
wild

While often abroad in the fragrant  
gloom

Of foreign churches,—I see her there,  
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer  
To be friends, to be reconciled!

## 6.

But then what a flint is he!

Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,  
I find whenever she touch'd on me  
This brother had laugh'd her down,  
And at last, when each came home,  
He had darken'd into a frown,  
Chid her, and forbid her to speak  
To me, her friend of the years before;  
And this was what had reddened her  
cheek,

When I bow'd to her on the moor.

## 7.

Yet Maud, altho' not blind  
To the faults of his heart and mind,  
I see she cannot but love him,  
And says he is rough but kind,  
And wishes me to approve him,  
And tells me, when she lay  
Sick once, with a fear of worse,  
That he left his wine and horses and  
play,  
Sat with her, read to her, night and  
day,

And tended her like a nurse.

## 8.

Kind? but the death-bed desire  
Spurn'd by this heir of the liar—  
Rough but kind? yet I know  
He has plotted against me in this,  
That he plots against me still.  
Kind to Maud? that were not amiss,  
Well, rough but kind; why, let it be  
so:

For shall not Maud have her will?

## 9.

For, Maud, so tender and true,  
As long as my life endures  
I feel I shall owe you a debt,  
That I never can hope to pay;

And if ever I should forget  
That I owe this debt to you  
And for your sweet sake to yours ;  
O then, what then shall I say ?—  
If ever I *should* forget,  
May God make me more wretched  
Than ever I have been yet!

10.

So now I have sworn to bury  
All this dead body of hate,  
I feel so free and so clear  
By the loss of that dead weight,  
That I should grow light-headed, I  
fear,  
Fantastically merry ;  
But that her brother comes, like a  
blight  
On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-  
night.

XX.

I.

STRANGE, that I felt so gay,  
Strange, that I tried to-day  
To beguile her melancholy ;  
The Sultan, as we name him,  
She did not wish to blame him—  
But he vexed her and perplexed her  
With his worldly talk and folly :  
Was it gentle to reprove her  
For stealing out of view  
From a little lazy lover  
Who but claims her as his due ?  
Or for chilling his caresses,  
By the coldness of her manners,  
Nay, the plainness of her dresses ?  
Now I know her but in two,  
Nor can pronounce upon it  
If one should ask me whether  
The habit, hat, and feather,  
Or the frock and gypsy bonnet  
Be the neater and completer ;  
For nothing can be sweeter  
Than maiden Maud in either.

2.

But to-morrow, if we live,  
Our ponderous squire will give

A grand political dinner  
To half the squirelings near ;  
And Maud will wear her jewels,  
And the bird of prey will hover,  
And the titmouse hope to win her  
With his chirrup at her ear.

.3.

A grand political dinner  
To the men of many acres,  
A gathering of the Tory,  
A dinner and then a dance  
For the maids and marriage-makers,  
And every eye but mine will glance  
At Maud in all her glory.

4.

For I am not invited,  
But, with the Sultan's pardon,  
I am all as well delighted,  
For I know her own rose-garden,  
And mean to linger in it  
Till the dancing will be over ;  
And then, O then, come out to me  
For a minute, but for a minute,  
Come out to your own true lover,  
That your true lover may see  
Your glory also, and render  
All homage to his own darling,  
Queen Maud in all her splendor.

XXI.

RIVULET crossing my ground,  
And bringing me down from the Hall  
This garden-rose that I found,  
Forgetful of Maud and me,  
And lost in trouble and moving round  
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,  
And trying to pass to the sea ;  
O Rivulet, born at the Hall,  
My Maud has sent it by thee  
(If I read her sweet will right)  
On a blushing mission to me,  
Saying in odor and color, " Ah, be  
Among the roses to-night."

XXII.

I.

COME into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown,



Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone ;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted  
abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

## 2.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she  
loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she  
loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

## 3.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon ;  
All night has the casement jessamine  
stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune ;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

## 4.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone ?  
She is weary of dance and play."  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day ;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

## 5.

I said to the rose, "The brief night  
goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are  
those,  
For one that will never be thine ?  
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the  
rose,  
"Forever and ever, mine."

## 6.

And the soul of the rose went into my  
blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall ;

As long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on  
to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

## 7.

From the meadow your walks have  
left so sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we  
meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

## 8.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the  
lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;  
But the rose was awake all night for  
your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me ;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

## 9.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of  
girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one ;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over  
with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

## 10.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;  
She is coming, my life, my fate ;  
The red rose cries, "She is near, she  
is near ;"  
And the white rose weeps, "She is  
late ;"  
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear ;"  
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

## II.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
 Were it ever so airy a tread,  
 My heart would hear her and beat,  
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;  
 My dust would hear her and beat,  
 Had I lain for a century dead;  
 Would start and tremble under her  
 feet,  
 And blossom in purple and red.

## XXIII.

## I.

"THE fault was mine, the fault was  
 mine"—  
 Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and  
 still,  
 Plucking the harmless wild-flower on  
 the hill?—  
 It is this guilty hand!—  
 And there rises ever a passionate cry  
 From underneath in the darkening  
 land—  
 What is it, that has been done?  
 O dawn of Eden bright over earth and  
 sky,  
 The fires of Hell brake out of thy  
 rising sun,  
 The fires of Hell and of Hate;  
 For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken  
 a word,  
 When her brother ran in his rage to  
 the gate,  
 He came with the babe-faced lord;  
 Heap'd on her terms of disgrace,  
 And while she wept, and I strove to be  
 cool,  
 He fiercely gave me the lie,  
 Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,  
 And he struck me, madman, over the  
 face,  
 Struck me before the languid fool,  
 Who was gaping and grinning by:  
 Struck for himself an evil stroke:  
 Wrought for his house an irredeemable  
 woe;  
 For front to front in an hour we stood,  
 And a million horrible bellowing  
 echoes broke

From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the  
 wood,  
 And thunder'd up into Heaven the  
 Christless code,  
 That must have life for a blow.  
 Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to  
 grow.  
 Was it he lay there with a fading eye?  
 "The fault was mine," he whisper'd,  
 "fly!"  
 Then glided out of the joyous wood  
 The ghastly Wraith of one that I  
 know;  
 And there rang on a sudden a pas-  
 sionate cry,  
 A cry for a brother's blood:  
 It will ring in my heart and my ears,  
 till I die, till I die.

## 2.

Is it gone? my pulses beat—  
 What was it? a lying trick of the  
 brain?  
 Yet I thought I saw her stand,  
 A shadow there at my feet,  
 High over the shadowy land.  
 It is gone; and the heavens fall in a  
 gentle rain,  
 When they should burst and drown  
 with deluging storms  
 The feeble vassals of wine and anger  
 and lust,  
 The little hearts that know not how to  
 forgive:  
 Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold  
 Thee just,  
 Strike dead the whole weak race of  
 venomous worms,  
 That sting each other here in the dust;  
 We are not worthy to live.

## XXIV.

## I.

SEE what a lovely shell,  
 Small and pure as a pearl,  
 Lying close to my foot,  
 Frail, but a work divine,  
 Made so fairly well  
 With delicate spire and whorl,  
 How exquisitely minute,  
 A miracle of design!

2.

What is it? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name.  
Let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same.

3.

The tiny cell is forlorn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore.  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow frill?  
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Thro' his dim watter-world?

4.

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap  
Of my finger-nail on the sand,  
Small, but a work divine,  
Frail, but of force to withstand,  
Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three-decker's oaken spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Breton strand!

5.

Breton, not Briton; here  
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast  
Of ancient fable and fear,—  
Plagued with a flitting to and fro,  
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost  
That never came from on high  
Nor never arose from below,  
But only moves with the moving eye,  
Flying along the land and the main,—  
Why should it look like Maud?  
Am I to be overawed  
By what I cannot but know  
Is a juggle born of the brain?

6.

Back from the Breton coast,  
Sick of a nameless fear,  
Back to the dark sea-line  
Looking, thinking of all I have lost;  
An old song vexes my ear;  
But that of Lamech is mine.

7.

For years, a measureless ill,  
For years, forever, to part,—  
But she, she would love me still;  
And as long, O God, as she  
Have a grain of love for me,  
So long, no doubt, no doubt,  
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,  
However weary, a spark of will  
Not to be trampled out.

8.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught  
With a passion so intense  
One would think that it well  
Might drown all life in the eye,—  
That it should, by being so overwrought,  
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense  
For a shell, or a flower, little things  
Which else would have been past by!  
And now I remember, I,  
When he lay dying there,  
I noticed one of his many rings  
(For he had many, poor worm) and  
thought  
It is his mother's hair.

9.

Who knows if he be dead?  
Whether I need have fled?  
Am I guilty of blood?  
However this may be,  
Comfort her, comfort her, all things  
good,  
While I am over the sea!  
Let me and my passionate love go by,  
But speak to her all things holy and  
high,  
Whatever happen to me!  
Me and my harmful love go by;  
But come to her waking, find her  
asleep,  
Powers of the height, powers of the  
deep,  
And comfort her tho' I die.

XXV.

COURAGE, poor heart of stone!  
I will not ask thee why  
Thou canst not understand  
That thou art left forever alone:



Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.—  
Or if I ask thee why,  
Care not thou to reply:  
She is but dead, and the time is at  
hand  
When thou shalt more than die.

## XXVI.

## 1.

O THAT 'twere possible  
After long grief and pain  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again!

## 2.

When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
By the home that gave me birth,  
We stood tranced in long embraces  
Mixt with kisses sweeter  
Than anything on earth.

## 3.

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee;  
Ah Christ, that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might  
tell us  
What and where they be.

## 4.

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels.

## 5.

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of early skies;  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,  
For the meeting of the morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.

## 6.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendor falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls;  
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet;  
She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echo rings;  
In a moment we shall meet:  
She is singing in the meadow,  
And the rivulet at her feet  
Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings.

## 7.

Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye?  
But there rings on a sudden a passion.  
ate cry,  
There is some one dying or dead,  
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake, my dream is fled;  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold.

## 8.

Get thee thence, nor come again,  
Mix not memory with doubt,  
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,  
Pass and cease to move about,  
'Tis the blot upon the brain  
That *will* show itself without.

## 9.

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,  
And the yellow vapors choke  
The great city sounding wide;  
The day comes, a dull red ball  
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke  
On the misty river-tide.

## 10.

Thro' the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted frame,  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,

The shadow still the same ;  
And on thy heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame.

## II.

Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering thro' the laurels  
At the quiet evenfall,  
In the garden by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall.

## 12.

Would the happy spirit descend,  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend  
Or to say "forgive the wrong,"  
Or to ask her, "take me sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest?"

## 13.

But the broad light glares and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be ;  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me :  
Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee.

## XXVII.

## I.

DEAD, long dead,  
Long dead !  
And my heart is a handful of dust,  
And the wheels go over my head,  
And my bones are shaken with pain,  
For into a shallow grave they are  
thrust,  
Only a yard beneath the street,  
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,  
The hoofs of the horses beat,  
Beat into my scalp and my brain,  
With never an end to the stream of  
passing feet,

Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,  
Clamor and rumble, and ringing and  
clatter,

And here beneath it is all as bad,  
For I thought the dead had peace, but  
it is not so ;

To have no peace in the grave, is that  
not sad ?

But up and down and to and fro,  
Ever about me the dead men go ;  
And then to hear a dead man chatter  
Is enough to drive one mad.

## 2.

Wretchedest age, since Time began,  
They cannot even bury a man ;  
And tho' we paid our tithes in the days  
that are gone,

Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was  
read ;

It is that which makes us loud in the  
world of the dead ;

There is none that does his work, not  
one :

A touch of their office might have suf-  
ficed,

But the churchmen fain would kill their  
church,

As the churches have kill'd their  
Christ.

## 3.

See, there is one of us sobbing,

No limit to his distress ;

And another, a lord of all things,  
praying

To his own great self, as I guess ;

And another, a statesman there, be-  
traying

His party-secret, fool, to the press ;

And yonder a vile physician, babbling

The case of his patient,—all for what ?

To tickle the maggot born in an empty  
head,

And wheedle a world that loves him  
not,

For it is but a world of the dead.

## 4.

Nothing but idiot gabble !

For the prophecy given of old

And then not understood,  
Has come to pass as foretold ;  
Not let any man think for the public  
good,  
But babble, merely for babble.  
For I never whisper'd a private affair  
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,  
No, not to myself in the closet alone,  
But I heard it shouted at once from the  
top of the house ;  
Everything came to be known :  
Who told *him* we were there ?

5.

Not that gray old wolf, for he came  
not back  
From the wilderness, full of wolves,  
where he used to lie ;  
He has gather'd the bones for his o'er-  
grown whelp to crack ;  
Crack them now for yourself, and  
howl, and die.

6.

Prophet, curse me the babbling lip,  
And curse me the British vermin, the  
rat ;  
I know not whether he came in the  
Hanover ship,  
But I know that he lies and listens  
mute  
In an ancient mansion's crannies and  
holes :  
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,  
Except that now we poison our babes,  
poor souls !  
It is all used up for that.

7.

Tell him now : she is standing here at  
my head ;  
Not beautiful now, not even kind ;  
He may take her now ; for she never  
speaks her mind,  
But is ever the one thing silent here.  
She is not of us, as I divine ;  
She comes from another stiller world  
of the dead,  
Stiller, not fairer than mine.

8.

But I know where a garden grows,  
Fairer than aught in the world beside,

All made up of the lily and rose  
That blow by night, when the season is  
good,  
To the sound of dancing music and  
flutes :  
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,  
And I almost fear they are not roses,  
but blood ;  
For the keeper was one, so full of  
pride,  
He linkt a dead man there to a spectral  
bride ;  
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of  
brutes,  
Would he have that hole in his side ?

9.

But what will the old man say ?  
He laid a cruel snare in a pit  
To catch a friend of mine one stormy  
day ;  
Yet now I could even weep to think of  
it ;  
For what will the old man say  
When he comes to the second corpse  
in the pit ?

10.

Friend, to be struck by the publi foe,  
Then to strike him and lay him low,  
That were a public merit, far,  
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin ;  
But the red life spilt for a private  
blow—  
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war  
Are scarcely even akin.

11.

O me, why have they not buried me  
deep enough ?  
Is it kind to have made me a grave so  
rough,  
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper ?  
Maybe still I am but half-dead ;  
Then I cannot be wholly dumb ;  
I will cry to the steps above my head,  
And somebody, surely, some kind heart  
will come  
To bury me, bury me  
Deeper, ever so little deeper.



## XXVIII.

## I.

My life has crept so long on a broken wing  
 Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,  
 That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing:  
 My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year  
 When the face of the night is fair on the dewy downs,  
 And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer  
 And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
 Over Orion's grave low down in the west,  
 That like a silent lightning under the stars  
 She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,  
 And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—  
 "And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,  
 Knowing I tarry for thee," and pointed to Mars  
 As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

## 2.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight  
 To have looked, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,  
 That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;  
 And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair  
 When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,  
 That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,  
 The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,  
 Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:  
 No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace

Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,  
 And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,  
 Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,  
 And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat  
 Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

## 3.

And as months ran on and rumor of battle grew,  
 "It is time, it is time, O passionate heart," said I  
 (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),  
 "It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,  
 That old hysterical mock-disease should die."  
 And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath  
 With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,  
 Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly  
 Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

## 4.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims  
 Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,  
 And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,  
 Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;  
 And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!  
 Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep  
 For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,  
 Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;  
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,  
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,

And noble thought be freer under the  
sun,  
And the heart of a people beat with  
one desire ;  
For the peace, that I deem'd no peace,  
is over and done,  
And now by the side of the Black and  
the Baltic deep,  
And deathful-grinning mouths of the  
fortress flames .  
The blood-red blossom of war with a  
heart of fire.

## 5.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll  
down like a wind,  
We have proved we have hearts in a  
cause, we are noble still,  
And myself have awaked, as it seems,  
to the better mind ;  
It is better to fight for the good, than  
to rail at the ill ;  
I have felt with my native land, I am  
one with my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the  
doom assign'd.

## THE BROOK ;

## AN IDYL.

" HERE, by this brook, we parted ; I to  
the East  
And he for Italy—too late—too late :  
One whom the strong sons of the world  
despise ;  
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip  
and share,  
And mellow metres more than cent for  
cent ;  
Nor could he understand how money  
breeds,  
Thought is a dead thing ; yet himself  
could make  
The thing that is not as the thing that  
is.  
O had he lived ! In our school-books  
we say,  
Of those that held their heads above  
the crowd,

They flourish'd then or, then ; but life  
in him  
Could scarce be said to flourish, only  
touch'd  
On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of  
green,  
And nothing perfect : yet the book he  
loved,  
For which, in branding summers of  
Bengal,  
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neil-  
gherry air,  
I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,  
Prattling the primrose fancies of the  
boy,  
To me that loved him ; for ' O brook,'  
he says,  
' O babbling brook,' says Edmund in  
his rhyme,  
' Whence come you ? ' and the brook,  
why not ? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

" Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite  
worn out,  
Travelling to Naples. There is Darn-  
ley bridge,  
It has more ivy ; there the river ; and  
there  
Stands Philip's farm where brook and  
river meet.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles,  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles,

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

"But Philip chatter'd more than  
brook or bird;  
Old Philip; all about the fields you  
caught

His weary daylong chirping, like the  
dry  
High-elbow'd grigs that léap in sum-  
mer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may  
go,  
But I go on forever.

"O darling Katie Willows, his one  
child!

A maiden of our century, yet most  
meek;

A daughter of our meadows, yet not  
coarse;

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel  
wand;

Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when  
the shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit  
within.

"Sweet Katie, once I did her a good  
turn,

Her and her far-off cousin and be-  
trothed,

James Willows, of one name and heart  
with her.

For here I came, twenty years back,—  
the week

Before I parted with poor Edmund;  
crost

By that old bridge which, half in ruins  
then,

Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the  
gleam

Beyond it, where the waters marry—  
crost,

Whistling a random bar of Bonny  
Doon,

And push'd at Philip's garden-gate.  
The gate,

Half-parted from a weak and scolding  
hinge,

Stuck; and he clamor'd from a case-  
ment, 'run'

To Katie somewhere in the walks  
below,

'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she  
moved

To meet me, winding under woodbine  
bowers,

A little flutter'd with her eyelids down,  
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a  
boon.

"What was it? less of sentiment  
than sense

Had Katie; not illiterate; neither one  
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive  
tears,

And nursed by mealy-mouthed philan-  
thropies,

Divorce the Feeling from her mate the  
Deed.

"She told me. She and James had  
quarrell'd. Why?

What cause of quarrel? None, she  
said, no cause;

James had no cause; but when I prest  
the cause,

I learnt that James had flickering  
jealousies

Which anger'd her. Who anger'd  
James? I said.

But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once  
from mine,



And sketching with her slender-pointed  
foot

Some figure like a wizard's pentagram  
On garden gravel, let my query pass  
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I  
ask'd

If James were coming. 'Coming every  
day,'

She answer'd, 'ever longing to explain,  
But evermore her father came across  
With some long-winded tale, and broke  
him short;

And James departed vext with him and  
her'

How could I help her? 'Would I—  
was it wrong?'

(Claspt hands and that petitionary  
grace

Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere  
she spoke)

'O would I take her father for one  
hour,

For one half-hour, and let him talk to  
me!'

And even while she spoke, I saw  
where James

Made towards us, like a wader in the  
surf,

Beyond the brook, waist-deep in mea-  
dow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your  
sake!

For in I went and call'd old Philip  
out

To show the farm: full willingly he  
rose:

He led me thro' the short sweet-smell-  
ing lanes

Of his wheat suburb, babbling as he  
went.

He praised his land, his horses, his  
machines;

He praised his ploughs, his cows, his  
hogs, his dogs;

He praised his hens, his geese, his  
guinea-hens;

His pigeons, who in session on their  
roofs

Approved him, bowing at their own  
deserts:

Then from the plaintive mother's teat,  
he took

Her blind and shuddering puppies,  
naming each,

And naming those, his friends, for  
whom they were:

Then crost the common into Darnley  
chase

To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse  
and fern

Twinkled the innumerable ear and  
tail.

Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and  
said:

'That was the four-year-old I sold the  
squire.'

And there he told a long, long-winded  
tale

Of how the squire had seen the colt at  
grass,

And how it was the thing his daughter  
wish'd,

And how he sent the bailiff to the farm  
To learn the price, and what the price

he ask'd,

And how the bailiff swore that he was  
mad,

But he stood firm; and so the matter  
hung;

He gave them line: and five days after  
that

He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,  
Who then and there had offer'd some-  
thing more,

But he stood firm; and so the matter  
hung;

He knew the man; the colt would fetch  
its price;

He gave them line: and how by  
chance at last

(It might be May or April, he forgot,  
The last of April or the first May)

He found the bailiff riding by the  
farm,

And, talking from the point, he drew  
him in,

And there he mellow'd all his heart  
with ale,

Until they closed a bargain, hand in  
hand.

"Then, while I breathed in sight of  
 haven, he,  
 Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,  
 And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,  
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy,  
 Tallyho,  
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the  
 Jilt,  
 Arbaces and Phenomenon, and the  
 rest,  
 Till, not to die a listener, I arose,  
 And with me Philip, talking still; and  
<sup>so</sup>  
 He turn'd our foreheads from the fall-  
 ing sun,  
 And following our own shadows thrice  
 as long  
 As when they follow'd us from Philip's  
 door,  
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet  
 content  
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things  
 well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
 I slide by hazel covers;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
 Among my skimming swallows;  
 I make the netted sunbeam dance  
 Against my sandy shallows

I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses;  
 I linger by my shingly bars;  
 I loiter round my cresses:

And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may  
 go,  
 But I go on forever.

Yes, men may come and go; and these  
 are gone,  
 All gone. My dearest brother, Ed-  
 mund, sleeps,  
 Not by the well-known stream and  
 rustic spire,

But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
 Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and  
 he,  
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of  
 words  
 Remains the lean P. W., on his tomb:  
 I scraped the lichen from it: Katie  
 walks  
 By the long wash of Australasian seas  
 Far off, and holds her head to other  
 stars,  
 And breathes in converse seasons.  
 All are gone."

So Lawrence Alymer, seated on a  
 stile  
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his  
 mind  
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er  
 the brook  
 A tansured head in middle age forlorn,  
 Mused, and was mute. On a sudden  
 a low breath  
 Of tender air made tremble in the  
 hedge  
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony  
 rings;  
 And he look'd up. There stood a  
 maiden near, [stared  
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he  
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair  
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when  
 the shell  
 Divides threefold to show the fruit  
 within:  
 Then, wondering, ask'd her, "Are you  
 from the farm?"  
 "Yes," answer'd she. "Pray stay a  
 little: pardon me;  
 What do they call you?" "Katie."  
 "That were strange.  
 What surname?" "Willows." "No!"  
 "That is my name."  
 "Indeed!" and here he look'd so self-  
 perplexed,  
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing  
 blush'd, till he  
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he  
 wakes,  
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness  
 in his dream.

Then looking at her: "Too happy,  
fresh and fair,  
Too fresh and fair in our sad world's  
best bloom,  
To be the ghost of one who bore your  
name  
About these meadows, twenty years  
ago."

"Have you not heard?" said Katie,  
"we came back.  
We bought the farm we tenanted be-  
fore.  
Am I so like her? so they said on  
board.  
Sir, if you knew her in her English  
days,  
My mother, as it seems you did, the  
days  
That most she loves to talk of, come  
with me.  
My brother James is in the harvest-  
field:  
But she—you will be welcome—O,  
come in!"

## THE LETTERS.

### I.

STILL on the tower stood the vane,  
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant  
air,  
I peer'd athwart the chancel pane  
And saw the altar cold and bare.  
A clog of lead was round my feet,  
A band of pain across my brow:  
"Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall  
meet  
Before you hear my marriage vow."

### 2.

I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song  
That mock'd the wholesome human  
heart,  
And then we met in wrath and wrong,  
We met, but only meant to part.  
Full cold my greeting was and dry;  
She faintly smiled, she hardly  
moved;

I saw with half-unconscious eye  
She wore the colors I approved.

### 3.

She took the little ivory chest,  
With half a sigh she turn'd the key,  
Then raised her head with lips com-  
prest,  
And gave my letters back to me.  
And gave the trinkets and the rings,  
My gifts, when gifts of mine could  
please;  
As looks a father on the things  
Of his dead son, I look'd on these.

### 4.

She told me all her friends had said;  
I raged against the public liar;  
She talk'd as if her love were dead,  
But in my words were seeds of fire.  
"No more of love; your sex is known;  
I never will be twice deceived.  
Henceforth I trust the man alone,  
The woman cannot be believed.

### 5.

"Thro' slander, meanest spawn of  
Hell  
(And women's slander is the worst),  
And you, whom once I loved so well,  
Thro' you, my life will be accurst."  
I spoke with heart, and heat, and  
force,  
I shook her breast with vague  
alarms—  
Like torrents from a mountain source  
We rush'd into each other's arms.

### 6.

We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars,  
And sweet the vapor-braided blue,  
Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars,  
As homeward by the church I drew.  
The very graves appear'd to smile,  
So fresh they rose in shadow'd  
swells;  
"Dark porch," I said, "and silent  
aisle  
There comes a sound of marriage  
bells."



ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE  
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

## I.

BURY the Great Duke  
 With an empire's lamentation,  
 Let us bury the Great Duke  
 To the noise of the mourning of a  
 mighty nation,  
 Mourning when their leaders fall,  
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

## 2.

Where shall we lay the man whom we  
 deplore?  
 Here, in streaming London's central  
 roar.  
 Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
 And the feet of those he fought for,  
 Echo round his bones forevermore.

## 3.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
 As fits an universal woe;  
 Let the long long procession go,  
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it  
 grow,  
 And let the mournful martial music  
 blow;  
 The last great Englishman is low.

## 4.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
 Remembering all his greatness in the  
 Past.  
 No more in soldier fashion will he  
 greet  
 With lifted hand the gazer in the  
 street.  
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is  
 dead:  
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring  
 blood,  
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, res-  
 olute,  
 Whole in himself, a common good.  
 Mourn for the man of amplest in-  
 fluence,  
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,

Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
 Great in council and great in war,  
 Foremost captain of his time,  
 Rich in saving common-sense,  
 And, as the greatest only are,  
 In his simplicity sublime.  
 O good gray head which all men knew,  
 O voice from which their omens all  
 men drew,  
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
 Which stood four-square to all the  
 winds that blew!  
 Such was he whom we deplore.  
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
 The great World-victor's victor will be  
 seen no more.

## 5.

All is over and done:  
 Render thanks to the Giver,  
 England, for thy son.  
 Let the bell be toll'd.  
 Render thanks to the Giver,  
 And render him to the mould.  
 Under the cross of gold  
 That shines over city and river,  
 There he shall rest forever  
 Among the wise and the bold.  
 Let the bell be toll'd:  
 And a reverent people behold  
 The towering car, the sable steeds:  
 Bright let it be with his blazon'd  
 deeds,  
 Dark in its funeral fold.  
 Let the bell be tolled:  
 And a deeper knell in the heart be  
 knoll'd;  
 And the sound of the sorrowing an-  
 them roll'd  
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross;  
 And the volleying cannon thunder his  
 loss;  
 He knew their voices of old.  
 For many a time in many a clime  
 His captain's-ear has heard them  
 boom  
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom;  
 When he with those deep voices  
 wrought, [shame;  
 Guarding realms and kings from

With those deep voices our dead captain taught  
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
 In that dread sound to the great man,  
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
 In praise and in dispraise the same,  
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.  
 O civic muse, to such a name,  
 To such a name for ages long,  
 To such a name,  
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

## 6.

Who is he that cometh, like an honor'd guest,

With banner and with music, with  
 soldier and with priest,  
 With a nation weeping, and breaking  
 on my rest?

Mighty seaman, this is he  
 Was great by land as thou by sea.  
 Thine island loves thee well, thou  
 famous man,

The greatest sailor since our world  
 began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;  
 For this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea;  
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;

O give him welcome, this is he,  
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,

And worthy to be laid by thee;  
 For this is England's greatest son,

He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
 Nor ever lost an English gun;

This is he that far away

Against the myriads of Assaye  
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won;

And underneath another sun,  
 Warring on a later day,

Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
 The treble works, the vast designs

Of his labor'd rampart-lines,

Where he greatly stood at bay,

Whence he issued forth anew,

And ever great and greater grew,  
 Beating from the wasted vines

Back to France her banded swarms,  
 Back to France with countless blows,  
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
 Past the Pyrenean pines,  
 Follow'd up in valley and glen  
 With blare of bugle, clamor of men,  
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
 And England pouring on her foes.  
 Such a war had such a close.

Again their ravening eagle rose  
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadow-  
 ing wings,

And barking for the thrones of kings;  
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron  
 crown

On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler  
 down;

A day of onsets of despair!  
 Dash'd on every rocky square  
 Their surging charges foam'd them  
 selves away;

Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
 Thro' the long-tormented air  
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
 And down we swept and charged and  
 overthrew.

So great a soldier taught us there,  
 What long-enduring hearts could do  
 In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo!  
 Mighty seaman, tender and true,  
 And pure as he from taint of craven  
 guile,

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
 If aught of things that here befall  
 Touch a spirit among things divine,  
 If love of country move thee there at  
 all,

Be glad, because his bones are laid by  
 thine!

And thro' the centuries let a people's  
 voice

In full acclaim,  
 A people's voice,

The proof and echo of all human  
 fame,

A people's voice, when they rejoice  
 At civic revel and pomp and game,  
 Attest their great commander's claim  
 With honor, honor, honor to him,  
 Eternal honor to his name.

## 7.

A people's voice! we are a people  
yet.

Tho' all men else their nobler dreams  
forget

Confused by brainless mobs and law-  
less Powers;

Thank Him who isled us here, and  
roughly set

His Saxon in blown seas and storming  
showers,

We have a voice, with which to pay  
the debt

Of boundless love and reverence and  
regret

To those great men who fought, and  
kept it ours.

And keep it ours, O God, from brute  
control;

O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,  
the soul

Of Europe, keep our noble England  
whole,

And save the one true seed of freedom  
sown

Betwixt a people and their ancient  
throne,

That sober freedom out of which there  
springs

Our loyal passion for our temperate  
kings; [kind

For, saving that, ye help to save man-  
Till public wrong be crumbled into

dust,  
And drill the raw world for the march

of mine,  
Till crowds at length be sane and

crowns be just.

But wink no more in slothful over-  
trust.

Remember him who led your hosts;  
He bade you guard the sacred coasts,

Your cannons moulder on the seaward  
wall;

His voice is silent in your council-  
hall

Forever; and whatever tempests lower  
Forever silent; even if they broke

In thunder, silent; yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the Man  
who spoke;

Who never sold the truth to serve the  
hour,

Nor palter'd with Eternal God for  
power;

Who let the turbid streams of rumor  
flow

Thro' either babbling world of high  
and low

Whose life was work, whose language  
rife

With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
Who never spoke against a foe;

Whose eighty winters freeze with one  
rebuke [right:

All great self-seekers trampling on the  
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred

named;

Truth-lover was our English Duke;  
Whatever record leap to light

He never shall be shamed.

## 8.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,

Follow'd by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open

hands  
Lavish Honor shower'd all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her

horn.  
Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great,

But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice in our rough island-

story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory:

He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden

Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bur-

sting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-  
story,

The path of duty was the way to glory:  
He, that ever following her commands,

On with toil of heart and knees and  
hands,

Thro' the long gorge to the far light  
has won



His path upward, and prevail'd,  
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty  
 scaled  
 Are close upon the shining table-  
 lands  
 To which our God Himself is moon  
 and sun.  
 Such was he: his work is done.  
 But while the races of mankind en-  
 dure,  
 Let his great example stand  
 Colossal, seen of every land,  
 And keep the soldier firm, the states-  
 man pure;  
 Till in all lands and thro' all human  
 story  
 The path of duty be the way to glory:  
 And let the land whose hearths he  
 saved from shame  
 For many and many an age proclaim  
 At civic revel and pomp and game,  
 And when the long-illuminated cities  
 flame,  
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to  
 him,  
 Eternal honor to his name.

## 9.

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
 By some yet unmoulded tongue  
 Far on in summers that we shall not  
 see;  
 Peace, it is a day of pain  
 For one about whose patriarchal knee  
 Late the little children clung:  
 O peace, it is a day of pain  
 For one, upon whose hand and heart  
 and brain  
 Once the weight and fate of Europe  
 hung.  
 Ours the pain, be his the gain!  
 More than is of man's degree  
 Must be with us, watching here  
 At this, our great solemnity.  
 Whom we see not we revere.  
 We revere, and we refrain  
 From talk of battles loud and vain,  
 And brawling memories all too free  
 For such a wise humility  
 As befits a solemn fane:

We revere, and while we hear  
 The tides of Music's golden sea  
 Setting toward eternity,  
 Uplifted high in heart and hope are  
 we,  
 Until we doubt not that for one so  
 true  
 There must be other nobler work to  
 do  
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
 And Victor he must ever be.  
 For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill  
 And break the shore, and evermore  
 Make and break, and work their will;  
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads  
 roll  
 Round us, each with different powers,  
 And other forms of life than ours,  
 What know we greater than the soul?  
 On God and Godlike men we build  
 our trust.  
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the  
 people's ears:  
 The dark crowd moves, and there are  
 sobs and tears:  
 The black earth yawns: the mortal  
 disappears;  
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
 He is gone who seem'd so great.—  
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him  
 Of the force he made his own  
 Being here, and we believe him  
 Something far advanced in state,  
 And that he wears a truer crown  
 Than any wreath that man can weave  
 him  
 But speak no more of his renown,  
 Lay your earthly fancies down,  
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.  
 God accept him, Christ receive him.  
 1852.

## THE DAISY.

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

O LOVE, what hours were thine and  
 mine,  
 In lands of palm and southern pine;  
 In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,  
 Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbla show'd  
In ruin, by the mountain road ;

How like a gem, beneath, the city  
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell  
The torrent vineyard streaming fell  
To meet the sun and sunny waters,  
That only heaved with a summer swell.

What slender campanili grew  
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue ;  
Where, here and there, on sandy  
beaches  
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove,  
Yet present in his natal grove,  
Now watching high on mountain  
cornice,  
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim ;  
Till, in a narrow street and dim,  
I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,  
And drank, and loyally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us  
most,  
Not the clipt palm of which they  
boast ;  
But distant color, happy hamlet,  
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen  
A light amid its olives green ;  
Or olive-hoary cape in ocean ;  
Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed  
Of silent torrents, gravel-spread ;  
And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten  
Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and  
cold,  
Those niched shapes of noble mould,  
A princely people's awful princes,  
The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,  
In those long galleries, were ours ;

What drives about the fresh Cascinè,  
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each complete,  
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,  
Or palace, how the city glitter'd,  
Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain  
Remember what a plague of rain ;  
Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma ;  
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles  
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles ;  
Porch-pillars on the lion resting,  
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires,  
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,  
The height, the space, the gloom,  
the glory !

A mount of marble, a hundred spires !

I climb'd the roofs at break of day ;  
Sun-smitten Alps before me lay.

I stood among the silent statues,  
And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair,  
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there  
A thousand shadowy-pencill'd val-  
leys  
And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last  
To Como ; shower and storm and blast  
Had blown the lake beyond his  
limit,  
And all was flooded ; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray,  
And in my head, for half the day,  
The rich Virgilian rustic measure  
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept,  
As on the Lariano crept  
To that fair port below the castle  
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept ;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake  
A cypress in the moonlight shake,

The moonlight touching o'er a terrace  
One tall Agave above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu,  
And up the snowy Splügen drew,  
But ere we reach'd the highest summit

I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me,  
And now it tells of Italy.

O love, we two shall go no longer  
To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold  
Whose crying is a cry for gold:

Yet here to-night in this dark city,  
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,  
This nurseling of another sky

Still in the little book you lent me,  
And where you tenderly laid it by:

And I forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth

The bitter east, the misty summer  
And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,  
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,  
Perchance, to dream you still beside me,

My fancy fled to the South again.

#### TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ,  
God-father, come and see your boy:  
Your presence will be sun in winter,  
Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few,  
Who give the Fiend himself his due,  
Should eighty thousand college councils

Thunder "Anathema," friend, at you  
Should all our churchmen foam in spite  
At you, so careful of the right,

Yet one lay-hearth would give you  
welcome  
(Take it and come) to the Isle of  
Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of  
town

I watch the twilight falling brown  
All round a careless-order'd garden  
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,  
But honest talk and wholesome wine,  
And only hear the magpie gossip  
Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand,  
To break the blast of winter, stand;  
And further on, the hoary Channel  
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep  
Some ship of battle slowly creep,  
And on thro' zones of light and  
shadow

Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin  
Which made a selfish war begin;  
Dispute the claims, arrange the  
chances;

Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:

Or whether war's avenging rod  
Shall lash all Europe into blood;  
Till you should turn to dearer mat-  
ters,

Dear to the man that is dear to God;

How best to help the slender store,  
How mend the dwellings, of the poor;  
How gain in life, as life advances,  
Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet  
Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet;

But then the wreath of March has  
blossom'd,  
Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here,  
For those are few we hold as dear;  
Nor pay but one, but come for many,  
Many and many a happy year.

January, 1854.



## WILL.

## 1.

O WELL for him whose will is strong!  
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long;  
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:  
 For him nor moves the loud world's  
 random mock,  
 Nor all Calamity's hugest waves con-  
 found,  
 Who seems a promontory of rock,  
 That, compass'd round with turbulent  
 sound,  
 In middle ocean meets the surging  
 shock,  
 Tempest-buffed, citadel-crown'd.

## 2.

But ill for him who, bettering not with  
 time,  
 Corrupts the strength of heaven-de-  
 scended Will,  
 And ever weaker grows thro' acted  
 crime,  
 Or seeming-genial venial fault,  
 Recurring and suggesting still!  
 He seems as one whose footsteps  
 Toiling in immeasurable sand,  
 And o'er a weary, sultry land,  
 Far beneath a blazing vault,  
 Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous  
 hill,  
 The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT  
BRIGADE.

## 1.

HALF a league, half a league,  
 Half a league onward,  
 All in the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.  
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!  
 "Charge for the guns!" he said:  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

## 2.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
 Was there a man dismay'd?  
 Not tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blunder'd:  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to do and die,  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

## 3.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode and well,  
 Into the jaws of Death,  
 Into the mouth of Hell  
 Rode the six hundred.

## 4.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,  
 Sabring the gunners there,  
 Charging an army, while  
 All the world wonder'd:  
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
 Right thro' the line they broke  
 Cossack and Russian  
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
 Then they rode back, but not  
 Not the six hundred.

## 5.

Cannon to right of them  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd;  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came thro' the jaws of Death  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
 Left of six hundred.

## 6.

When can their glory fade?  
 O the wild charge they made!  
 All the world wonder'd.  
 Honor the charge they made!  
 Honor the Light Brigade,  
 Noble six hundred!

## IDYLS OF THE KING.

"Flos Regum Arthurus."

JOSEPH OF EXETER.

## DEDICATION.

THESE to His Memory—since he held  
 them dear,  
 Perchance as finding there uncon-  
 sciously  
 Some image of himself—I dedicate,  
 I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—  
 These Idyls.

And indeed He seems to me  
 Scarce other than my own ideal knight,  
 "Who revered his conscience as his  
 king ;  
 Whose glory was, redressing human  
 wrong ;  
 Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd  
 to it ;  
 Who loved one only and who claved to  
 her—"   
 Her—over all whose realms to their  
 last isle,  
 Commingled with the gloom of im-  
 minent war,  
 The shadow of His loss moved like  
 eclipse,  
 Darkening the world. We have lost  
 him : he is gone :  
 We know him now : all narrow jeal-  
 ousies  
 Are silent : and we see him as he  
 moved,  
 How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd,  
 wise,  
 With what sublime repression of him-  
 self,  
 And in what limits, and how tenderly ;  
 Not swaying to this faction or to that ;  
 Not making his high place the lawless  
 perch  
 Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-  
 ground  
 For pleasure : but thro' all this tract  
 of years

Wearing the white flower of a blame-  
 less life,  
 Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
 In that fierce light which beats upon a  
 throne,  
 And blackens every blot ; for where is  
 he,  
 Who dares foreshadow for an only son  
 A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than  
 his ?  
 Or how should England dreaming of  
 his sons  
 Hope more for these than some in-  
 heritance  
 Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,  
 Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,  
 Laborious for her people and her  
 poor— [day—  
 Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler  
 Far-sighted summoner of War and  
 Waste  
 To fruitful strifes and rivalries of  
 peace—  
 Sweet nature gilded by the gracious  
 gleam  
 Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,  
 Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince  
 indeed,  
 Beyond all titles, and a household  
 name,  
 Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the  
 Good.

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still  
 endure ;  
 Break not, for thou art Royal, but  
 endure,  
 Remembering all the beauty of that star  
 Which shone so close beside Thee,  
 that ye made  
 One light together, but has past and  
 left  
 The Crown of lonely splendor.

May all love,  
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow  
Thee,  
The love of all Thy sons encompass  
Thee,  
The love of all Thy daughters cherish  
Thee,  
The love of all Thy people comfort  
Thee,  
Till God's love set Thee at his side  
again!

---

ENID.

THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's  
court,  
A tributary prince of Devon, one  
Of that great order of the Table  
Round,  
Had wedded Enid, Yniol's only child,  
And loved her, as he loved the light of  
Heaven.  
And as the light of Heaven varies,  
now  
At sunrise, now at sunset, now by night  
With moon and trembling stars, so  
loved Geriant  
To make her beauty vary day by day,  
In crimsons and in purples and in gems.  
And Enid, but to please her husband's  
eye,  
Who first had found and loved her in  
a state  
Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him  
In some fresh splendor; and the Queen  
herself,  
Grateful to Prince Geraint for service  
done,  
Loved her, and often with her own  
white hands  
Array'd and deck'd her, as the love-  
liest,  
Next after her own self, in all the  
court.  
And Enid loved the Queen, and with  
true heart  
Adored her, as the stateliest and the  
best  
and loveliest of all women upon earth.

And seeing them so tender and so  
close,  
Long in their common love rejoiced  
Geraint,  
But when a rumor rose about the  
Queen,  
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot,  
Though yet there lived no proof, nor  
yet was heard  
The world's loud whisper breaking  
into storm,  
Not less Geraint believed it; and there  
fell  
A horror on him, lest his gentle wife,  
Thro' that great tenderness to Guine-  
vere,  
Had suffered or should suffer any taint  
In nature: wherefore going to the  
king,  
He made this pretext, that his prince-  
dom lay  
Close on the borders of a territory,  
Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff  
knights,  
Assassins, and all flyers from the hand  
Of justice, and whatever loathes a law;  
And therefore, till the king himself  
should please  
To cleanse this common sewer of all  
his realm,  
He craved a fair permission to depart,  
And there defend his marches; and  
the king  
Mused for a little on his plea, but, last,  
Allowing it, the prince and Enid rode,  
And fifty knights rode with them, to the  
shores  
Of Severn, and they past to their own  
land;  
Where, thinking, that if ever yet was  
wife  
True to her lord, mine shall be so to  
me,  
He compassed her with sweet observ-  
ances  
And worship, never leaving her, and  
grew  
Forgetful of his promise to the king,  
Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt,  
Forgetful of the tilt and tournament,  
Forgetful of his glory and his name,



Forgetful of his pryncedom and its  
cares.

And this forgetfulness was hateful to  
her,

And by and by the people, when they  
met,

In twos and threes, or fuller com-  
panies,

Began to scoff and jeer and babble of  
him

As of a prince whose manhood was all  
gone,

And molten down in mere uxorious-  
ness.

And this she gather'd from the people's  
eyes: [head,

This too the women who attired her  
To please her, dwelling on his bound-  
less love,

Told Enid, and they saddened her the  
more:

And day by day she thought to tell  
Geraint,

But could not out of bashful delicacy;

While he that watch'd her sadden,  
was the more

Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced on a summer  
morn

(They sleeping each by other) the new  
sun

Beat through the blindless casement  
of the room,

And heated the strong warrior in his  
dreams;

Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,  
And bared the knotted column of his  
throat,

The massive square of his heroic  
breast,

And arms on which the standing  
muscle sloped,

As slopes a wild brook o'er a little  
stone,

Running too vehemently to break  
upon it.

And Enid woke and sat beside the  
couch,

Admiring him, and thought within her-  
self,

Was ever man so grandly made as  
he?

Then, like a shadow, past the people's  
talk

And accusation of uxoriousness  
Across her mind, and bowing over  
him,

Low to her own heart piteously, she  
said:

"O noble breast and all-puissant  
arms,

Am I the cause, I the poor cause that  
men

Reproach you, saying all your force is  
gone?

I am the cause because I dare not  
speak

And tell him what I think and what  
they say.

And yet I hate that he should linger  
here;

I cannot love my lord and not his  
name.

Far liefer had I gird his harness on  
him, [by,

And ride with him to battle and stand  
And watch his mightful hand striking  
great blows

At caitiffs and at wrongers of the  
world.

Far better were I laid in the dark  
earth,

Not hearing any more his noble voice,  
Not to be folded more in these dear  
arms,

And darken'd from the high light in  
his eyes,

Than that my lord through me should  
suffer shame.

Am I so bold, and could I so stand by,  
And see my dear lord wounded in the  
strife,

Or may be pierced to death before  
mine eyes,

And yet not dare to tell him what I  
think,

And how men slur him, saying all his  
force

Is melted into mere effeminacy?

O me, I fear that I am no true wife."

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,  
 And the strong passion in her made  
   her weep  
 True tears upon his broad and naked  
   breast,  
 And these awoke him, and by great  
   mischance  
 He heard but fragments of her later  
   words,  
 And that she fear'd she was not a true  
   wife.  
 And then he thought, "In spite of all  
   my care,  
 For all my pains, poor man, for all my  
   pains,  
 She is not faithful to me, and I see her  
 Weeping for some gay knight in  
   Arthur's hall."  
 Then tho' he loved and revered her  
   too much  
 To dream she could be of foul act,  
 Right thro' his manful breast darted  
   the pang  
 That makes a man in the sweet face of  
   her  
 Whom he loves most, lonely and  
   miserable.  
 At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of  
   bed,  
 And shook his drowsy squire awake  
   and cried,  
 "My charger and her palfrey," then to  
   her,  
 "I will ride forth into the wilder-  
   ness;  
 For tho' it seems my spurs are yet to  
   win,  
 I have not fall'n so low as some would  
   wish.  
 And you, put on your worst and  
   meanest dress  
 And ride with me." And Enid ask'd,  
   amazed,  
 "If Enid errs, let Enid learn her  
   fault."  
 But he, "I charge you, ask not, but  
   obey."  
 Then she bethought her of a faded  
   silk,  
 A faded mantle and a faded veil,  
 And moving toward a cedarn cabinet,

Wherein she kept them folded rev-  
   erently  
 With sprigs of summer laid between  
   the folds,  
 She took them, and array'd herself  
   therein,  
 Remembering when first he came on  
   her  
 Drest in that dress, and how he loved  
   her in it,  
 And all her foolish fears about the  
   dress,  
 And all his journey to her, as him-  
   self  
 Had told her, and their coming to the  
   court.

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide be-  
   fore  
 Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk.  
 There on a day, he sitting high in  
   hall,  
 Before him came a forester of Dean,  
 Wet from the woods, with notice of a  
   hart  
 Taller than all his fellows, milky-  
   white,  
 First seen that day: these things he  
   told the king.  
 Then the good king gave order to let  
   blow  
 His horns for hunting on the morrow  
   morn.  
 And when the Queen petition'd for his  
   leave  
 To see the hunt, allow'd it easily.  
 So with the morning all the court were  
   gone.  
 But Guinevere lay late into the morn,  
 Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of  
   her Love  
 For Lancelot, and forgetful of the  
   hunt; [her,  
 But rose at last, a single maiden with  
 Took horse, and forded Usk, and  
   gain'd the wood;  
 There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd  
 Waiting to hear the hounds; but  
   heard instead  
 A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince  
   Geraint,

Late also, wearing neither hunting dress  
 Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted brand,  
 Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford  
 Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll.  
 A purple scarf, at either end whereof  
 There swang an apple of the purest gold,  
 Sway'd round about him, as he gallop'd up  
 To join them, glancing like a dragon-  
 In summer suit and silks of holiday.  
 Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and she,  
 Sweetly and stately, and with all grace  
 Of womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him.  
 "Late, late, Sir Prince," she said,  
 "later than we!"  
 "Yea, noble Queen," he answer'd,  
 "and so late  
 That I but come like you to see the hunt,  
 Not join it." "Therefore wait with me," she said;  
 "For on this little knoll, if anywhere,  
 There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds;  
 Here often they break covert at our feet."

And while they listen'd for the distant hunt,  
 And chiefly for the baying of Cavall,  
 King Arthur's hound, of deepest mouth, there rode  
 Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf;  
 Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and the knight  
 Had visor up, and show'd a youthful face,  
 Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments.  
 And Guinevere, not mindful of his face  
 In the king's hall, desired his name,  
 and sent

Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf;  
 Who being vicious, old, and irritable,  
 And doubling all his master's vice of pride,  
 Made answer sharply that she should not know.  
 "Then will I ask it of himself," she said.  
 "Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not," cried the dwarf;  
 "Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him;"  
 And when she put her horse toward the knight,  
 Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd  
 Indignant to the Queen; at which Geraint  
 Exclaiming, "Surely I will learn the name,"  
 Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd it of him,  
 Who answer'd as before; and when the Prince  
 Had put his horse in motion toward the knight,  
 Struck at him with his whip, and cut his cheek.  
 The Prince's blood spirted upon the scarf,  
 Dyeing it; and his quick, instinctive hand  
 Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him;  
 But he, from his exceeding manfulness  
 And pure nobility of temperament,  
 Wroth to be wroth at such a worm,  
 refrain'd  
 From ev'n a word, and so returning,  
 said:

"I will avenge this insult, noble Queen,  
 Done in your maiden's person to yourself:  
 And I will track this vermin to their earths:  
 For tho' I ride unarm'd, I do not doubt  
 To find, at some place I shall come at,  
 arms



On loan, or else for pledge; and, being found,  
Then will I fight him, and will break his pride,  
And on the third day will again be here  
So that I be not fall'n in fight. Farewell."

"Farewell, fair Prince," answer'd the stately Queen.  
"Be prosperous in this journey, as in all;  
And may you light on all things that you love,  
And live to wed with her whom first you love:  
But ere you wed with any, bring your bride,  
And I, were she the daughter of a king,  
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the hedge,  
Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun."

And Prince Geraint, now thinking that he heard  
The noble hart at bay, now the far horn,  
A little vext at losing of the hunt,  
A little at the vile occasion, rode,  
By ups and downs, thro' many a grassy glade  
And valley, with fixt eye, following the three.  
At last they issued from the world of wood,  
And climb'd upon a fair and even ridge,  
And showed themselves against the sky, and sank.  
And thither came Geraint, and underneath  
Beheld the long street of a little town  
In a long valley, on one side of which,  
White from the mason's hand, a fortress rose:  
And on one side a castle in decay,  
Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry ravine:

And out of town and valley came a noise  
As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed  
Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks  
At distance, ere they settle for the night.

And onward to the fortress rode the three,  
And enter'd, and were lost behind the walls.  
"S6," thought Geraint, "I have track'd him to his earth."  
And down the long street, riding wearily,  
Found every hostel full, and every where  
Was hammer laid to hoof, and the hot hiss  
And bustling whistle of the youth who scour'd  
His master's armor: and of such a one  
He ask'd, "What means the tumult in the town?"  
Who told him, scouring still, "The sparrow-hawk!"  
Then riding close behind an ancient churl,  
Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam, [corn,  
Went sweating underneath a sack of  
Ask'd yet once more what meant the hubbub here?  
Who answer'd gruffly, "Ugh! the sparrow-hawk."  
Then, riding further past an armorer's,  
Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work,  
Sat riveting a helmet on his knee,  
He put the selfsame query, but the man  
Not turning round, nor looking at him, said:  
"Friend, he that labors for the sparrow-hawk  
Has little time for idle questioners."  
Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden spleen:  
"A thousand pips eat up your sparrow-hawk!  
 Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings peck him dead!

Ye think the rustic cackle of your  
 bourg  
 The murmur of the world ! What is it  
 to me ?  
 O wretched set of sparrows, one and  
 all,  
 Who pipe of nothing but of sparrow-  
 hawks !  
 Speak, if you be not like the rest,  
 hawk-mad,  
 Where can I get me harborage for the  
 night ?  
 And arms, arms, arms to fight my  
 enemy ? Speak !"  
 At this the armorer turning all amazed  
 And seeing one so gay in purple silks,  
 Came forward with the helmet yet in  
 hand  
 And answer'd, " Pardon me, O stranger  
 knight ;  
 We hold a tourney here to-morrow  
 morn, [work.  
 And there is scanty time for half the  
 Arms ? truth ! I know not : all are  
 wanted here,  
 Harborage ? truth, good truth, I know  
 not, save,  
 It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the  
 bridge  
 Yonder." He poke and fell to work  
 again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful  
 yet,  
 Across the bridge that spann'd the dry  
 ravine.  
 There musing sat the hoary-headed  
 Earl,  
 (His dress a suit of fray'd magnifi-  
 cence,  
 Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and  
 said :  
 " Whither, fair son ?" to whom Ge-  
 raint replied,  
 " O friend, I seek a harborage for the  
 night."  
 Then Yniol, " Enter therefore and par-  
 take  
 The slender entertainment of a house  
 Once rich, now poor, but ever open-  
 door'd."

" Thanks, venerable friend," replied  
 Geraint :  
 " So that you do not serve me sparrow-  
 hawks  
 For supper, I will enter, I will eat  
 With all the passion of a twelve hours'  
 fast."  
 Then sigh'd and smiled the hoary-  
 headed Earl,  
 And answer'd, " Graver cause than  
 yours is mine  
 To curse this hedgerow thief, the spar-  
 row-hawk :  
 But in, go in ; for, save yourself desire  
 it,  
 We will not touch upon him ev'n in  
 jest."

Then rode Geraint into the castle  
 court,  
 His charger trampling many a prickly  
 star  
 Of sprouted thistle on the broken  
 stones.  
 He look'd and saw that all was ruin-  
 ous.  
 Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed  
 with fern ;  
 And here had fall'n a great part of a  
 tower,  
 Whole, like a crag that tumbles from  
 the cliff,  
 And like a crag was gay with wilding  
 flowers :  
 And high above a piece of turret stair,  
 Worn by the feet that now were silent,  
 wound  
 Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-  
 stems  
 Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred  
 arms,  
 And suck'd the joining of the stones,  
 and look'd  
 A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a  
 grove

And while he waited in the castle  
 court,  
 The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter,  
 rang  
 Clear thro' the open casement of the  
 Hall,

Singing: and as the sweet voice of a  
bird,  
Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
Moves him to think what kind of bird  
it is  
That sings so delicately clear, and  
make  
Conjecture of the plumage and the  
form;  
So the sweet voice of Enid moved  
Geraint;  
And made him like a man abroad at  
morn  
When first the liquid note beloved of  
men  
Comes flying over many a windy wave  
To Britain, and in April suddenly  
Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with  
green and red,  
And he suspends his converse with  
a friend,  
Or it may be the labor of his hands,  
To think or say, "there is the nightin-  
gale;"  
So fared it with Geraint, who thought  
and said,  
"Here, by God's grace, is the one  
voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang  
was one  
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid  
sang:

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and  
lower the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine,  
storm, and cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love  
nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with  
smile or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or  
down;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are  
great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of  
many lands:  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our  
own hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the  
staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the  
cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love  
nor hate."

"Hark, by the bird's song you may  
learn the nest,"  
Said Yniol; "Enter quickly." Enter-  
ing then,  
Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen  
stones,  
The dusty-rafter'd many-cobweb'd  
Hali,  
He found an ancient dame in dim bro-  
cade;  
And near her, like a blossom vermeil-  
white,  
That lightly breaks a faded flower-  
sheath,  
Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,  
Her daughter. In a moment thought  
Geraint,  
"Here by God's rood is the one maid  
for me."

But none spake word except the hoary  
Earl:

"Enid, the good knight's horse stands  
in the court;  
Take him to stall, and give him corn,  
and then  
Go to the town and buy us flesh and  
wine:  
And we will make us merry as we may.  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are  
great."

He spake: the Prince, as Enid past  
him fain  
To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol  
caught  
His purple scarf, and held, and said  
"Forbear!  
Rest! the good house, tho' ruin'd, O  
my Son,  
Endures not that her guest should  
serve himself."  
And reverencing the custom of the  
house  
Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.



So Enid took his charger to the stall;  
 And after went her way across the bridge,  
 And reach'd the town, and while the Prince and Earl  
 Yet spoke together, came again with one,  
 A youth, that following with a costrel bore  
 The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.  
 And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,  
 And in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.  
 And then, because their hall must also serve  
 For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread the board,  
 And stood behind, and waited on the three. [able,  
 And seeing her so sweet and service-  
 Geraint had longing in him evermore  
 To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb,  
 That crost the trencher as she laid it down:  
 But after all had eaten, then Geraint,  
 For now the wine made summer in his veins,  
 Let his eye rove in following, or rest  
 On Enid at her lowly handmaid-work,  
 Now here, now there, about the dusky hall:  
 Then suddenly address the hoary Earl.

"Fair Host and Earl, I pray your courtesy:  
 This sparrow-hawk, what is he, tell me of him.  
 His name? but no, good faith, I will not have it:  
 For if he be the knight whom late I saw  
 Ride into that new fortress by your town,  
 White from the mason's hand, then have I sworn  
 From his own lips to have it—I am Geraint

Of Devon—for this morning when the Queen  
 Sent her own maiden to demand the name,  
 His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,  
 Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd  
 Indignant to the Queen; and then I swore  
 That I would track this caitiff to his hold,  
 And fight and break his pride, and have it of him. [find  
 And all unarm'd I rode, and thought to  
 Arms in your town, where all the men are mad;  
 They take the rustic murmur of their bourg  
 For the great wave that echoes round the world;  
 They would not hear me speak: but if you know  
 Where I can light on arms, or if yourself  
 Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn  
 That I will break his pride and learn his name,  
 Avenging this great insult done the Queen."

Then cried Earl Yniol: "Art thou he indeed,  
 Geraint, a name far-sounded among men  
 For noble deeds? and truly I, when first  
 I saw you moving by me on the bridge,  
 Felt you were somewhat, yea and by your state  
 And presence might have guess'd you one of those  
 That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.  
 Nor speak I now from foolish flattery;  
 For this dear child hath often heard me praise  
 Your feats of arms, and often when I paused  
 Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to hear;

So grateful is the noise of noble deeds  
To noble hearts who see but acts of  
wrong :

O never yet had woman such a pair  
Of suitors as this maiden ; first Li-  
mours,

A creature wholly given to brawls and  
wine,

Drunk even when he woo'd ; and be he  
dead

I know not, but he passed to the wild  
land.

The second was your foe, the sparrow-  
hawk,

My curse, my nephew,—I will not let  
his name

Slip from my lips if I can help it,—he,  
When I that knew him fierce and tur-  
bulent

Refused her to him, then his pride  
awoke ;

And since the proud man often is the  
mean,

He sowed a slander in the common ear,  
Affirming that his father left him gold,  
And in my charge, which was not ren-  
der'd to him ;

Bribed with large promises the men  
who served

About my person, the more easily  
Because my means were somewhat  
broken into

Thro' open doors and hospitality ;  
Raised my own town against me in the  
night

Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my  
house ;

From mine own earldom foully ousted  
me ;

Built that new fort to overawe my  
friends,

For truly there are those who love me  
yet ;

And keeps me in this ruinous castle  
here,

Where doubtless he would put me  
soon to death,

But that his pride too much despises  
me :

And I myself sometimes despise my-  
self :

For I have let men be, and have their  
way ;

And much too gentle, have not used  
my power :

Nor know I whether I be very base  
Or very manful, whether very wise  
Or very foolish ; only this I know,  
That whatsoever evil happen to me,  
I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,  
But can endure it all most patiently."

"Well said, true heart," replied  
Geraint, "but arms :

That if, as I suppose, your nephew  
fights

In next day's tourney I may break his  
pride."

And Yniol answer'd : "Arms, in-  
deed, but old

And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Ge-  
raint,

Are mine, and therefore at your ask-  
ing, yours,

But in this tournament can no man  
tilt,

Except the lady he loves best be there.  
Two forks are fixt into the meadow

ground,

And over these is laid a silver wand,  
And over that is placed the sparrow-  
hawk,

The prize of beauty for the fairest  
there.

And this, what knight soever be in  
field

Lays claim to for the lady at his side,  
And tilts with my good nephew there-  
upon,

Who being apt at arms and big of  
bone

Has ever won it for the lady with him,  
And toppling over all antagonism

Has earn'd himself the name of spar-  
row-hawk.

But you, that have no lady, cannot  
fight."

To whom Geraint with eyes all  
bright replied,

Leaning a little toward him, "Your  
leave !

Let *me* lay lance in rest, O noble host,  
 For this dear child, because I never  
   saw,  
 Tho' having seen all beauties of our  
   time,  
 Nor can see elsewhere, anything so  
   fair.  
 And if I fall her name will yet remain  
 Untarnish'd as before; but if I live,  
 So aid me Heaven when at mine utter-  
   most,  
 As I will make her truly my true  
   wife."

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's  
   heart  
 Danced in his bosom, seeing better  
   days,  
 And looking round he saw not Enid  
   there  
 (Who hearing her own name had slept  
   away),  
 But that old dame, to whom full ten-  
   derly  
 And fondling all her hand in his he  
   said,  
 "Mother, a maiden is a tender thing,  
 And best by her that bore her under-  
   stood.  
 Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to  
   rest  
 Tell her, and prove her heart toward  
   the Prince."

So spake the kindly-hearted Earl,  
   and she  
 With frequent smile and nod depart-  
   ing found,  
 Half disarray'd as to her rest, the girl;  
 Whom first she kiss'd on either cheek,  
   and then  
 On either shining shoulder laid a  
   hand,  
 And kept her off and gazed upon her  
   face,  
 And told her all their converse in the  
   hall,  
 Proving her heart; but never light and  
   shade  
 Coursed one another more on open  
   ground

Beneath a troubled heaven, than red  
   and pale  
 Across the face of Enid hearing her;  
 Whilst slowly falling as a scale that  
   falls,  
 When weight is added only grain by  
   grain,  
 Sank her sweet head upon her gentle  
   breast;  
 Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a  
   word,  
 Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of  
   it;  
 So moving without answer to her rest  
 She found no rest, and ever fail'd to  
   draw  
 The quiet night into her blood, but  
   lay  
 Contemplating her own unworthiness;  
 And when the pale and bloodless east  
   began  
 To quicken to the sun, arose, and  
   raised  
 Her mother too, and hand in hand  
   they moved  
 Down to the meadow where the jousts  
   were held,  
 And waited there for Yniol and Ge-  
   raint.

And thither came the twain, and  
   when Geraint  
 Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,  
 He felt, were she the prize of bodily  
   force,  
 Himself beyond the rest pushing could  
   move  
 The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted  
   arms  
 Were on his princely person, but thro'  
   these  
 Princelike his bearing shone; and er-  
   rant knights  
 And ladies came, and by and by the  
   town  
 Flow'd in, and settling circled all the  
   lists.  
 And there they fixt the forks into the  
   ground,  
 And over these they plac'd a silver  
   wand.



And over that a golden sparrow-hawk.  
 Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet  
   blown,  
 Spake to the lady with him and pro-  
   claim'd,  
 "Advance and take as fairest of the  
   fair,  
 For I these two years past have won  
   it for thee,  
 The prize of beauty." Loudly spake  
   the Prince,  
 "Forbear: there is a worthier," and  
   the knight  
 With some surprise and thrice as much  
   disdain  
 Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all  
   his face  
 Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at  
   Yule,  
 So burnt he was with passion, crying  
   out,  
 "Do battle for it then," no more; and  
   thrice  
 They clash'd together, and thrice they  
   broke their spears.  
 Then each, dishors'd and drawing,  
   lash'd at each  
 So often, and with such blows, that all  
   the crowd  
 Wonder'd, and now and then from dis-  
   tant walls  
 There came a clapping as of phantom  
   hands.  
 So twice they fought, and twice they  
   breathed, and still  
 The dew of their great labor, and the  
   blood  
 Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd  
   their force.  
 But either's force was match'd till  
   Yniol's cry,  
 "Remember that great insult done the  
   Queen,"  
 Increased Geraint's, who heaved his  
   blade aloft,  
 And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit  
   the bone,  
 And fell'd him, and set foot upon his  
   breast,  
 And said, "Thy name?" To whom  
   the fallen man

Made answer, groaning, "Edyrn, son  
   of Nudd!  
 Ashamed am I that I should tell it  
   thee.  
 My pride is broken: men have seen  
   my fall."  
 "Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd," replied  
   Geraint,  
 "These two things shalt thou do, or  
   else thou diest.  
 First, thou thyself, thy lady and thy  
   dwarf,  
 Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and be-  
   ing there,  
 Crave pardon for that insult done the  
   Queen,  
 And shalt abide her judgment on it;  
   next,  
 Thou shalt give back their earldom to  
   thy kin.  
 These two things shalt thou do, or  
   thou shalt die."  
 And Edyrn answer'd, "These things  
   will I do,  
 For I have never yet been overthrown,  
 And thou hast overthrown me, and my  
   pride  
 Is broken down, for Enid sees my  
   fall!"  
 And rising up, he rode to Arthur's  
   court,  
 And there the queen forgave him  
   easily.  
 And being young, he changed himself,  
   and grew  
 To hate the sin that seem'd so like  
   his own,  
 Of Modred, Arthur's nephew, and fell  
   at last  
 In the great battle fighting for the  
   king.

But when the third day from the  
   hunting-morn  
 Made a low splendor in the world, and  
   wings  
 Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay  
   With her fair head in the dim-yellow  
   light,  
 Among the dancing shadows of the  
   birds,

Woke and bethought her of her promise given

No later than last eve to Prince Geraint—

So bent he seem'd on going the third day,

He would not leave her, till her promise given—

To ride with him this morning to the court,

And there be made known to the stately Queen,

And there be wedded with all ceremony. *she as dressed* [dress,

At this she cast her eyes upon her

And thought it never yet had look'd

so mean.

For as a leaf in mid-November is

To what it was in mid-October, seem'd

The dress that now she look'd on to

the dress

[raint.

She look'd on ere the coming of Ge-

And still she look'd, and still the terror grew

Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, a court,

All staring at her in her faded silk:

And softly to her own sweet heart she said:

“This noble Prince who won our earldom back,

So splendid in his acts and his attire,

Sweet heaven! how much I shall discredit him!

Would he could tarry with us here awhile!

But being so beholden to the Prince

It were but little grace in any of us,

Bent as he seem'd on going this third

day,

To seek a second favor at his hands.

Yet if he could but tarry a day or two,

Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame,

Far liefer than so much discredit him.”

And Enid fell in longing for a dress  
All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a  
costly gift

Of her good mother, given her on the night

Before her birthday, three sad years ago,

That night of fire, when Edyrn sack'd their house,

And scatter'd all they had to all the winds:

For while the mother show'd it, and the two

Were turning and admiring it, the work

To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry

That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled

With little save the jewels they had on,

Which being sold and sold had bought them bread:

And Edyrn's men had caught them in their flight,

And placed them in this ruin; and she wish'd

The Prince had found her in her ancient home;

Then let her fancy flit across the past,

And roam the goodly places that she knew;

And last bethought her how she used to watch,

Near that old home, a pool of golden carp;

And one was patch'd and blurr'd and lustreless

Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool;

And half asleep she made comparison

Of that and these to her own faded self

And the gay court, and fell asleep again;

And dreamt herself was such a faded form

Among her burnish'd sisters of the pool;

But this was in the garden of a king;

And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she knew

That all was bright; that all about were birds

Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work;  
That all the turf was rich in plots that  
look'd

Each like a garnet or a turkis in it;  
And lords and ladies of the high  
court went

In silver tissue talking things of state;  
And children of the king in cloth of  
gold

Glanced at the doors or gambol'd  
down the walks;

And while she thought "they will not  
see me," came

A stately queen whose name was Gui-  
nevere,

And all the children in their cloth of  
gold

Ran to her, crying, "If we have fish  
at all

Let them be gold: and charge the  
gardeners now

To pick the faded creature from the  
pool,

And cast it on the mixen that it die."

And therewithal one came and seized  
on her,

And Enid started waking, with her  
heart

All overshadow'd by the foolish dream,

And lo! it was her mother grasping her

To get her well awake; and in her  
hand

A suit of bright apparel, which she laid  
Flat on the couch, and spoke exult-  
ingly:

"See here, my child, how fresh the  
colors look,

How fast they hold, like colors of a  
shell

That keeps the wear and polish of the  
wave.

Why not? it never yet was worn, I  
trow;

Look on it, child, and tell me if you  
know it."

And Enid look'd, but all confused at  
first,

Could scarce divide it from her foolish  
dream,

Then suddenly she knew it and re-  
joiced,

And answer'd, "Yea, I know it; your  
good gift,

So sadly lost on that unhappy night;  
Your own good gift!" "Yea, surely,"

said the dame,  
"And gladly given again this happy  
morn.

For when the jousts were ended yester-  
day,

Went Yniol thro' the town, and every-  
where

He found the sack and plunder of our  
house

All scatter'd thro' the houses of the  
town:

And gave command that all which  
once was ours,

Should now be ours again: and yester-  
eve,

While you were talking sweetly with  
your Prince,

Came one with this and laid it in my  
hand,

For love or fear, or seeking favor of  
us,

Because we have our earldom back  
again.

And yester-eve I would not tell you  
of it,

But kept it for a sweet surprise at  
morn.

Yea, truly is it not a sweet surprise?  
For I myself unwillingly have worn

My faded suit, as you, my child, have  
yours,

And howsoever patient, Yniol his.

Ah, dear, he took me from a goodly  
house,

With store of rich apparel, sumptuous  
fare,

And page, and maid, and squire, and  
seneschal,

And pastime, both of hawk and hound,  
and all

That appertains to noble maintenance.

Yea, and he brought me to a goodly  
house:

But since our fortune slipt from sun  
to shade,



And all thro' that young traitor, cruel  
 need  
 Constrain'd us, but a better time has  
 come;  
 So clothe yourself in this, that better  
 fits  
 Our mended fortunes and a Prince's  
 bride:  
 For tho' you won the prize of fairest  
 fair,  
 And tho' I heard him call you fairest  
 fair,  
 Let never maiden think, however fair,  
 She is not fairer in new clothes than  
 old.  
 And should some great court-lady say,  
 the Prince  
 Hath pick'd a ragged-robin from the  
 hedge,  
 And like a madman brought her to the  
 court,  
 Then were you shamed, and worse,  
 might shame the Prince  
 To whom we are beholden; but I  
 know, [best,  
 When my dear child is set forth at her  
 That neither court nor country, tho'  
 they sought  
 Thro' all the provinces like those of  
 old  
 That lighted on Queen Esther, has her  
 match."

Here ceased the kindly mother out  
 of breath;  
 And Enid listen'd brightening as she  
 lay;  
 Then, as the white and glittering star  
 of morn  
 Parts from a bank of snow, and by and  
 by  
 Slips into golden cloud, the maiden  
 rose,  
 And left her maiden couch, and robed  
 herself,  
 Help'd by the mother's careful hand  
 and eye,  
 Without a mirror, in the gorgeous  
 gown:  
 Who, after, turn'd her daughter round,  
 and said,

She never yet had seen her half so  
 fair;  
 And call'd her like that maiden in the  
 tale,  
 Whom Gwydion made by glamor out  
 of flowers,  
 And sweeter than the bride of Cassi-  
 velaun, [first  
 Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar  
 Invaded Britain, "but we beat him  
 back,  
 As this great Prince invaded us, and  
 we,  
 Not beat him back, but welcomed him  
 with joy.  
 And I can scarcely ride with you to  
 court,  
 For old am I, and rough the ways and  
 wild:  
 But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall  
 dream  
 I see my princess as I see her now,  
 Cloth'd with my gift, and gay among  
 the gay."

But whilst the women thus rejoiced,  
 Geraint  
 Woke where he slept in the high hall,  
 and call'd  
 For Enid, and when Yniol made report  
 Of that good mother making Enid gay  
 In such apparel as might well beseech  
 His princess, or indeed the stately  
 queen,  
 He answer'd, "Earl, entreat her by my  
 love,  
 Albeit I give no reason but my wish,  
 That she ride with me in her faded  
 silk."  
 Yniol with that hard message we ; it  
 fell,  
 Like flaws in summer laying lusty  
 corn:  
 For Enid, all abash'd, she knew not  
 why,  
 Dared not to glance at her good moth-  
 er's face,  
 But silently, in all obedience,  
 Her mother silent too, nor helping her,  
 Laid from her limbs the costly-broid-  
 er'd gift,

And robed them in her ancient suit  
again,  
And so descended. Never man re-  
joiced  
More than Geraint to greet her thus  
attired :  
And glancing all at once as keenly at  
her,  
As careful robins eye the delver's toil,  
Made her cheek burn and either eyelid  
fall,  
But rested with her sweet face satis-  
fied ;  
Then seeing cloud upon the mother's  
brow,  
Her by both hands he caught, and  
sweetly said :

“ O my new mother, be not wroth or  
grieved  
At your new son, for my petition to  
her.  
When late I left Caerleon, our great  
Queen  
In words whose echo lasts, they were  
so sweet,  
Made promise that whatever bride I  
brought,  
Herself would clothe her like the sun  
in Heaven.  
Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd  
hold,  
Beholding one so bright in dark estate,  
I vow'd that could I gain her, our kind  
Queen,  
No hand but hers, should make your  
Enid burst  
Sunlike from cloud—and likewise  
thought perhaps,  
That service done so graciously would  
bind  
The two together ; for I wish the two  
To love each other : how should Enid  
find  
A nobler friend ? Another thought I  
had ;  
I came among you here so suddenly,  
That tho' her gentle presence at the  
lists  
Might well have served for proof that I  
was loved,

I doubted whether filial tenderness,  
Or easy nature, did not let itself  
Be moulded by your wishes for her  
weal ;  
Or whether some false sense in her  
own self  
Of my contrasting brightness, overbore  
Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall ;  
And such a sense might make her long  
for court  
And all its dangerous glories : and I  
thought,  
That could I somehow prove such  
force in her  
Link'd with such love for me, that at a  
word  
(No reason given her) she could cast  
aside  
A splendor dear to women, new to her  
And therefore dearer ; or if not so  
new,  
Yet therefore tenfold dearer by the  
power  
Of intermitted custom : then I felt  
That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and  
flows,  
Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I  
do rest,  
A prophet certain of my prophecy,  
That never shadow of mistrust can  
cross  
Between us. Grant me pardon for my  
thoughts :  
And for my strange petition I will  
make  
Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day,  
When your fair child shall wear your  
costly gift  
Beside your own warm hearth, with, on  
her knees,  
Who knows ? another gift of the high  
God.  
Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to  
lisp you thanks.”

He spoke the mother smiled, but  
half in tears,  
Then brought a mantle down and  
wrapt her in it,  
And claspt and kiss'd her and they  
rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere  
 had climb'd  
 The giant tower, from whose high  
 crest, they say,  
 Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,  
 And white sails flying on the yellow  
 sea ;  
 But not to goodly hill or yellow sea  
 Look'd the fair Queen, but up the vale  
 of Usk,  
 By the flat meadow, till she saw them  
 come  
 And then descending met them at the  
 gates,  
 Embraced her with all welcome as a  
 friend,  
 And did her honor as the Prince's  
 bride,  
 And clothed her for her bridals like  
 the sun ;  
 And all that week was old Caerleon  
 gay,  
 For by the hands of Dubric, the high  
 saint,  
 They twain were wedded with all  
 ceremony.

And this was on the last year's  
 Whitsuntide.  
 But Enid ever kept the faded silk,  
 Remembering how first he came on  
 her,  
 Drest in that dress, and how he loved  
 her in it,  
 And all the foolish fears about the  
 dress,  
 And all his journey toward her, as him-  
 self  
 Had told her, and their coming to the  
 court. ✓  
 And now this morning when he said  
 to her,  
 "Put on your worst and meanest  
 dress," she found  
 And took it, and array'd herself there-  
 in.

O purblind race of miserable men,  
 How many among us at this very hour  
 Do forge a life-long trouble for our-  
 selves,

By taking true for false, or false for  
 true ;  
 Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this  
 world  
 Groping, how many, until we pass and  
 reach  
 That other, where we see as we are  
 seen !

So fared it with Geraint, who issuing  
 forth  
 That morning, when they both had  
 got to horse,  
 Perhaps because he loved her passion-  
 ately,  
 And felt that tempest brooding round  
 his heart,  
 Which, if he spoke at all, would break  
 perforce  
 Upon a head so dear in thunder, said :  
 "Not at my side ! I charge you ride  
 before,  
 Ever a good way on before ; and this  
 I charge you, on your duty as a wife,  
 Whatever happens, not to speak to  
 me,  
 No, not a word !" and Enid was  
 aghast :  
 And forth they rode, but scarce three  
 paces on,  
 When crying out, "Effeminate as I  
 am,  
 I will not fight my way with gilded  
 arms,  
 All shall be iron ;" he loosed a mighty  
 purse,  
 Hung at his belt, and hurl'd it toward  
 the squire.  
 So the last sight that Enid had of home  
 Was all the marble threshold flashing,  
 strown  
 With gold and scatter'd coinage, and  
 the squire  
 Chafing his shoulder ; then he cried  
 again,  
 "To the wilds !" and Enid leading  
 down the tracks  
 Thro' which he bade her lead him on,  
 they past  
 The marches, and by bandit-haunted  
 holds,



Gray swamps and pools, waste places  
 of the hern,  
 And wildernesses, perilous paths, they  
 rode :  
 Round was their pace at first, but  
 slacken'd soon :  
 A stranger meeting them had surely  
 thought,  
 They rode so slowly and they look'd so  
 pale, [wrong.  
 That each had suffer'd some exceeding  
 For he was ever saying to himself,  
 "O I that wasted time to tend upon  
 her,  
 To compass her with sweet obser-  
 vances,  
 To dress her beautifully and keep her  
 true"—  
 And there he broke the sentence in  
 his heart  
 Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue  
 May break it, when his passion masters  
 him  
 And she was ever praying the sweet  
 heavens  
 To save her dear lord whole from any  
 wound.  
 And ever in her mind she cast about  
 For that unnoticed failing in herself,  
 Which made him look so cloudy and  
 so cold ;  
 Till the great plover's human whistle  
 amazed  
 Her heart, and glancing round the  
 waste she fear'd  
 In every wavering brake an ambuscade.  
 Then thought again "If there be such  
 in me,  
 I might amend it by the grace of  
 heaven,  
 If he would only speak and tell me  
 of it."

But when the fourth part of the day  
 was gone,  
 Then Enid was aware of three tall  
 knights  
 On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a  
 rock  
 In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs  
 all ;

And heard one crying to his fellow,  
 "Look,  
 Here comes a laggard hanging down  
 his head,  
 Who seems no bolder than a beaten  
 hound ;  
 Come, we will slay him and will have  
 his horse  
 And armor, and his damsel shall be  
 ours."

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart,  
 and said :  
 "I will go back a little to my lord,  
 And I will tell him all their caitiff talk ;  
 For, be he wroth even to slaying me,  
 Far liever by his dear hand had I die,  
 Than that my lord should suffer loss  
 or shame."

Then she went back some paces of  
 return,  
 Met his full frown timidly firm, and  
 said :  
 "My lord, I saw three bandits by the  
 rock  
 Waiting to fall on you, and heard them  
 boast  
 That they would slay you, and possess  
 your horse  
 And armor, and your damsel should be  
 theirs."

He made a wrathful answer. "Did  
 I wish  
 Your warning or your silence? one  
 command  
 I laid upon you, not to speak to me,  
 And thus you keep it! Well then,  
 look—for now,  
 Whether you wish me victory or de-  
 feat,  
 Long for my life, or hunger for my  
 death,  
 Yourself shall see my vigor is not  
 lost."

Then Enid waited pale and sorrow-  
 ful,  
 And down upon him bare the bandit  
 three.

And at the midmost charging, Prince  
 Geraint  
 Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his  
 breast  
 And out beyond; and then against his  
 brace  
 Of comrades, each of whom had broken  
 on him  
 A lance that splinter'd like an icicle,  
 Swung from his brand a windy buffet  
 out  
 Once, twice, to right, to left, and  
 stunn'd the twain  
 Or slew them, and dismounting like a  
 man  
 That skins the wild beast after slaying  
 him,  
 Stript from the three dead wolves of  
 woman born  
 The three gay suits of armor which  
 they wore,  
 And let the bodies lie, but bound the  
 suits  
 Of armor on their horses, each on each,  
 And tied the bridle-reins of all the  
 three  
 Together, and said to her, "drive them  
 on  
 Before you;" and she drove them  
 thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer: ruth began to  
 work  
 Against his anger in him, while he  
 watch'd  
 The being he loved best in all the  
 world,  
 With difficulty in mild obedience  
 Driving them on: he fain had spoken  
 to her, [wrath  
 And loosed in words of sudden fire the  
 And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him  
 all within;  
 But evermore it seem'd an easier thing  
 At once without remorse to strike her  
 dead,  
 Than to cry "Halt," and to her own  
 bright face  
 Accuse her of the least immodesty:  
 And thus tongue-tied, it made him  
 wroth the more

That she *could* speak whom his own  
 ear had heard  
 Call herself false: and suffering thus  
 he made  
 Minutes an age: but in scarce longer  
 time  
 Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,  
 Before he turn to fall seaward again,  
 Pauses, did Enid, keeping watch, be-  
 hold  
 In the first shallow shade of a deep  
 wood,  
 Before a gloom of stubborn-shafted  
 oaks,  
 Three other horsemen waiting, wholly  
 arm'd,  
 Whereof one seem'd far larger than  
 her lord,  
 And shook her pulses, crying, "Look,  
 a prize!  
 Three horses and three goodly suits of  
 arms,  
 And all in charge of whom? a girl:  
 set on."  
 "Nay," said the second, "yonder  
 comes a knight."  
 The third, "A craven! how he hangs  
 his head.  
 The giant answer'd merrily, "Yea, but  
 one?  
 Wait here, and when he passes fall  
 upon him."

And Enid ponder'd in her heart and  
 said,  
 "I will abide the coming of my lord,  
 And I will tell him all their villany.  
 My lord is weary with the fight before,  
 And they will fall upon him unawares.  
 I needs must disobey him for his good;  
 How should I dare obey him to his  
 harm?  
 Needs must I speak, and tho' he kill  
 me for it,  
 I save a life dearer to me than mine."

And she abode his coming, and said  
 to him  
 With timid firmness, "Have I leave to  
 speak?"  
 He said, "you take it, speaking," and  
 she spoke.

"There lurk three villains yonder in the wood,  
And each of them is wholly arm'd, and one  
Is larger limb'd than you are, and they say  
That they will fall upon you while you pass."

To which he flung a wrathful answer back :  
"And if there were an hundred in the wood,  
And every man were larger-limb'd than I,  
And all at once should sally out upon me,  
I swear it would not ruffle me so much  
As you that not obey me. Stand aside,  
And if I fall, cleave to the better man."

And Enid stood aside to wait the event,  
Not dare to watch the combat, only breathe  
Short fits of prayer, at every stroke a breath.  
And he, she dreaded most, bare down upon him.  
Aim'd at the helm, his lance err'd ; but Geraint's,  
A little in the late encounter strain'd,  
Struck thro' the bulky bandit's corselet home,  
And then brake short, and down his enemy roll'd  
And there lay still : as he that tells the tale,  
Saw once a great piece of a promontory,  
That had a sapling growing on it, slip  
From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,  
And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew :  
So lay the man transfixt. His craven pair  
Of comrades, making slower at the Prince,  
When now they saw their bulwark fallen, stood ;

On whom the victor, to confound them more,  
Spurr'd with his terrible war-cry ; for as one,  
That listens near a torrent mountain-brook,  
All thro' the crash of the near cataract hears  
The drumming thunder of the huger fall  
At distance, were the soldiers wont to hear  
His voice in battle, and be kindled by it,  
And foemen scared, like that false pair who turn'd  
Flying, but, overtaken, died the death  
Themselves had wrought on many an innocent.

Thereon Geraint, dismounting, pick'd the lance  
That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves  
Their three gay suits of armor, each from each,  
And bound them on their horses, each on each,  
And tied the bridle-reins of all the three  
Together, and said to her, "Drive them on  
Before you," and she drove them thro' the wood.

He follow'd nearer still ; the pain she had  
To keep them in the wild ways of the wood,  
Two sets of three laden with jingling arms,  
Together, served a little to disedge  
The sharpness of that pain about her heart ;  
And they themselves, like creatures gently born  
But into bad hands fall'n, and now so long  
By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt  
Her low firm voice and tender government.



So thro' the green gloom of the  
wood they past,  
And issuing under open heavens be-  
held

A little town with towers, upon a rock,  
And close beneath, a meadow gemlike  
chased

In the brown wild, and mowers mowing  
in it:

And down a rocky pathway from the  
place

There came a fair-hair'd youth, that in  
his hand

Bare victual for the mowers: and  
Geraint

Had ruth again on Enid looking pale:  
Then, moving downward to the meadow  
ground,

He, when the fair-hair'd youth came  
by him, said,

"Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so  
faint."

"Yea, willingly," replied the youth;  
"and you,

My lord, eat also, tho' the fare is coarse,  
And only meet for mowers;" then set  
down

His basket, and dismounting on the  
sward

They let the horses graze, and ate  
themselves.

And Enid took a little delicately,  
Less having stomach for it than desire  
To close with her lord's pleasure; but  
Geraint

Ate all the mowers' victual unawares,  
And when he found all empty, was  
amazed:

And "Boy," said he, "I have eaten all,  
but take

A horse and arms for guerdon; choose  
the best."

He, reddening in extremity of delight,  
"My lord, you overpay me fifty fold."

"You will be all the wealthier," cried  
the Prince.

"I take it as free gift, then," said the  
boy,

"Not guerdon; for myself can easily,  
While your good damsel rests, return,  
and fetch

Fresh victual for these mowers of our  
Earl;

For these are his, and all the field is  
his,

And I myself am his; and I will tell  
him

How great a man you are; he loves to  
know

When men of mark are in his territory:  
And he will have you to his palace  
here,

And serve you costlier than with  
mowers' fare."

Then said Geraint, "I wish no bet-  
ter fare:

I never ate with angrier appetite  
Than when I left your mowers dinner-  
less.

And into no Earl's palace will I go.

I know, God knows, too much of pal-  
aces!

And if he want me, let him come to  
me.

But hire us some fair chamber for the  
night,

And stalling for the horses, and re-  
turn

With victual for these men, and let us  
know."

"Yea, my kind lord," said the glad  
youth, and went,

Held his head high, and thought him-  
self a knight,

And up the rocky pathway disap-  
pear'd,

Leading the horse, and they were left  
alone.

But when the Prince had brought  
his errant eyes

Home from the rock, sideways he let  
them glance

At Enid, where she droopt: his own  
false doom,

That shadow of mistrust should never  
cross

Betwixt them, came upon him, and he  
sigh'd;

Then with another humorous ruth re-  
mark'd

The lusty mowers laboring dinnerless,  
 And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning  
 scythe,  
 And after nodded sleepily in the heat.  
 But she, remembering her old ruin'd  
 hall,  
 And all the windy clamor of the daws  
 About her hollow turret, pluck'd the  
 grass  
 There growing longest by the meadow's  
 edge,  
 And into many a listless annulet,  
 Now over, now beneath her marriage-  
 ring,  
 Wove and unwove it, till the boy re-  
 turn'd  
 And told them of a chamber, and they  
 went; [will,  
 Where, after saying to her, "If you  
 Call for the woman of the house," to  
 which  
 She answer'd, "Thanks, my lord;"  
 the two remain'd  
 Apart by all the chamber's width, and  
 mute  
 As creatures voiceless thro' the fault  
 of birth,  
 Or two wild men supporters of a  
 shield,  
 Painted, who stare at open space, nor  
 glance  
 The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along  
 the street,  
 And heel against the pavement echo-  
 ing, burst  
 Their drowse; and either started while  
 the door,  
 Push'd from without, drave backward  
 to the wall,  
 And midmost of a rout of roisterers,  
 Femininely fair and dissolutely pale,  
 Her suitor in old years before Geraint,  
 Enter'd, the wild lord of the place,  
 Limours.  
 He moving up with pliant courtliness,  
 Greeted Geraint full face, but stealth-  
 ily,  
 In the mid-warmth of welcome and  
 graspt hand,

Found Enid with the corner of his  
 eye,  
 And knew her sitting sad and solitary.  
 Then cried Geraint for wine and good-  
 ly cheer  
 To feed the sudden guest, and sump-  
 tuously  
 According to his fashion, bade the  
 host  
 Call in what men soever were his  
 friends, [earl;  
 And feast with these in honor of their  
 "And care not for the cost; the cost  
 is mine."

And wine and food were brought,  
 and Earl Limours  
 Drank till he jested with all ease, and  
 told  
 Free tales, and took the word and  
 play'd upon it,  
 And made it of two colors; for his  
 talk,  
 When wine and free companions kin-  
 dled him,  
 Was wont to glance and sparkle like a  
 gem  
 Of fifty facets; thus he moved the  
 Prince [plause.  
 To laughter and his comrades to ap-  
 Then, when the Prince was merry,  
 ask'd Limours,  
 "Your leave, my lord, to cross the  
 room, and speak  
 To your good damsel there who sits  
 apart  
 And seems so lonely?" "My free  
 leave," he said;  
 "Get her to speak: she does not  
 speak to me."  
 Then rose Limours and looking at his  
 feet,  
 Like him who tries the bridge he fears  
 may fail,  
 Crost and came near, lifted adoring  
 eyes,  
 Bow'd at her side and utter'd whisper-  
 ingly:  
 "Enid, the pilot star of my lone  
 life,  
 Enid my early and my only love,

Enid the loss of whom has turn'd me  
wild—

What chance is this? how is it I see  
you here?

You are in my power at last, are in my  
power.

Yet fear me not: I call mine own self  
wild,

But keep a touch of sweet civility  
Here in the heart of waste and wilder-  
ness.

I thought, but that your father came  
between,

In former days you saw me favorably.  
And if it were so do not keep it back:  
Make me a little happier: let me know  
it:

Owe you me nothing for a life half-  
lost?

Yea, yea, the whole dear debt of all  
you are.

And, Enid, you and he, I see it with  
joy—

You sit apart, you do not speak to  
him,

You come with no attendance, page or  
maid, [old?

To serve you—does he love you as of  
For, call it lovers' quarrels, yet I  
know

Tho' men may bicker with the things  
they love,

They would not make them laughable  
in all eyes,

Not while they loved them: and your  
wretched dress,

A wretched insult on you, dumbly  
speaks

Your story, that this man loves you no  
more.

Your beauty is no beauty to him now:  
A common chance—right well I know  
it—pall'd—

For I know men—nor will you win  
him back,

For the man's love once gone never  
returns.

But here is one who loves you as of  
old;

With more exceeding passion than of  
old:

Good, speak the word: my followers  
ring him round:

He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;  
They understand: no; I do not mean  
blood;

Nor need you look so scared at what I  
say:

My malice is no deeper than a moat,  
No stronger than a wall: there is the  
keep:

He shall not cross us more; speak but  
the word:

Or speak it not; but then by Him that  
made me

The one true lover which you ever  
had,

I will make use of all the power I  
have.

O pardon me! the madness of that  
hour,

When first I parted from you, moves  
me yet."

At this the tender sound of his own  
voice

And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it,  
Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd  
his eyes,

Moist as they were, wine-heated from  
the feast;

And answer'd with such craft as women  
use,

Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a  
chance

That breaks upon them perilously,  
and said:

"Earl, if you love me as in former  
years,

And do not practise on me, come with  
morn,

And snatch me from him as by vio-  
lence;

Leave me to-night: I am weary to the  
death."

Low at leave-taking, with his bran-  
dish'd plume

Brushing his instep, bow'd the all-  
amorous Earl,

And the stout Prince bade him a loud  
good-night.



He moving homeward babbled to his  
men,  
How Enid never loved a man but  
him,  
Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her  
lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Ge-  
raint,  
Debating his command of silence  
given,  
And that she now perforce must vio-  
late it,  
Held commune with herself, and while  
she held  
He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart  
To wake him, but hung o'er him,  
wholly pleased  
To find him yet unwounded after  
fight,  
And hear him breathing low and  
equally.

Anon she rose, and stepping lightly,  
leap'd  
The pieces of his armor in one place,  
All to be there against a sudden need;  
Then dozed awhile herself, but over-  
toil'd

By that day's grief and travel, ever-  
more

Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn,  
and then

Went slipping down horrible preci-  
pices,

And strongly striking out her limbs  
awoke;

Then thought she heard the wild Earl  
at the door,

With all his rout of random followers,  
Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summon-  
ing her;

Which was the red cock shouting to  
the light,

As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy  
world,

And glimmer'd on his armor in the  
room.

And once again she rose to look at  
it,

But touch'd it unawares: jangling, the  
casque

Fell, and he started up and stared at  
her.

Then breaking his command of silence  
given,

She told him all that Earl Limours had  
said,

Except the passage that he loved her  
not;

Nor left untold the craft herself had  
used;

But ended with apology so sweet,  
Low-spoken, and of so few words, and  
seem'd

So justified by that necessity,  
That tho' he thought "was it for him  
she wept

In Devon?" he but gave a wrathful  
groan,

Saying "your sweet faces make good  
fellows fools

And traitors. Call the host and bid  
him bring [out

Charger and palfrey." So she glided  
Among the heavy breathings of the  
house,

And like a household Spirit at the  
walls

Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and  
return'd:

Then tending her rough lord, tho' all  
unask'd,

In silence, did him service as a squire;  
Till issuing arm'd he found the host  
and cried

"Thy reckoning, friend?" and ere he  
learnt it, "Take

Five horses and their armors;" and  
the host

Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze,  
"My lord, I scarce have spent the  
worth of one!"

"You will be all the wealthier," said  
the Prince,

And then to Enid, "Forward! and to-  
day

I charge you, Enid, more especially,  
What thing soever you may hear or  
see,

Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use  
To charge you) that you speak no  
but obey."

And Enid answer'd, "Yea, my lord,  
I know  
Your wish, and would obey: but riding  
first,  
I hear the violent threats you do not  
hear,  
I see the danger which you cannot  
see;  
Then not to give you warning, that  
seems hard:  
Almost beyond me: yet I would  
obey."

"Yea, so," said he, "do it: be not  
too wise;  
Seeing that you are wedded to a man,  
Not quite mismated with a yawning  
clown,  
But one with arms to guard his head  
and yours,  
With eyes to find you out however  
far,  
And ears to hear you even in his  
dreams."

With that he turned and looked as  
keenly at her  
As careful robins eye the delver's  
toil;  
And that within her which a wanton  
fool,  
Or hasty judger, would have called  
her guilt,  
Made her cheek burn and either eye-  
lid fall.  
And Geraint look'd and was not sat-  
isfied.

Then forward by a way which, beaten  
broad,  
Led from the territory of false Li-  
mours  
To the waste earldom of another earl,  
Doorm; whom his shaking vassals  
call'd the Bull,  
Went Enid with her sullen follower  
on.  
Once she look'd back, and when she  
saw him ride  
More near by many a rood than yes-  
termorn,

It wellnigh made her cheerful: till  
Geraint  
Waving an angry hand as who should  
say  
"You watch me," saddened all her  
heart again.  
But while the sun yet beat a dewy  
blade,  
The sound of many a heavily-galloping  
hoof  
Smote on her ear, and turning round  
she saw  
Dust, and the points of lances bicker  
in it.  
Then not to disobey her lord's behest,  
And yet to give him warning, for he  
rode  
As if he heard not, moving back she  
held  
Her finger up, and pointed to the dust.  
At which the warrior in his obstinacy,  
Because she kept the letter of his word  
Was in a manner pleased, and turning,  
stood.  
And in the moment after, wild Li-  
mours,  
Borne on a black horse, like a thunder-  
cloud  
Whose skirts are loosen'd by the break-  
ing storm, [rode,  
Half ridden off with by the thing he  
And all in passion uttering a dry  
shriek,  
Dash'd on Geraint, who closed with  
him and bore  
Down by the length of lance and arm  
beyond  
The crupper, and so left him stunn'd  
or dead,  
And overthrew the next that follow'd  
him,  
And blindly rush'd on all the rout be-  
hind.  
But at the flash and motion of the man  
They vanish'd panic-stricken, like a  
shoal  
Of darting fish, that on a summer  
morn  
Adown the crystal dikes at Camelot  
Come slipping o'er their shadows on  
the sand,

But if a man who stands upon the  
brink  
But lift a shining hand against the sun,  
There is not left the twinkle of a fin  
Betwixt the cressy islets white in  
flower;  
So, scared but at the motion of the  
man,  
Fled all the boon companions of the  
Earl,  
And left him lying in the public way:  
So vanish friendships only made in  
wine.

Then like a stormy sunlight smiled  
Geraint,  
Who saw the chargers of the two that  
fell  
Start from their fallen lords, and wildly  
fly,  
Mixt with the flyers. "Horse and  
man," he said,  
"All of one mind and all right-honest  
friends!  
Not a hoof left; and I methinks till  
now  
Was honest—paid with horses and  
with arms:  
I cannot steal or plunder, nor nor beg:  
And so what say you, shall we strip  
him there  
Your lover? has your palfrey heart  
enough  
To bear his armor? shall we fast or  
dine?  
No?—then do you, being right honest,  
pray  
That we may meet the horsemen of  
Earl Doorm,  
I too would still be honest." Thus he  
said;  
And sadly gazing on her bridle-reins,  
And answering not one word, she led  
the way.

But as a man to whom a dreadful  
loss  
Falls in a far land and he knows it  
not,  
But coming back he learns it, and the  
loss

So pains him that he sickens nigh to  
death;  
So fared it with Geraint, who being  
prick'd  
In combat with the follower of Li-  
mours,  
Bled underneath his armor secretly,  
And so rode on, nor told his gentle  
wife  
What ail'd him, hardly knowing it him-  
self,  
Till his eye darken'd and his helmet  
wagg'd;  
And at a sudden swerving of the  
road,  
Tho' happily down on a bank of grass,  
The Prince, without a word, from his  
horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his  
fall,  
Suddenly came, and at his side all pale  
Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of  
his arms,  
Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue  
eye  
Moisten, till she had lighted on his  
wound,  
And tearing off her veil of faded silk  
Had bared her forehead to the blister-  
ing sun,  
And swathed the hurt that drain'd her  
dear lord's life.  
Then after all was done that hand  
could do,  
She rested, and her desolation came  
Upon her, and she wept beside the  
way.

And many past, but none regarded  
her,  
For in that realm of lawless turbulence,  
A woman weeping for her murder'd  
mate  
Was cared as much for as a summer  
shower:  
One took him for a victim of Earl  
Doorm,  
Nor dared to waste a perilous pity on  
him:  
Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms,



Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl;  
 Half whistling and half singing a coarse  
   song,  
 He drove the dust against her veiless  
   eyes:  
 Another, flying from the wrath of  
   Doorm  
 Before an ever-fancied arrow, made  
 The long way smoke beneath him in  
   his fear;  
 At which her palfrey whinnying lifted  
   heel,  
 And scour'd into the coppices and was  
   lost,  
 While the great charger stood, grieved  
   like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge  
   Earl Doorm,  
 Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet  
   beard,  
 Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey,  
 Came riding with a hundred lances  
   up;  
 But ere he came, like one that hails a  
   ship,  
 Cried out with a big voice, "What, is  
   he dead?"  
 "No, no, not dead!" she answer'd in  
   all haste.  
 "Would some of your kind people  
   take him up,  
 And bear him hence out of this cruel  
   sun;  
 Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not  
   dead."

Then said Earl Doorm: "Well, if  
   he be not dead,  
 Why wail you for him thus? you seem  
   a child.  
 And be he dead, I count you for a  
   fool.  
 Your wailing will not quicken him:  
   dead or not,  
 You mar a comely face with idiot tears.  
 Yet, since the face *is* comely—some of  
   you,  
 Here, take him up, and bear him to  
   our hall:  
 And if he live, we will have him of our  
   band;

And if he die, why earth has earth  
   enough  
 To hide him. See ye take the charger  
   too,  
 A noble one."

He spake, and past away,  
 But left two brawny spearmen, who  
   advanced,  
 Each growling like a dog, when his  
   good bone  
 Seems to be pluck'd at by the village  
   boys  
 Who love to vex him eating, and he  
   fears  
 To lose his bone, and lays his foot  
   upon it,  
 Gnawing and growling; so the ruffians  
   growl'd,  
 Fearing to lose, and all for a dead  
   man,  
 Their chance of booty from the morn-  
   ing's raid;  
 Yet raised and laid him on a litter-bier,  
 Such as they brought upon their forays  
   out  
 For those that might be wounded; laid  
   him on it  
 All in the hollow of his shield, and  
   took  
 And bore him to the naked hall of  
   Doorm, [led]  
 (His gentle charger following him un-  
 And cast him and the bier in which he  
   lay  
 Down on an oaken settle in the hall,  
 And then departed, hot in haste to join  
 Their luckier mates, but growling as  
   before,  
 And cursing their lost time, and the  
   dead man,  
 And their own Earl, and their own  
   souls, and her.  
 They might as well have blest her: she  
   was deaf  
 To blessing or to cursing save from  
   one.

So for long hours sat Enid by her  
   lord,  
 There in the naked hall, propping his  
   head,



But now desired the humbling of their  
best,  
Yea, would have helped him to it; and  
all at once  
They hated her, who took no thought  
of them,  
But answer'd in low voice, her meek  
head yet  
Drooping, "I pray you of your cour-  
tesy,  
He being as he is, to let me be."

She spake so low he hardly heard  
her speak,  
But like a mighty patron, satisfied  
With what himself had done so gra-  
ciously,  
Assumed that she had thanked him,  
adding, "Yea,  
Eat and be glad, for I account you  
mine."

She answer'd meekly, "How should  
I be glad  
Henceforth in all the world at any-  
thing,  
Until my lord arise and look upon me?"

Here the huge Earl cried out upon  
her talk.  
As all but empty heart and weariness  
And sickly nothing; suddenly seized  
on her,  
And bare her by main violence to the  
board,  
And thrust the dish before her, crying,  
"Eat."

"No, no," said Enid, vext, "I will  
not eat  
Till yonder man upon the bier arise,  
And eat with me." "Drink, then,"  
he answered. "Here!"  
(And fill'd a horn with wine and held it  
to her,)  
"Lo! I, myself, when flush'd with  
fight, or hot,  
God's curse, with anger,—often I my-  
self,  
Before I well have drunken, scarce can  
eat:  
Drink therefore, and the wine will  
change your will"

"Not so," she cried, "by Heaven, I  
will not drink,  
Till my dear lord arise and bid me do  
it,  
And drink with me; and if he rise no  
more,  
I will not look at wine until I die."

At this he turn'd all red and paced  
his hall,  
Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper  
lip,  
And coming up close to her, said at  
last:

"Girl, for I see you scorn my courte-  
sies,  
Take warning: yonder man is surely  
dead;  
And I compel all creatures to my will.  
Not eat nor drink? And wherefore  
wail for one,

Who put your beauty to this flout and  
scorn

By dressing it in rags? Amazed am I,  
Beholding how you butt against my  
wish,

That I forbear you thus: cross me no  
more.

At least put off to please me this poor  
gown,

This silken rag, this beggar-woman's  
weed:

I love that beauty should go beauti-  
fully:

For see you not my gentlewomen here,  
How gay, how suited to the house of  
one,

Who loves that beauty should go  
beautifully!

Rise therefore; robe yourself in this:  
obey."

He spoke, and one among his gentle-  
women

Display'd a splendid silk of foreign  
loom,

Where like a shoaling sea the lovely  
blue

Play'd into green, and thicker down the  
front

With jewels than the sward with drops  
of dew,



When all night long a cloud clings to  
the hill,  
And with the dawn ascending lets the  
day  
Strike where it clung so thickly shone  
the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be  
moved  
Than hardest tyrants in their day of  
power,  
With life-long injuries burning un-  
avenged,  
And now their hour has come; and  
Enid said:

"In this poor gown my dear lord  
found me first,  
And loved me serving in my father's  
hall:  
In this poor gown I rode with him to  
court,  
And there the Queen array'd me like  
the sun:  
In this poor gown he bade me clothe  
myself,  
When now we rode upon this fatal  
quest  
Of honor, where no honor can be  
gain'd:  
And this poor gown I will not cast  
aside  
Until himself arise a living man,  
And bid me cast it. I have griefs  
enough:  
Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be:  
I never loved, can never love but him:  
Yea, God, I pray you of your gentle-  
ness,  
He being as he is, to let me be."

Then strode the brute Earl up and  
down his hall,  
And took his russet beard between his  
teeth;  
Last, coming up quite close, and in his  
mood  
Crying, "I count it of no more avail,  
Dame, to be gentle than ungentle with  
you;  
Take my salute," unknighly with flat  
hand,

However lightly, smote her on the  
cheek.

Then Enid, in her utter helplessness,  
And since she thought, "he had not  
dared to do it,  
Except he surely knew my lord was  
dead,"

Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter  
cry,

As of a wild thing taken in the trap,  
Which sees the trapper coming thro'  
the wood.

This heard Geraint, and grasping at  
his sword,

(It lay beside him in the hollow shield.)  
Made but a single bound, and with a  
sweep of it

Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like  
a ball

The russet-bearded head roll'd on the  
floor.

So died Earl Doorm by him he  
counted dead.

And all the men and women in the  
hall

Rose when they saw the dead man  
rise, and fled

Yelling as from a spectre, and the two  
Were left alone together, and he said:

"Enid I have used you worse than  
that dead man;

Done you more wrong: we both have  
undergone

That trouble which has left me thrice  
your own:

Henceforward I will rather die than  
doubt.

And here I lay this penance on myself,  
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you yes-  
ter-morn—

You thought me sleeping, but I heard  
you say,

I heard you say, that you were no true  
wife:

I swear I will not ask your meaning in  
it:

I do believe yourself against yourself,  
And will henceforward rather die than  
doubt."

And Enid could not say one tender word,  
 She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart:  
 She only pray'd him, "Fly, they will return  
 And slay you; fly, your charger is without,  
 My palfrey lost." "Then, Enid, shall you ride  
 Behind me." "Yea," said Enid, "let us go."  
 And moving out they found the stately horse,  
 Who now no more a vassal to the thief,  
 But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight,  
 Neigh'd with all gladness as they came,  
 and stopp'd  
 With a low whinny toward the pair:  
 and he  
 Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front,  
 Glad also; then Geraint upon the horse  
 Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot  
 She set her own and climb'd; he turn'd his face  
 And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms  
 About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise  
 O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,  
 Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind,  
 Than lived thro' her who in that perilous hour  
 Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart,  
 And felt him hers again; she did not weep,  
 But o'er her meek eyes came a happy mist  
 Like that which kept the heart of Eden green  
 Before the useful trouble of the rain:  
 Yet not so misty were her meek blue eyes

As not to see before them on the path,  
 Right in the gateway of the bandit hold,  
 A knight of Arthur's court, who laid his lance  
 In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.  
 Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of blood,  
 She, with her mind all full of what had chanced,  
 Shriek'd to the stranger, "Slay not a dead man!"  
 "The voice of Enid," said the knight: but she,  
 Beholding it was Edyrn son of Nudd,  
 Was moved so much the more, and shriek'd again,  
 "O cousin, slay not him who gave you life."  
 And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake:  
 "My lord Geraint, I greet you with all love;  
 I took you for a bandit knight of Doorm;  
 And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,  
 Who love you, Prince, with something of the love  
 Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.  
 For once, when I was up so high in pride  
 That I was half way down the slope to Hell,  
 By overthrowing me you threw me higher,  
 Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round,  
 And since I knew this Earl, when I myself  
 Was half a bandit in my lawless hour,  
 I come the mouthpiece of our King to Doorm  
 (The King is close behind me) bidding him  
 Disband himself, and scatter all his p wers,  
 Submit, and hear the judgment of the King."

"He hears the judgment of the King  
 of Kings,"  
 Cried the wan Prince: "and lo the  
 powers of Doorm  
 Are scatter'd," and he pointed to the  
 field  
 Where, huddled here and there on  
 mound and knoll,  
 Were men and women staring and  
 aghast,  
 While some yet fled; and then he  
 plainlier told  
 How the huge Earl lay slain within his  
 hall.  
 But when the knight besought him,  
 "Follow me,  
 Prince, to the camp, and in the King's  
 own ear  
 Speak what has chanced; you surely  
 have endured  
 Strange chances here alone;" that  
 other flush'd,  
 And hung his head, and halted in re-  
 ply,  
 Fearing the mild face of the blameless  
 King, [ask'd:  
 And after madness acted question  
 Till Edyrn crying, "If you will not go  
 To Arthur, then will Arthur come to  
 you,"  
 "Enough," he said, "I follow," and  
 they went.  
 But Enid in their going had two fears,  
 One from the bandit scatter'd in the  
 field,  
 And one from Edyrn. Every now and  
 then,  
 When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her  
 side,  
 She shrank a little. In a hollow land,  
 From which old fires have broken, men  
 may fear  
 Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving,  
 said:  
 "Fair and dear cousin, you that most  
 had cause  
 To fear me, fear no longer, I am  
 changed.  
 Yourself were first the blameless cause  
 to make

My nature's prideful sparkle in the  
 blood  
 Break into furious flame; being re-  
 puls'd  
 By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and  
 wrought  
 Until I overturn'd him; then set up  
 (With one main purpose ever at my  
 heart)  
 My haughty jousts, and took a para-  
 mour;  
 Did her mock-honor as the fairest fair,  
 And, toppling over all antagonism,  
 So wax'd in pride, that I believed my  
 self [mad:  
 Unconquerable, for I was well-nigh  
 And, but for my main purpose in these  
 jousts,  
 I should have slain your father, seized  
 yourself.  
 I lived in hope that some time you  
 would come  
 To these my lists with him whom best  
 you loved;  
 And there, poor cousin, with your meek  
 blue eyes,  
 The truest eyes that ever answer'd  
 heaven,  
 Behold me overturn and trample on  
 him.  
 Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd  
 to me,  
 I should not less have killed him. And  
 you came,—  
 But once you came,—and with your  
 own true eyes,  
 Beheld the man you loved (I speak as  
 one  
 Speaks of a service done him) over-  
 throw  
 My proud self, and my purpose three  
 years old,  
 And set his foot upon me, and give me  
 life.  
 There was I broken down; there was I  
 saved:  
 Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating  
 the life  
 He gave me, meaning to be rid of it.  
 And all the penance the Queen laid  
 upon me



Was but to rest awhile within her court;  
 Where first as sullen as a beast new-caged,  
 And waiting to be treated like a wolf  
 Because I knew my deeds were known,  
 I found,  
 Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn,  
 Such fine reserve and noble reticence,  
 Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace  
 Of tenderest courtesy, that I began  
 To glance behind me at my former life,  
 And find that it had been the wolf's indeed :  
 And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,  
 Who, with mild heat of holy oratory,  
 Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness,  
 Which, when it weds with manhood,  
 makes a man.  
 And you where often there about the Queen,  
 But saw me not, or marked not if you saw;  
 Nor did I care or dare to speak with  
 But kept myself aloof till I was changed;  
 And fear not, cousin; I am changed indeed."

He spoke, and Enid easily believed,  
 Like simple noble natures, credulous  
 Of what they long for, good in friend  
 or foe,  
 "There most in those who most have  
 done them ill.  
 And when they reach'd the camp the king himself  
 Advanced to greet them, and beholding her  
 Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word,  
 But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held  
 In converse for a little and return'd,  
 And gravely smiling, lifted her from horse,  
 And kiss'd her with all pureness, brother-like,

And show'd an empty tent allotted her,  
 And glancing for a minute, till he saw her  
 Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said :

" Prince, when of late you pray'd me  
 for my leave  
 To move to your own land, and there defend  
 Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof,  
 As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,  
 By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,  
 And wrought too long with delegated hands,  
 Not used mine own : but now behold me come  
 To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm,  
 With Edyrn and with others : have you look'd  
 At Edyrn? have you seen how nobly changed?  
 This work of his is great and wonderful.  
 His very face with change of heart is changed.  
 The world will not believe a man repents :  
 And this wise world of ours is mainly right.  
 Full seldom *does* a man repent, or use  
 Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch  
 Of blood and custom wholly out of him,  
 And make all clean, and plant himself afresh.  
 Edyrn has done it, weeding all his heart  
 As I will weed this land before I go.  
 I, therefore, made him of our Table Round,  
 Not rashly, but have proved him every way  
 One of our noblest, our most valorous,  
 Sanest and most obedient : and indeed  
 This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself  
 After a life of violence, seems to me

A thousand-fold more great and wonder-  
ful  
Than if some knight of mine, risking  
his life,  
My subject with my subjects under him,  
Should make an onslaught single on a  
realm  
Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by  
one,  
And were himself nigh wounded to  
the death."

So spake the king; low bow'd the  
Prince and felt  
His work was neither great nor wonder-  
ful,  
And past to Enid's tent; and thither  
came  
The King's own leech to look into his  
hurt;  
And Enid tended on him there; and  
there  
Her constant motion round him, and  
the breath  
Of her sweet tendance hovering over  
him,  
Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood  
With deeper and with ever deeper love  
At the south-west that blowing Bala  
lake  
Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the  
days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his  
hurt,  
The blameless King went forth and  
cast his eyes  
On whom his father Uther left in  
charge  
Long since, to guard the justice of the  
King:  
He look'd and found them wanting;  
and as now  
Men weed the white horse on the Berk-  
shire hills  
To keep him bright and clean as here-  
tofore,  
He rooted out the slothful officer  
Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd  
at wrong,  
And in their chairs set up a stronger  
race

With hearts and hands, and sent a  
thousand men  
To till the wastes, and moving every-  
where  
Clear'd the dark places and let in the  
law,  
And broke the bandit holds and clean-  
sed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again,  
they past  
With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk.  
There the great Queen once more  
embraced her friend,  
And clothed her in apparel like the day.  
And tho' Geraint could never take  
again  
That comfort from their converse which  
he took  
Before the Queen's fair name was  
breathed upon,  
He rested well content that all was  
well.  
Thence after tarrying for a space they  
And fifty knights rode with them to the  
shores  
Of Severn, and they past to their own  
land.  
And there he kept the justice of the  
King  
So vigorously yet mildly, that all hearts  
Applauded, and the spiteful whisper  
died:  
And being ever foremost in the chase,  
And victor at the tilt and tournament,  
They call'd him the great Prince and  
man of men.  
But Enid, whom her ladies loved to  
call  
Enid the Fair, a grateful people named  
Enid the Good; and in their halls  
arose  
The cry of children, Enids and Geraints  
Of times to be; nor did he doubt her  
more  
But rested in her fealty, till he crown'd  
A happy life with a fair death, and fell  
Against the heathen of the Northern  
Sea  
In battle, fighting for the blameless  
King.

## VIVIEN.

A STORM was coming, but the winds  
 were still,  
 And in the wild woods of Broceliande,  
 Before an oak, so hollow huge and  
 old,  
 It look'd a tower of ruin'd masonwork,  
 At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

The wily Vivien stole from Arthur's  
 court :  
 She hated all the knights, and heard in  
 thought  
 Their lavish comment when her name  
 was named.

For once when Arthur walking all  
 alone,

Vext at a rumor rife about the Queen,  
 Had met her, Vivien, being greeted  
 fair,

Would fain have wrought upon his  
 cloudy mood

With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken  
 voice,

And flutter'd adoration, and at last  
 With dark sweet hints of some who  
 prized him more

Than who should prize him most ; at  
 which the King

Had gazed upon her blankly and gone  
 by :

But one had watch'd, and had not held  
 his peace :

It made the laughter of an afternoon  
 That Vivien should attempt the blame-  
 less King.

And after that, she set herself to gain  
 Him, the most famous man of all  
 those times, [arts,

Merlin, who knew the range of all their  
 Had built the King his havens, ships,  
 and halls,

Was also Bard, and knew the starry  
 heavens ;

The people called him Wizard ; whom  
 at first

She play'd about with slight and  
 sprightly talk,

And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd  
 points

Of slander, glancing here and grazing  
 there ;

And yielding to his kindlier moods, the  
 Seer

Would watch her at her petulance, and  
 play,

Ev'n when they seem'd unlovable, and  
 laugh

As those that watch a kitten ; thus he  
 grew

Tolerant of what he half disdain'd, and  
 she,

Perceiving that she was but half dis-  
 dain'd,

Began to break her sports with graver  
 fits,

Turn red or pale, would often when  
 they met

Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him  
 With such a fixt devotion, that the old

man,  
 Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at  
 times

Would flatter his own wish in age for  
 love,

And half believe her true : for thus at  
 times

He waver'd ; but that other clung to  
 him,

Fixt in her will, and so the seasons  
 went.

Then fell upon him a great melancholy ;  
 And leaving Arthur's court he gain'd

the beach ;

There found a little boat, and stept  
 into it ;

And Vivien follow'd, but he mark'd  
 her not.

She took the helm and he the sail ; the  
 boat

Drave with a sudden wind across the  
 deeps,

And touching Breton sands they disembark'd.

And then she follow'd Merlin all the  
 way,

Ev'n to the wild woods of Broceliande,  
 For Merlin once had told her of a charm

The which if any wrought on any one  
 With woven paces and with waving

arms,



The man so wrought on ever seem'd to lie  
 Closed in the four walls of the hollow tower,  
 From which was no escape forevermore;  
 And none could find that man forevermore,  
 Nor could he see but him who wrought the charm  
 Coming and going, and he lay as dead  
 And lost to life and use and name and fame.  
 And Vivien ever sought to work the charm  
 Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,  
 As fancying that her glory would be great  
 According to his greatness whom she quench'd.  
 There lay she all her length and kiss'd his feet,  
 As if in deepest reverence and in love.  
 A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe  
 Of samite without price, that more ex-  
 prest  
 Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,  
 In color like the satin-shining palm  
 On fallows in the windy gleams of March:  
 And while she kiss'd them, crying,  
 "Trample me,  
 Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro' the world,  
 And I will pay you worship; tread me down  
 And I will kiss you for it;" he was mute:  
 So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,  
 As on a dull day in an Ocean cave  
 The blind wave feeling round his long seahall  
 In silence: wherefore, when she lifted up  
 A face of sad appeal, and spake and said,  
 "O Merlin, do you love me?" and again,

"O Merlin, do you love me?" and once more,  
 "Great Master, do you love me?" he was mute.  
 And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,  
 Writhed toward him, slid up his knee and sat,  
 Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet  
 Together, curved an arm about his neck,  
 Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand  
 Droop from his mighty shoulder as a leaf,  
 Made with her right a comb of pearl to part  
 The lists of such a beard as youth gone out  
 Had le in ashes: then he spoke and said,  
 Not looking at her, "Who are wise in love  
 Love most, say least," and Vivien answer'd quick,  
 "I saw the little elf-god eyeless once  
 In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot:  
 But neither eyes nor tongue,—O stupid child!  
 Yet you are wise who say it; let me think  
 Silence is wisdom: I am silent then  
 And ask no kiss;" then adding all at once,  
 "And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom," drew  
 The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard  
 Across her neck and bosom to her knee,  
 And call'd herself a gilded summer fly  
 Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,  
 Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood  
 Without one word. So Vivien call'd herself,  
 But rather seem'd a lovely baleful star  
 Veil'd in gray vapor; till he sadly smiled:

"To what request for what strange boon," he said,

"Are these your pretty tricks and fooleries,

O Vivien, the preamble? yet my thanks,

For these have broken up my melancholy."

And Vivien answer'd smiling saucily,  
"What, O my master, have you found your voice?

I bid the stranger welcome. Thanks at last!

But yesterday you never open'd lip,  
Except indeed to drink: no cup had we:

In mine own lady palms I cull'd the spring

That gather'd trickling dropwise from the cleft,

And made a pretty cup of both my hands [drank

And offer'd you it kneeling: then you And knew no more, nor gave me one poor word;

O no more thanks than might a goat have given

With no more sign of reverence than a beard.

And when he halted at that other well,  
And I was faint to swooning, and you lay. [those

Foot-gilt with all the blossom-dust of Deep meadows we had traversed, did you know

That Vivien bathed your feet before her own?

And yet no thanks: and all thro' this wild wood

And all this morning when I fondled you:

Boon, yes, there was a boon, one not so strange—

How had I wrong'd you? surely you are wise,

But such a silence is more wise than kind."

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said:

"O did you never lie upon the shore,

And watch the curl'd white of the coming wave

Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks?

Ev'n such a wave, but not so pleasurable,

Dark in the glass of some presageful mood,

Had I for three days seen, ready to fall.

And then I rose and fled from Arthur's court

To break the mood. You follow'd me unask'd;

And when I look'd, and saw you following still,

My mind involved yourself the nearest thing

In that mind-mist: for shall I tell you truth?

You seem'd that wave about to break upon me

And sweep me from my hold upon the world,

My use and name and fame. Your pardon, child.

Your pretty sports have brighten'd all again.

And ask your boon, for boon I owe you thrice,

Once for wrong done you by confusion, next

For thanks it seems till now neglected, last

For these your dainty gambols: wherefore ask:

And take this boon so strange and not so strange."

And Vivien answer'd, smiling mournfully:

"O not so strange as my long asking it,

Nor yet so strange as you yourself are strange,

Nor half so strange as that dark mood of yours.

I ever fear'd you were not wholly mine;

And see, yourself have own'd you did me wrong.

The people call you prophet: let it be:

But not of those that can expound  
 themselves.  
 Take Vivien for expounder; she will  
 call  
 That three-days-long presageful gloom  
 of yours  
 No presage, but the same mistrustful  
 mood  
 That makes you seem less noble than  
 yourself,  
 Whenever I have ask'd this very boon,  
 Now ask'd again: for see you not,  
 dear love,  
 That such a mood as that, which lately  
 gloom'd  
 Your fancy when you saw me following  
 you,  
 Must make me fear still more you are  
 not mine,  
 Must make me yearn still more to  
 prove you mine,  
 And make me wish still more to learn  
 this charm  
 Of woven paces and of waving hands,  
 As proof of trust. O Merlin, teach it  
 me.  
 The charm so taught will charm us  
 both to rest.  
 For, grant me some slight power upon  
 your fate,  
 I, feeling that you felt me worthy trust,  
 Should rest and let you rest, knowing  
 you mine,  
 And therefore be as great as you are  
 named,  
 Not muffled round with selfish reticence.  
 How hard you look and how deny-  
 ingly!  
 O, if you think this wickedness in me,  
 That I should prove it on you un-  
 awares,  
 To make you lose your use and name  
 and fame,  
 That makes me most indignant; then  
 our bond  
 Had best be loosed forever: but think  
 or not,  
 By Heaven that hears I tell you the  
 clean truth,  
 As clean as blood of babes, as white as  
 milk:

O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,  
 If these unwitty wandering wits of  
 mine,  
 Ev'n in the jumbled rubbish of a  
 dream,  
 Have tript on such conjectural treach-  
 ery—  
 May this hard earth cleave to the  
 Nadir hell  
 Down, down, and close again, and nip  
 me flat,  
 If I be such a traitress. Yield my  
 boon,  
 Till which I scarce can yield you all I  
 am;  
 And grant my re-reiterated wish,  
 The great proof of your love: because  
 I think,  
 However wise, you hardly know me  
 yet."

And Merlin loosed his hand from her  
 and said:  
 "I never was less wise, however wise,  
 Too curious Vivien, tho' you talk of  
 trust,  
 Than when I told you first of such a  
 charm.  
 Yea, if you talk of trust I tell you this,  
 Too much I trusted, when I told you  
 that,  
 And stirr'd this vice in you which  
 ruin'd man  
 Thro' woman the first hour; for how-  
 soe'er  
 In children a great curiousness be  
 well,  
 Who have to learn themselves and all  
 the world,  
 In you, that are no child, for still I find  
 Your face is practised, when I spell  
 the lines,  
 I call it,—well, I will not call it vice:  
 But since you name yourself the sum-  
 mer fly,  
 I well could wish a cobweb for the  
 gnat,  
 That settles, beaten back, and beaten  
 back  
 Settles, till one could yield for wear-  
 ness:



But since I will not yield to give you  
power  
Upon my life and use and name and  
fame,  
Why will you never ask some other  
boon?  
Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too  
much."

And Vivien, like the tenderest-  
hearted maid  
That ever bided tryst at village stile,  
Made answer, either eyelid wet with  
tears.  
"Nay, master, be not wrathful with  
your maid;  
Caress her: let her feel herself for-  
given  
Who feels no heart to ask another  
boon.  
I think you hardly know the tender  
rhyme  
Of 'trust me not at all or all in all.'  
I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it  
once,  
And it shall answer for me. Listen  
to it.

'In Love, if Love be Love, if Love  
be ours,  
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal  
powers:  
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

'It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music  
mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all.

'The little rift within the lover's lute,  
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders  
all.

'It is not worth the keeping: let it  
go:  
But shall it? answer, darling, answer,  
no.  
And trust me not at all or all in all.'  
O master, do you love my tender  
rhyme?"

And Merlin look'd and half believed  
her true,  
So tender was her voice, so fair her  
face,  
So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind  
her tears  
Like sunlight on the plain behind a  
shower:  
And yet he answer'd half indignantly:

"Far other was the song that once I  
heard  
By this huge oak, sung nearly where  
we sit:  
For here we met, some ten or twelve  
of us, [then  
To chase a creature that was current  
In these wild woods, the hart with  
golden horns.  
It was the time when first the question  
rose  
About the founding of a Table Round.  
That was to be, for love of God and  
men  
And noble deeds, the flower of all the  
world.  
And each incited each to noble deeds.  
And while we waited, one, the youngest  
of us,  
We could not keep him silent, out he  
flash'd,  
And into such a song, such fire for  
fame,  
Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming  
down  
To such a stern and iron-clashing close,  
That when he stopt we long'd to hurl  
together,  
And should have done it; but the  
beauteous beast  
Scared by the noise upstart'd at our  
feet,  
And like a silver shadow slipt away  
Thro' the dim land; and all day long  
we rode  
Thro' the dim land against a rushing  
wind,  
That glorious roundel echoing in our  
ears,  
And chased the flashes of his golden  
horns

Until they vanish'd by the fairy well  
 That laughs at iron—as our warriors  
 did—  
 Where children cast their pins and  
 nails, and cry,  
 "Laugh little well," but touch it with  
 a sword,  
 It buzzes wildly round the point; and  
 there  
 We lost him: such a noble song was  
 that.  
 But, Vivien, when you sang me that  
 sweet rhyme,  
 I felt 'as tho' you knew this cursed  
 charm,  
 Were proving it on me, and that I lay  
 And felt them slowly ebbing, name and  
 fame."

And Vivien answer'd, smiling mourn-  
 fully;  
 "O mine have ebb'd away forever-  
 more,  
 And all thro' following you to this wild  
 wood,  
 Because I saw you sad, to comfort you.  
 Lo now, what hearts have men! they  
 never mount  
 As high as woman in her selfless mood.  
 And touching fame, howe'er you scorn  
 my song  
 Take one verse more—the lady speaks  
 it—this:

'My name, once mine, now thine, is  
 closlier mine,  
 For fame, could fame be mine, that  
 fame were thine,  
 And shame, could shame be thine, that  
 shame were mine.  
 So trust me not at all or all in all.'

"Says she not well? and there is  
 more—this rhyme  
 Is like the fair pearl necklace of the  
 Queen,  
 That burst in dancing, and the pearls  
 were spilt;  
 Some lost, some stolen, some as relics  
 kept.  
 But nevermore the same two sister  
 pearls

Ran down the silken thread to kiss  
 each other  
 On her white neck—so it is with this  
 rhyme;  
 It lives dispersedly in many hands,  
 And every minstrel sings it differ-  
 ently;  
 Yet there is one true line, the pearl of  
 pearls;  
 'Man dreams of Fame while woman  
 wakes to love.'  
 True: Love, tho' Love were of the  
 grossest, carves  
 A portion from the solid present, eats  
 And uses, careless of the rest; but  
 Fame,  
 The Fame that follows death is noth-  
 ing to us;  
 And what is Fame in life but half-dis-  
 fame,  
 And counterchanged 'with darkness?  
 you yourself  
 Know well that Envy calls you Devil's  
 son,  
 And since you seem the Master of all  
 Art,  
 They fain would make you Master of  
 all Vice."

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers  
 and said,  
 "I once was looking for a magic weed,  
 And found a fair young squire who  
 sat alone,  
 Had carved himself a knightly shield  
 of wood,  
 And then was painting on it fancied  
 arms,  
 Azure, an Eagle rising, or, the Sun  
 In dexter chief; the scroll 'I follow  
 fame.'  
 And speaking not, but leaning over  
 him,  
 I took his brush and blotted out the  
 bird,  
 And made a Gardener putting in a  
 graff,  
 With this for motto, 'Rather use than  
 fame.'  
 You should have seen him blush; but  
 afterwards

He made a stalwart knight. O  
 Vivien,  
 For you, methinks you think you love  
 me well;  
 For me, I love you somewhat: rest:  
 and Love  
 Should have some rest and pleasure  
 in himself,  
 Not ever be too curious for a boon,  
 Too prurient for a proof against the  
 grain  
 Of him you say you love: but Fame  
 with men,  
 Being but ampler means to serve man-  
 kind,  
 Should have small rest or pleasure in  
 herself,  
 But work as vassal to the larger love  
 That dwarfs the petty love of one to  
 one,  
 Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame  
 again  
 Increasing gave me use. Lo, there  
 my boon!  
 What other? for men sought to prove  
 me vile.  
 Because I wish'd to give them greater  
 minds;  
 And then did Envy call me Devil's  
 son;  
 The sick weak beast seeking to help  
 herself  
 By striking at her better, miss'd, and  
 brought  
 Her own claw back, and wounded her  
 own heart.  
 Sweet were the days when I was all  
 unknown,  
 But when my name was lifted up, the  
 storm  
 Broke on the mountain and I cared  
 not for it.  
 Right well know I that Fame is half  
 disface,  
 Yet needs must work my work. That  
 other fame,  
 To one at least, who hath not children,  
 vague,  
 The cackle of the unborn about the  
 grave,  
 I cared not for it; a single misty star,

Which is the second in a line of stars  
 That seem a sword beneath a belt of  
 three,  
 I never gazed upon it but I dreamt  
 Of some vast charm concluded in that  
 star  
 To make fame nothing. Wherefore,  
 if I fear,  
 Giving you power upon me thro' this  
 charm,  
 That you might play me falsely, hav-  
 ing power,  
 However well you think you love me  
 now  
 (As sons of kings loving in pupilage  
 Have turn'd to tyrants when they came  
 to power)  
 I rather dread the loss of use than  
 fame;  
 If you—and not so much from wicked-  
 ness,  
 As some wild turn of anger, or a  
 mood  
 Of overstrain'd affection, it may be,  
 To keep me all to your own self, or  
 else  
 A sudden spurt of woman's jealousy,  
 Should try this charm on whom you  
 say you love."

And Vivien answer'd, smiling as in  
 wrath:  
 "Have I not sworn? I am not trusted.  
 Good!  
 Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it  
 out;  
 And being found take heed of Vivien.  
 A woman and not trusted, doubtless I  
 Might feel some sudden turn of anger  
 born  
 Of your misfaith; and your fine epithet  
 Is accurate too, for this full love of  
 mine  
 Without the full heart, back may merit  
 well  
 Your term of overstrain'd. So used  
 as I,  
 My daily wonder is, I loved at all.  
 And as to woman's jealousy, O why  
 not?  
 O to what end, except a jealous one,



And one to make me jealous if I love,  
Was this fair charm invented by your-  
self?

I well believe that all about this world  
You cage a buxom captive here and  
there,  
Closed in the four walls of a hollow  
tower  
From which is no escape forever-  
more."

Then the great Master merrily an-  
swer'd her;

"Full many a love in loving youth was  
mine,

I needed then no charm to keep them  
mine

But youth and love; and that full heart  
of yours

Whereof you prattle, may now assure  
you mine;

So live uncharm'd. For those who  
wrought it first,

The wrist is parted from the hand that  
waved,

The feet unmortised from their ankle-  
bones

Who paced it, ages back: but will you  
hear

The legend as in guerdon for your  
rhyme?

"There lived a king in the most  
Eastern East,

Less old than I, yet older, for my  
blood

Hath earnest in it of far springs to  
be.

A tawny pirate anchor'd in his port,  
Whose bark had plunder'd twenty  
nameless isles;

And passing one, at the high peep of  
dawn,

He saw two cities in a thousand boats  
All fighting for a woman on the sea.

And pushing his black craft among  
them all,

He lightly scatter'd theirs and brought  
her off,

With loss of half his people arrow-  
slain;

A maid so smooth, so white, so won-  
derful,

They said a light came from her when  
she moved:

And since the pirate would not yield  
her up,

The King impaled him for his piracy;  
Then made her Queen: but those isle-  
nurtur'd eyes

Waged such unwilling tho' successful  
war

On all the youth, they sicken'd; coun-  
cils thinn'd,

And armies waned, for magnet-like  
she drew

The rustiest iron of old fighters'  
hearts;

And beasts themselves would wor-  
ship; camels knelt

Unbidden, and the brutes of mountain  
back

That carr' kings in castles, bow'd black  
knees

Of homage, ringing with their serpent  
hands,

To make her smile, her golden ankle-  
bells. [sent

What wonder being jealous, that he  
His horns of proclamation out thro'  
all

The hundred under-kingdoms that he  
sway'd

To find a wizard who might teach the  
King

Some charm, which being wrought  
upon the Queen

Might keep her all his own: to such a  
one

He promised more than ever king had  
given,

A league of mountain full of golden  
mines,

A province with a hundred miles of  
coast,

A palace and a princess, all for him:  
But on all those who tried and fail'd,

the King  
Pronounced a dismal sentence, mean-  
ing by it

To keep the list low and pretenders  
back,

Or like a king, not to be trifled with—  
Their heads should moulder on the  
city gates.

And many tried and fail'd, because the  
charm

Of nature in her overbore their own :  
And many a wizard brow bleach'd on  
the walls :

And many weeks a troop of carrion  
crows

Hung like a cloud above the gateway  
towers."

And Vivien, breaking in upon him,  
said :

"I sit and gather honey; yet, me-  
thinks,

Your tongue has tript a little: ask  
yourself.

The lady never made *unwilling* war  
With those fine eyes : she had pleasure  
in it,

And made her good man jealous with  
good cause.

And lived there neither dame nor dam-  
sel then

Wroth at a lover's loss? were all as  
tame,

I mean, as noble, as their Queen was  
fair?

Not one to flirt a venom at her eyes,  
Or pinch a murderous dust into her  
drink,

Or make her paler with a poison'd  
Well, those were not our days; but  
did they find

A wizard? Tell me, was he like to  
thee?"

She ceased, and made her lithe arm  
around his neck

Tighten, and then drew back, and let  
her eyes

Speak for her, glowing on him, like a  
bride's

On her new lord, her own, the first of  
men.

He answer'd laughing, "Nay, not  
like to me.

At last they found—his foragers for  
charms—

A little glassy-headed hairless man,  
Who lived alone in a great wild on  
grass;

Read but one book, and ever reading  
grew

So grated down and filed away with  
thought,

So lean his eyes were monstrous;  
while the skin

Clung but to crate and basket, ribs  
and spine.

And since he kept his mind on one  
sole aim,

Nor ever touch'd fierce wine, nor tasted  
flesh,

Nor own'd a sensual wish, to him the  
That sunders ghosts and shadow-cast-  
ing men

Became a crystal, and he saw them  
thro' it,

And heard their voices talk behind  
the wall,

And learnt their elemental secrets,  
powers

And forces; often o'er the sun's bright  
eye

Drew the vast eyelid of an inky cloud,  
And lash'd it at the base with slanting  
storm;

Or in the noon of mist and driving  
rain,

When the lake whiten'd and the pine-  
wood roar'd,

And the cairn'd mountain was a shadow,  
sunn'd

The world to peace again: here was  
the man.

And so by force they dragg'd him to  
the King.

And then he taught the King to charm  
the Queen

In such wise, that no man could see  
her more,

Nor saw she save the King, who  
wrought the charm,

Coming and going, and she lay as  
dead,

And lost all use of life : but when the  
King

Made proffer of the league of golden  
mines,

The province with the hundred miles  
of coast,  
The palace and the princess, that old  
man  
Went back to his old wild, and lived  
on grass,  
And vanish'd, and his book came down  
to me."

And Vivien answer'd, smiling sauc-  
ily :  
"You have the book: the charm is  
written in it:  
Good: take my counsel: let me know  
it at once :  
For keep it like a puzzle chest in  
chest,  
With each chest lock'd and padlock'd  
thirty-fold,  
And whelm all this beneath as vast a  
mound  
As after furious battle turfs the slain  
On some wild down above the windy  
deep,  
I yet should strike upon a sudden  
means  
To dig, pick, open, find and read the  
charm:  
Then, if I tried it, who should blame  
me then?"

And smiling as a Master smiles at  
one  
That is not of his school, nor any  
school  
But that where blind and naked Ignor-  
ance  
Delivers brawling judgments, un-  
ashamed,  
On all things all day long, he an-  
swered her,  
"You read the book, my pretty  
Vivien!  
O ay, it is but twenty pages long,  
But every page having an ample marge,  
And every marge enclosing in the  
midst  
A square of text that looks a little blot,  
The text no larger than the limbs of  
fleas;  
And every square of text an awful  
charm,

Writ in a language that has long gone  
by.  
So long, that mountains have arisen  
since  
With cities on their flanks—you read  
the book!  
And every margin scribbled, crost and  
cramm'd  
With comment, densest condensation,  
hard  
To mind and eye; but the long sleep-  
less nights  
Of my long life have made it easy to  
me.  
And none can read the text, not even I;  
And none can read the comment but  
myself;  
And in the comment did I find the  
charm.  
O, the results are simple; a mere child  
Might use it to the harm of any one,  
And never could undo it: ask no more:  
For tho' you should not prove it upon  
me,  
But keep that oath you swore, you  
might, perchance,  
Assay it on some one of the Table  
Round,  
And all because you dream they babble  
of you."

And Vivien, frowning in true anger,  
said :  
"What dare the full-fed liars say of  
me?  
*They* ride abroad redressing human  
wrongs!  
They sit with knife in meat and wine in  
horn.  
*They* bound to holy vows of chastity!  
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.  
But you are man, you well can under-  
stand  
The shame that cannot be explain'd for  
shame.  
Not one of all the drove should touch  
me: swine!"

Then answer'd Merlin careless of her  
words,  
"You breathe but accusation vast and  
vague,



Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. If  
you know,  
Set up the charge you know, to stand  
or fall!"

And Vivien answer'd, frowning  
wrathfully:

"O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him  
Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er  
his wife

And two fair babes, and went to dis-  
tant lands; [found

Was one year gone, and on returning  
Not two but three: there lay the reck-  
ling, one

But one hour old! What said the  
happy sire?

A seven months' babe had been a truer  
gift.

Those twelve sweet moons confused  
his fatherhood!"

Then answer'd Merlin: "Nay, I  
know the tale.

Sir Valence wedded with an outland  
dame:

Some cause had kept him sunder'd  
from his wife:

One child they had: it lived with her:  
she died:

His kinsman travelling on his own af-  
fair.

Was charged by Valence to bring home  
the child.

He brought, not found it therefore:  
take the truth."

"O ay," said Vivien, "overtrue a  
tale.

What say ye then to sweet Sir Sagra-  
more,

That ardent man? 'to pluck the flower  
in season

So says the song, 'I trow it is no trea-  
son.'

O Master, shall we call him overquick  
To crop his own sweet rose before the  
hour?"

And Merlin answer'd: "Overquick  
are you

To catch a lofty plume fall'n from the  
wing

Of that foul bird of rapine whose whole  
prey

Is man's good name: he never wronged  
his bride.

I know the tale. An angry gust of  
wind

Puff'd out his torch among the myriad-  
room'd

And many-corridor'd complexities  
Of Arthur's palace: then he found a

door

And darkling felt the sculptured orna-  
ment

That wreathen found it made it seem  
his own;

And wearied out made for the couch  
and slept,

A stainless man beside a stainless  
maid;

And either slept, nor knew of other  
there;

Till the high dawn piercing the royal  
rose

In Arthur's casement glimmer'd chastely  
down,

Blushing upon them blushing, and at  
once

He rose without a word and parted  
from her:

But when the thing was blazed about  
the court,

The brute world howling forced them  
into bonds,

And as it chanced they are happy,  
being pure."

"O ay," said Vivien, "that were  
likely too.

What say ye then to fair Sir Percivale  
And of the horrid foulness that he

wrought,

The saintly youth, the spotless lamb of  
Christ,

Or some black wether of St. Satan's  
fold.

What, in the precincts of the chapel-  
yard,

Among the knightly brasses of the  
graves,

And by the cold Hic Jacets of the  
dead!"

And Merlin answer'd, careless of her charge:  
 "A sober man is Percivale and pure;  
 But once in life was fluster'd with new wine;  
 Then paced for coolness in the chapel-yard,  
 Where one of Satan's shepherdesses caught  
 And meant to stamp him with her master's mark;  
 And that he sinn'd, is not believable;  
 For, look upon his face!—but if he sinn'd,  
 The sin that practice burns into the blood,  
 And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,  
 Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be:  
 Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns  
 Are chanted in the minster, worse than all.  
 But is your spleen froth'd out, or have ye more?"

And Vivien answer'd frowning yet in wrath:  
 "O ay; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, friend?  
 Traitor or true? that commerce with the Queen,  
 I ask you, is it clamor'd by the child,  
 Or whisper'd in the corner? do you know it?"

To which he answer'd sadly: "Yea, I know it.  
 Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first,  
 To teach her, and she took him for the King;  
 So fixt her fancy on him: let him be.  
 But have you no one word of loyal praise  
 For Arthur, blameless King and stainless man?"

She answer'd with a low and chuckling laugh:  
 "Him? is he a man at all, who knows  
 and winks?"

Sees what his fair bride is and does,  
 and winks?  
 By which the good king means to blind himself,  
 And blinds himself and all the Table Round  
 To all the foulness that they work.  
 Myself  
 Could call him (were it not for womanhood)  
 The pretty, popular name such manhood earns,  
 Could call him the main cause of all their crime;  
 Yea, were he not crown'd king, coward, and fool."

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said:  
 "O true and tender! O my liege and king!  
 O selfless man and stainless gentleman,  
 Who wouldst against thine own eye-witness fain  
 Have all men true and leal, all women pure:  
 How, in the mouths of base interpreters,  
 From over-fineness not intelligible  
 To things with every sense as false and foul  
 As the poached filth that floods the middle street,  
 Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!"

But Vivien deeming Merlin overborne  
 By instance, recommenced, and let her tongue  
 Rage like a fire among the noblest names,  
 Polluting, and imputing her whole self,  
 Defaming and defacing, till she left  
 Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she will'd.  
 He dragg'd his eyebrow bushes down,  
 and made  
 A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes,

And mutter'd in himself, "Tell *her* the charm !

So, if she had it, would she rail on me  
To snare the next, and if she have it  
not,

So will she rail. What did the wanton  
say ?

'Not mount as high;' we scarce can  
sink as low :

For men at most differ as Heaven and  
earth,

But women, worst and best, as Heaven  
and Hell.

I know the Table Round, my friends of  
old ;

All brave, and many generous, and  
some chaste.

I think she cloaks the wounds of loss  
with lies ;

I do believe she tempted them and  
fail'd,

She is so bitter : for fine plots may  
fail,

Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as  
face

With colors of the heart that are not  
theirs.

I will not let her know : nine tithes of  
times

Face-flatterers and backbiters are the  
same.

And they, sweet soul, that most impute  
a crime

Are pronest to it, and impute them-  
selves,

Wanting the mental rage ; or low de-  
sire.

Not to feel lowest makes them level  
all :

Yea, they would pare the mountain to  
the plain,

To leave an equal baseness ; and in  
this

Are harlots like the crowd, that if they  
find

Some stain or blemish in a name of  
note,

Not grieving that their greatest are so  
small,

inflate themselves with some insane de-  
light,

And judge all nature, from her feet of  
clay,

Without the will to lift their eyes, and  
see

Her godlike head crown'd with spirit-  
ual fire,

And touching other worlds. I am  
weary of her."

He spoke in words part heard, in  
whispers part,

Half-suffocated in the hoary fell  
And many-winter'd fleece of throat and  
chin.

But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his  
mood,

And hearing "harlot" mutter'd twice or  
thrice,

Leapt from her session on his lap, and  
stood

Stiff as a viper frozen ; loathsome  
sight,

How from the rosy lips of life and  
Flash'd the bare-grinning skeleton of  
death !

White was her cheek ; sharp breaths of  
anger puff'd

Her fairy nostril out ; her hand half-  
clench'd

Went faltering sideways downward to  
her belt,

And feeling ; had she found a dagger  
there

(For in a wink the false love turns to  
hate)

She would have stabb'd him ; but she  
found it not :

His eye was calm, and suddenly she  
took

To bitter weeping like a beaten child,  
A long, long weeping, not consolable.

Then her false voice made way broken  
with sobs.

"O crueller than was ever told in  
tale,

Or sung in song ! O vainly lavish'd  
love !

O cruel, there was nothing wild or  
strange,

Or seeming shameful, for what shame  
in love,



So love be true, and not as yours is—  
nothing  
Poor Vivien had not done to win his  
trust  
Who call'd her what he call'd her—  
all her crime,  
All—all—the wish to prove him wholly  
hers."

She mused a little, and then clapt  
her hands  
Together with a wailing shriek, and  
said:  
"Stabb'd through the heart's affec-  
tions to the heart!  
Seeth'd like the kid in its own mother's  
milk!  
Kill'd with a word worse than a life of  
blows!  
I thought that he was gentle, 'being  
great:  
O God, that I had loved a smaller  
man!  
I should have found in him a greater  
heart. [saw  
O, I, that flattering my true passion,  
The knights, the court, the king, dark  
in your light,  
Who loved to make men darker than  
they are,  
Because of that high pleasure which I  
had  
To seat you sole upon my pedestal  
Of worship—I am answer'd, and hence-  
forth  
The course of life that seem'd so  
flowery to me  
With you for guide and master, only  
you,  
Becomes the sea-cliff pathway broken  
short,  
And ending in a ruin—nothing left,  
But into some low cave to crawl, and  
there,  
If the wolf spare me, weep my life  
away,  
Kill'd with inutterable unkindliness."

She paused, she turn'd away, she  
hung her head,  
The snake of gold slid from her hair,  
the braid

Slipt and uncoil'd itself, she wept  
afresh,  
And the dark wood grew darker to-  
ward the storm  
In silence, while his anger slowly died  
Within him, till he let his wisdom go  
For ease of heart, and half believed  
her true:  
Call'd her to shelter in the hollow oak,  
"Come from the storm," and having  
no reply,  
Gazed at the heaving shoulder, and the  
face  
Hand-hidden, as for utmost grief or  
shame;  
Then thrice essay'd, by tenderest-  
touching terms  
To sleek her ruffled peace of mind, in  
vain.  
At last she let herself be conquer'd by  
him,  
And as the cageling newly flown re-  
turns,  
The seeming-injured simple-hearted  
thing  
Came to her old perch back, and set-  
tled there.  
There while she sat, half-falling from  
his knees,  
Half-nestled at his heart, and since he  
saw  
The slow tear creep from her closed  
eyelid yet,  
About her, more in kindness than in  
love, [arm.  
The gentle wizard cast a shielding  
But she dislink'd herself at once and  
rose,  
Her arms upon her breast across, and  
stood  
A virtuous gentlewoman deeply  
wrong'd,  
Upright and flush'd before him; then  
she said:  
"There must be now no passages of  
love  
Betwixt us twain henceforward ever-  
more.  
Since, if I be what I am grossly call'd,  
What should be granted which your  
own gross heart

Would reckon worth the taking? I  
will go.

In truth, but one thing now—better  
have died

Thrice than have ask'd it once—could  
make me stay—

That proof of trust—so often asked in  
vain!

How justly, after that vile term of  
yours,

I find with grief! I might believe you  
then,

Who knows? once more. O, what  
was once to me

Mere matter of the fancy, now has  
grown

The vast necessity of heart and life.

Farewell: think kindly of me, for I  
fear

My fate or fault, omitting gayer youth  
For one so old, must be to love you  
still.

But ere I leave you let me swear once  
more

That if I schemed against your peace  
in this,

May yon just heaven, that darkens o'er  
me, send

One flash, that, missing all things else,  
may make

My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie."

Scarce had she ceased, when out of  
heaven a bolt

(For now the storm was close above  
them) struck,

Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining  
With darted spikes and splinters of  
the wood

The dark earth round. He raised his  
eyes and saw

The tree that shone white-listed thro'  
the gloom.

But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard  
her oath,

And dazzled by the livid-flickering  
fork,

And deafen'd with the stammering  
cracks and claps

That follow'd, flying back and crying  
out,

"O Merlin, tho' you do not love me,  
save,

Yet save me!" clung to him and  
hugg'd him close:

And call'd him dear protector in her  
fright,

Nor yet forgot her practice in her  
fright,

But wrought upon his mood and hugg'd  
him close.

The pale blood of the wizard at her  
touch

Took gayer colors, like an opal warm'd  
She blamed herself for telling hearsay  
tales:

She shook from fear, and for her fault  
she wept

Of petulancy; she call'd him lord and  
liege,

Her seer, her bard, her silver star of  
eve,

Her God, her Merlin, the one pas-  
sionate love

Of her whole life; and ever overhead  
Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten  
branch

Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain  
Above them; and in change of glare  
and gloom

Her eyes and neck glittering went and  
came;

Till now the storm, its burst of passion  
spent,

Moaning and calling out of other  
lands,

Had left the ravaged woodland yet  
once more

To peace; and what should not have  
been had been,

For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn,  
Had yielded, told her all the charm,  
and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth  
the charm

Of woven paces and of waving hands,  
And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,  
And lost to life and use and name and  
fame.

Then crying "I have made his glory  
mine,"

And shrieking out "O fool!" the  
harlot leapt  
Adown the forest, and the thicket closed  
Behind her, and the forest echo'd  
"fool."

### ELAINE.

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the lovable,  
Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat,  
High in her chamber up a tower to the  
east

Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;  
Which first she placed where morn-  
ing's earliest ray

Might strike it, and awake her with  
the gleam;

Then fearing rust or soilure, fashion'd  
for it

A case of silk, and braided thereupon  
All the devices blazon'd on the shield  
In their own tinct, and added, of her  
wit,

A border fantasy of branch and flower,  
And yellow-throated nestling in the  
nest.

Nor rested thus content, but day by  
day

Leaving her household and good father  
climb'd

That eastern tower, and entering barr'd  
her door,

Stript off the case, and read the naked  
shield,

Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his  
arms,

Now made a pretty history to herself  
Of every dint a sword had beaten in  
it,

And every scratch a lance had made  
upon it,

Conjecturing when and where: this  
cut is fresh;

That ten years back; this dealt him at  
Caerlyle;

That at Caerleon; this at Camelot:

And ah, God's mercy, what a stroke  
was there!

And here a thrust that might have  
kill'd, but God

Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his  
enemy down,  
And saved him - so she lived in fan-  
tasy.

How came the lily maid by that good  
shield

Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n  
his name?

He left it with her, when he rode to  
tilt

For the great diamond in the diamond  
jousts,

Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by  
that name

Had named them, since a diamond was  
the prize.

For Arthur when none knew from  
whence he came,

Long ere the people chose him for  
their king,

Roving the trackless realms of Lyon-  
nesse,

Had found a glen, gray boulder and  
black tarn.

A horror lived about the tarn, and  
clave

Like its own mists to all the mountain  
side:

For here two brothers, one a king, had  
met

And fought together: but their names  
were lost.

And each had slain his brother at a  
blow,

And down they fell and made the glen  
abhor'd:

And there they lay till all their bones  
were bleached,

And lichen'd into color with the crags:  
And he that once was king had on a  
crown

Of diamonds, one in front, and four  
aside.

And Arthur came, and laboring up the  
pass

All in a misty moonshine, unawares  
Had trodden that crown'd skeleton

and the skull



Brake from the nape, and from the  
skull the crown  
Roll'd into light, and turning on its  
rims  
Fled like a glittering rivulet to the  
tarn :  
And down the shingly scaur he plunged,  
and caught,  
And set it on his head, and in his  
heart  
Heard murmurs, "Lo, thou likewise  
shalt be king."

Thereafter, when a king, he had the  
gems  
Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd  
them to his knights,  
Saying "These jewels, whereupon I  
chanced  
Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the  
king's—  
For public use : henceforward let there  
be,  
Once every year, a joust for one of  
these :  
For so by nine years' proof we needs  
must learn  
Which is our mightiest, and ourselves  
shall grow  
In use of arms and manhood, till we  
drive  
The Heathen, who, some say, shall  
rule the land  
Hereafter, which God hinder." Thus  
he spoke :  
And eight years past, eight jousts had  
been, and still  
Had Lancelot won the diamond of the  
year,  
With purpose to present them to the  
Queen,  
When all were won : but meaning all  
at once  
To snare her royal fancy with a boon  
Worth half her realm, had never  
spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and  
the last  
And largest, Arthur, holding then his  
court

Hard on the river nigh the place which  
now  
Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a  
joust  
At Camelot, and when the time drew  
nigh  
Spake (for she had been sick) to Guine-  
vere,  
"Are you so sick, my Queen, you can-  
not move  
To these fair jousts?" "Yea, lord,"  
she said, "you know it."  
"Then will you miss," he answer'd,  
"the great deeds  
Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the  
lists,  
A sight you love to look on." And  
the Queen  
Lifted her eyes, and they dwelt lan-  
guidly  
On Lancelot, where he stood beside  
the King.  
He thinking that he read her meaning  
there,  
"Stay with me, I am sick ; my love is  
more  
Than many diamonds," yielded, and a  
heart  
Love-loyal to the least wish of the  
Queen  
(However much he yearn'd to make  
complete  
The tale of diamonds for his destined  
boon)  
Urged him to speak against the truth,  
and say  
"Sir King, mine ancient wound is  
hardly whole,  
And lets me from the saddle;" and  
the King  
Glanced first at him, then her, and went  
his way.  
No sooner gone than suddenly she  
began :

"To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot  
much to blame.  
Why go you not to these fair jousts?  
the knights  
Are half of them our enemies, and the  
crowd

Will murmur, lo the shameless ones,  
 who take  
 Their pastime now the trustful king is  
 gone!"

Then Lancelot, vext at having lied in  
 vain:

"Are you so wise? you were not  
 once so wise,  
 My Queen, that summer, when you  
 loved me first.

Then of the crowd you took no more  
 account  
 Than of the myriad cricket of the  
 mead,  
 When its own voice clings to each  
 blade of grass,  
 And every voice is nothing. As to  
 knights,  
 Them surely can I silence with all ease.  
 But now my loyal worship is allow'd  
 Of all men: many a bard, without  
 offence, [lay,  
 Has link'd our names together in his  
 Lancelot, the flower of bravery, Guin-  
 evere,  
 The pearl of beauty: and our knights  
 at feast  
 Have pledged us in this union, while  
 the King  
 Would listen smiling. How then? is  
 there more?

Has Arthur spoken aught? or would  
 yourself,  
 Now weary of my service and devoir,  
 Henceforth be truer to your faultless  
 lord?"

She broke into a little scornful laugh.  
 "Arthur, my lord, Arthur, the faultless  
 King,  
 That passionate perfection, my good  
 lord—  
 But who can gaze upon the Sun in  
 heaven?  
 He never spake word of reproach to  
 me,  
 He never had a glimpse of mine un-  
 truth,  
 He cares not for me: only here to-day  
 There gleam'd a vague suspicion in his  
 eyes:

Some meddling rogue has tamper'd  
 with him—else  
 Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,  
 And swearing men to vows impossible,  
 To make them like himself: but, friend,  
 to me  
 He is all fault who hath no fault at all:  
For who loves me must have a touch of  
earth:  
 The low sun makes the color; I am  
 yours,  
 Not Arthur's, as you know, save by  
 the bond,  
 And therefore hear my words: go to  
 the jousts:  
 The tiny-trumpeting gnat can break  
 our dream  
 When sweetest; and the vermin  
 voices here  
 May buzz so loud—we scorn them, but  
 they sting."

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of  
 knights,  
 "And with what face, after my pretext  
 made,  
 Shall I appear, O Queen, at Camelot, I  
 Before a king who honors his own  
 word,  
 As if it were his God's?"

"Yea," said the Queen,  
 "A moral child without the craft to  
 rule,  
 Else had he not lost me: but listen to  
 me,  
 If I must find you wit: we hear it said  
 That men go down before your spear  
 at a touch  
 But knowing you are Lancelot; your  
 great name,  
 This conquers: hide it therefore; go  
 unknown:  
 Win! by this kiss you will: and our  
 true king  
 Will then allow your pretext, O my  
 knight,  
 As all for glory; for to speak him true,  
 You know right well, how meek so e'er  
 he seem,  
 No keener hunter after glory breathes.

He loves it in his knights more than himself:  
They prove to him his work: win and return."

Then got Sir Lancelot suddenly to horse,  
Wroth at himself: not willing to be known,  
He left the barren-beaten thoroughfare,  
Chose the green path that show'd the rarer foot,  
And there among the solitary downs,  
Full often lost in fancy, lost his way;  
Till as he traced a faintly-shadow'd track,  
That all in loops and links among the dales  
Ran to the Castle of Astolat, he saw  
Fired from the west, far on a hill, the towers.

Thither he made and wound the gate-way horn,  
Then came an old, dumb, myriad-wrinkled man,  
Who let him into lodging and disarm'd.  
And Lancelot marvell'd at the wordless man;  
And issuing found the Lord of Astolat  
With two strong sons, Sir Torre and Sir Lavaine,

Moving to meet him in the castle court;  
And close behind them stept the lily maid  
Elaine, his daughter: mother of the house

There was not: some light jest among them rose

With laughter dying down as the great knight

Approach'd them: then the lord of Astolat,

"Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name

Livest between the lips? for by thy state

And presence I might guess thee chief of those,

After the king, who eat in Arthur's halls.

Him have I seen: the rest, his Table Round,  
Known as they are, to me they are unknown."

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights,  
"Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,  
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.  
But since I go to joust as one unknown  
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not;  
Hereafter you shall know me—and the shield—  
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,  
Blank, or at least with some device not mine."

Then said the Lord of Astolat,  
"Here is Torre's:  
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre.

And, so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.

His you can have." Then added plain Sir Torre,

"Yea since I cannot use it, you may have it."

Here laugh'd the father, saying, "Fie, Sir Churl,

Is that an answer for a noble knight?  
Allow him: but Lavaine, my younger here,

He is so full of lustihood, he will ride  
Joust for it, and win, and bring it in an hour

And set it in this damsel's golden hair  
To make her thrice as wifful as before."

"Nay, father, nay, good father, shame me not

Before this noble knight," said young Lavaine,

"For nothing. Surely I but play'd on Torre:

He seem'd so sullen, vext he could not go:



A jest, no more : for, knight, the  
maiden dreamt  
'That some one put this diamond in her  
hand,  
And that it was too slippery to be held,  
And slipt and fell into some pool or  
stream,  
The castle-well, belike : and then I said  
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won  
it  
(But all was jest and joke among our-  
selves)  
Then must she keep it safelier. All  
was jest.  
But father give me leave, an if he will,  
To ride to Camelot with this noble  
knight:  
Win shall I not, but do my best to win :  
Young as I am, yet would I do my  
best."

"So you will grace me," answer'd  
Lancelot,  
Smiling a moment, "with your fellow-  
ship  
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost  
myself,  
Then were I glad of you as guide and  
friend ; [hear,  
And you shall win this diamond—as I  
It is a fair large diamond,—if you may,  
And yield it to this maiden, if you  
will."  
"A fair large diamond," added plain  
Sir Torre,  
"Such be for Queens and not for sim-  
ple maids."  
Then she, who held her eyes upon the  
ground,  
Elaine, and heard her name so tost  
about,  
Flush'd slightly at the slight disparage-  
ment  
Before the stranger knight, who, look-  
ing at her,  
Full courtly, yet not falsely, thus re-  
turn'd:  
"If what is fair be but for what is fair,  
And only Queens are to be counted so,  
Rash were my judgment then, who  
deem this maid

Might wear as fair a jewel as is on  
earth,  
Not violating the bond of like to like."

He spoke and ceased: the lily maid  
Elaine,  
Won by the mellow voice before she  
look'd,  
Lifted her eyes, and read his linea-  
ments.  
The great and guilty love he bare the  
Queen,  
In battle with the love he bare his  
lord,  
Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere  
his time.  
Another sinning on such heights with  
one,  
The flower of all the west and all the  
world,  
Had been the sleeker for it: but in  
him  
His mood was often like a fiend, and  
rose  
And drove him into wastes and soli-  
tudes  
For agony, who was yet a living soul.  
Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the good-  
liest man  
That ever among ladies ate in Hall,  
And noblest, when she lifted up her  
eyes.  
However marr'd, of more than twice  
her years,  
Seam'd with an ancient swordcut on  
the cheek,  
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up  
her eyes  
And loved him, with that love which  
was her doom.  
Then the great knight, the darling  
of the court,  
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude  
hall  
Stept with all grace, and not with half  
disdain  
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,  
But kindly man moving among his  
kind;  
Whom they with meats and vintage of  
their best

And talk and minstrel melody entertain'd.

And much they ask'd of court and Table Round,

And ever well and readily answer'd he:  
But Lancelot, when they glanced at Guinevere,

Suddenly speaking of the wordless man,

Heard from the Baron that, ten years before,

The heathen caught and reft him of his tongue,

"He learnt and warn'd me of their fierce design

Against my house, and him they caught and maim'd :

But I, my sons, and little daughter fled  
From bonds or death, and dwelt among the woods

By the great river in a boatman's hut.  
Dull days were those, till our good

Arthur broke  
The Pagan yet once more on Badon hill."

"O there, good Lord, doubtless,"

Lavaine said, rapt

By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth

Toward greatness in its elder, "you have fought.

O tell us ; for we live apart, you know:  
Of Arthur's glorious wars." And

Lancelot spoke  
And answer'd him at full, as having

been [long  
With Arthur in the fight which all day

Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem ;

And in the four wild battles by the shore

Of Douglas ; that on Bassa ; then the war

That thunder'd in and out the gloomy skirts

Of Celidon the forest ; and again  
By castle Gurnion, where the glorious

King  
Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's

Head,

Carved of one emerald, centred in a sun

Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed ;

And at Caerleon had he help'd his lord,  
When the strong neighings of the wild white Horse

Set every gilded parapet shuddering ;  
And up in Agned Cathregonion too,

And down the waste sand-shores of Trath Treroit,

Where many a heathen fell ; " and on the mount

Of Badon I myself beheld the King  
Charge at the head of all his Table

Round,  
And all his legions crying Christ and

him,  
And break them ; and I saw him, after-

stand  
High on a heap of slain, from spur to

plume  
Red as the rising sun with heathen

blood,  
And seeing me, with a great voice he

cried,  
'They are broken, they are broken,' for

the King,  
However mild he seems at home, nor

cares  
For triumph in our mimic wars, the

jousts—  
For if his own knight cast him down, he

laughs  
Saying, his knights are better men than

he—  
Yet in this heathen war the fire of God

Fills him ; I never saw his like ; there

lives  
No greater leader."

While he utter'd this,  
Low to her own heart said the lily

maid,  
"Save your great self, fair lord ; " and

when he fell  
From talk of war to traits of pleasantry

Being mirthful he but in a stately kind—  
She still took note that when the living

smile  
Died from his lips, across him came a

cloud

Of melancholy severe, from which again,  
 Whenever in her hovering to and fro  
 The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,  
 There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness  
 Of manners and of nature : and she thought  
 That all was nature, all, perchance, for her,  
 And all night long his face before her lived,  
 As when a painter, poring on a face,  
 Divinely thro' all hinderance finds the man  
 Behind it, and so paints him that his face,  
 The shape and color of a mind and life,  
 Lives for his children, ever at its best  
 And fullest; so the face before her lived,  
 Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence,  
 Of noble things, and held her from her sleep.  
 Till rathe she rose, half-cheated in the thought  
 She needs must bid farewell to sweet Lavaine.  
 First as in fear, step after step, she stole,  
 Down the long tower-stairs, hesitating :  
 Anon, she heard Sir Lancelot cry in the court,  
 " This shield, my friend, where is it ? " and Lavaine  
 Past inward, as she came from out the tower.  
 There to his proud horse Lancelot turn'd, and smooth'd  
 The glossy shoulder, humming to himself.  
 Half-envious of the flattering hand, she drew  
 Nearer and stood. He look'd, and more amazed  
 Than if seven men had set upon him, saw  
 The maiden standing in the dewy light.  
 He had not dreamed she was so beautiful.

Then came on him a sort of sacred fear,  
 For silent, tho' he greeted her, she stood  
 Rapt on his face as if it were a God's.  
 Suddenly flashed on her a wild desire,  
 That he should wear her favor at the tilt.  
 She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.  
 " Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is,  
 I well believe, the noblest—will you wear  
 My favor at this tourney ? " " Nay," said he,  
 " Fair lady, since I never yet have worn  
 Favor of any lady in the lists.  
 Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know."  
 " Yea, so," she answer'd; " then in wearing mine  
 Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,  
 That those who know should know you." And he turn'd  
 Her counsel up and down within his mind,  
 And found it true, and answer'd,  
 " True, my child.  
 Well, I will wear it : fetch it out to me :  
 What is it ? " and she told him " a red sleeve  
 Broider'd with pearls," and brought it :  
 then he bound  
 Her token on his helmet, with a smile  
 Saying, " I never yet have done so much  
 For any maiden living," and the blood  
 Sprang to her face, and fill'd her with delight ;  
 But left her all the paler, when Lavaine  
 Returning brought the yet unblazon'd shield,  
 His brother's ; which he gave to Lancelot,  
 Who parted with his own to fair Elaine ;  
 " Do me this grace, my child, to have my shield  
 In keeping till I come." " A grace to me,"



She answer'd, "twice to-day. I am your Squire."  
 Whereat Lavaine said, laughing,  
 "Lily maid,  
 For fear our people call you lily maid  
 In earnest, let me bring your color  
 back ;  
 Once, twice, and thrice : now get you  
 hence to bed : "  
 So kiss'd her, and Sir Lancelot his own  
 hand,  
 And thus they moved away : she stay'd  
 a minute,  
 Then made a sudden step to the gate,  
 and there—  
 Her bright hair blown about the serious  
 face  
 Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's  
 kiss—  
 Paused in the gateway, standing by the  
 shield  
 In silence, while she watch'd their arms  
 far off  
 Sparkle, until they dipt below the  
 downs.  
 Then to her tower she climb'd, and  
 took the shield,  
 There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions past  
 away  
 Far o'er the long backs of the bushless  
 downs,  
 To where Sir Lancelot knew there  
 lived a knight  
 Not far from Camelot, now for forty  
 years  
 A hermit, who had pray'd, labor'd and  
 pray'd  
 And ever laboring had scoop'd himself  
 In the white rock a chapel and a hall  
 On massive columns, like a shorecliff  
 cave,  
 And cells and chambers : all were fair  
 and dry ;  
 The green light from the meadows  
 underneath  
 Struck up and lived along the milky  
 roofs ;  
 And in the meadows tremulous aspen-  
 trees

And poplars made a noise of falling  
 showers.  
 And thither wending there that night  
 they bode.

But when the next day broke from  
 underground,  
 And shot red fire and shadows thro'  
 the cave,  
 They rose, heard mass, broke fast, and  
 rode away :  
 Then Lancelot saying, "Hear, but hold  
 my name  
 Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the  
 Lake."  
 Abashed Lavaine, whose instant rev-  
 erence,  
 Dearer to true young hearts than their  
 own praise,  
 But left him leave to stammer, "Is it  
 indeed ?"  
 And after muttering "the great Lance-  
 lot"  
 At last he got his breath and answer'd,  
 "One,  
 One have I seen—that other, our liege  
 lord,  
 The dread Pendragon, Britain's king of  
 kings,  
 Of whom the people talk mysteriously,  
 He will be there—then were I stricken  
 blind  
 That minute, I might say that I had  
 seen."

So spake Lavaine, and when they  
 reach'd the lists  
 By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes  
 Run thro' the peopled gallery which  
 half round  
 Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the grass,  
 Until they found the clear-faced King,  
 who sat  
 Robed in red samite, easily to be known,  
 Since to his crown the golden dragon  
 clung,  
 And down his robe the dragon writhed  
 in gold,  
 And from the carven-work behind him  
 crept  
 Two dragons gilded, sloping down to  
 make

Arms for his chair, while all the rest  
 of them  
 Thro' knots and loops and folds innum-  
 erable  
 Fled ever thro' the woodwork, till they  
 found  
 The new design wherein they lost  
 themselves,  
 Yet with all ease, so tender was the  
 work :  
 And in the costly canopy o'er him set,  
 Blazed the last diamond of the name-  
 less king.

Then Lancelot answer'd young La-  
 vaine and said,  
 " Me you call great : mine is the firmer  
 seat,  
 The truer lance : but there is many a  
 youth  
 Now crescent, who will come to all I  
 am  
 And overcome it; and in me there  
 dwells  
 No greatness, save it be some far-off  
 touch  
 Of greatness to know well I am not  
 great :  
 There is the man." And Lavaine  
 gaped upon him  
 As on a thing miraculous, and anon  
 The trumpets blew ; and then did  
 either side,  
 They that assailed, and they that held  
 the lists,  
 Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly  
 move, [ously  
 Meet in the midst, and there so furi-  
 Shock, that a man far-off might well  
 perceive,  
 If any man that day were left afield,  
 The hard earth shake, and a low thun-  
 der of arms.  
 And Lancelot bode a little, till he saw  
 Which were the weaker : then he hurl'd  
 into it [speak  
 Against the stronger : little need to  
 Of Lancelot in his glory : King, duke,  
 earl,  
 Count, baron—whom he smote, he over-  
 threw.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith  
 and kin,  
 Ranged with the Table Round that  
 held the lists,  
 Strong men, and wrathful that a stran-  
 ger knight  
 Should do and almost overdo the deeds  
 Of Lancelot ; and one said to the other,  
 " Lo !

What is he ? I do not mean the force  
 alone,  
 The grace and versatility of the man—  
 Is it not Lancelot ! " " When has  
 Lancelot worn

Favor of any lady in the lists ?  
 Not such his wont, as we, that know  
 him, know."

" How then ? who then ? " a fury seized  
 on them,

A fiery family passion for the name  
 Of Lancelot, and a glory one with  
 theirs.

They couch'd their spears and prick'd  
 their steeds and thus,

Their plumes driv'n backward by the  
 wind they made

In moving, all together down upon him  
 Bare, as a wild wave in the wild North  
 sea,

Green-glimmering towards the summit,  
 bears, with all

Its stormy crests that smote against the  
 skies, [bark,

Down on a bark, and overbears the  
 And him that helms it, so they over-  
 bore

Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a  
 spear

Down-glancing lamed the charger, and  
 a spear

Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and  
 the head

Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt,  
 and remain'd.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and wor-  
 shipfully ;

He bore a knight of old repute to the  
 earth,

And brought his horse to Lancelot  
 where he lay.

He up the side, sweating with agony,  
 got,  
 But thought to do while he might yet  
 endure  
 And being lustily holpen by the rest,  
 His party,—tho' it seemed half-mir-  
 acle  
 To those he fought with—drave his  
 kith and kin,  
 And all the Table Round that held the  
 lists,  
 Back to the barrier; then the heralds  
 blew  
 Proclaiming his the prize, who wore  
 the sleeve  
 Of scarlet, and the pearls; and all the  
 knights,  
 His party, cried "Advance, and take  
 your prize  
 The diamond;" but he answer'd,  
 "Diamond me  
 No diamonds! for God's love, a little  
 air!  
 Prize me no prizes, for my prize is  
 death!  
 Hence will I and I charge you, follow  
 me not."

He spoke, and vanish'd suddenly  
 from the field  
 With young Lavaine into the poplar  
 grove.  
 There from his charger down he slid,  
 and sat,  
 Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the  
 lance-head:"  
 "Ah, my sweet lord, Sir Lancelot,"  
 said Lavaine,  
 "I dread me, if I draw it, you will die."  
 But he, "I die already with it: draw—  
 Draw"—and Lavaine drew, and that  
 other gave  
 A marvellous great shriek and ghastly  
 groan,  
 And half his blood burst forth, and  
 down he sank  
 For the pure pain, and wholly swoon'd  
 away.  
 Then came the hermit out and bare  
 him in,  
 There stanch'd his wound; and there,  
 in daily doubt

Whether to live or die, for many a  
 week  
 Hid from the wide world's rumor by  
 the grove  
 Of poplars with their noise of falling  
 showers,  
 And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he lay.

But on that day when Lancelot fled  
 the lists,  
 His party, knights of utmost North and  
 West,  
 Lords of waste marches, kings of deso-  
 late isles,  
 Came round their great Pendragon,  
 saying to him,  
 "Lo, Sire, our knight thro' whom we  
 won the day  
 Hath gone sore wounded, and hath left  
 his prize  
 Untaken, crying that his prize is death."  
 "Heaven hinder," said the King, "that  
 such an one,  
 So great a knight as we have seen to-  
 day—

He seem'd to me another Lancelot—  
 Yea, twenty times I thought him  
 Lancelot—

He must not pass uncared for. Gawain,  
 rise,

My nephew, and ride forth and find  
 the knight.

Wounded and wearied, needs must he  
 be near. [horse.

I charge you that you get at once to  
 And, knights and kings, there breathes  
 not one of you

Will deem this prize of ours is rashly  
 given:

His prowess was too wondrous. We  
 will do him

No customary honor: since the knight  
 Came not to us, of us to claim the  
 prize,

Ourselves will send it after. Where-  
 fore take

This diamond, and deliver it, and re-  
 turn,

And bring us what he is and how he  
 fares,

And cease not from your quest, until  
 you find."



So saying, from the carven flower  
 above,  
 To which it made a restless heart, he  
 took,  
 And gave, the diamond: then from  
 where he sat  
 At Arthur's right, with smiling face  
 arose,  
 With smiling face and frowning heart,  
 a Prince  
 In the midnight and flourish of his  
 May,  
 Gawain, surnamed The Courteous, fair  
 and strong.  
 And after Lancelot, Tristram, and  
 Geraint  
 And Lamorack, a good knight, but  
 therewithal  
 Sir Modred's brother, of a crafty house,  
 Nor often loyal to his word, and now  
 Wroth that the king's command to sally  
 forth  
 In quest of whom he knew not, made  
 him leave  
 The banquet, and concourse of knights  
 and kings.

So all in wrath he got to horse and  
 went;  
 While Arthur to the banquet, dark in  
 mood,  
 Past, thinking, "Is it Lancelot who has  
 come  
 Despite the wound he spake of, all for  
 gain  
 Of glory, and has added wound to  
 wound,  
 And ridd'n away to die?" So fear'd  
 the King,  
 And, after two days' tarriance there, re-  
 turn'd.  
 Then when he saw the Queen, em-  
 bracing, ask'd  
 "Love, are you yet so sick?" "Nay,  
 Lord," she said.  
 "And where is Lancelot?" Then the  
 Queen, amazed,  
 "Was he not with you? won he not  
 your prize?"  
 "Nay, but one like him." "Why that  
 like was he."

And when the King demanded how she  
 knew,  
 Said, "Lord, no sooner had you parted  
 from us,  
 Than Lancelot told me of a common  
 talk  
 That men went down before his spear  
 at a touch,  
 But knowing he was Lancelot; his  
 great name  
 Conquer'd; and therefore would he  
 hide his name  
 From all men, e'en the king, and to  
 this end  
 Had made the pretext of a hindering  
 wound,  
 That he might joust unknown of all,  
 and learn  
 If his old prowess were in aught de-  
 cay'd:  
 And added, 'Our true Arthur, when he  
 learns,  
 Will well allow my pretext, as for gain  
 Of purer glory.'"

Then replied the King:  
 "Far lovelier in our Lancelot had it  
 been,  
 In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,  
 To have trusted me as he has trusted  
 you.  
 Surely his king and most familiar  
 friend  
 Might well have kept his secret. True,  
 indeed,  
 Albeit I know my knights fantastical,  
 So fine a fear in our large Lancelot  
 Must needs have moved my laughter:  
 now remains [kin—  
 But little cause for laughter: his own  
 ill news, my Queen, for all who love  
 him, these!  
 His kith and kin, not knowing, set  
 upon him;  
 So that he went sore wounded from  
 the field:  
 Yet good news too: for goodly hopes  
 are mine  
 That Lancelot is no more a lonely  
 heart.  
 He wore, against his wont, upon his  
 helm

A sleeve of scarlet, broidered with  
great pearls,  
Some gentle maiden's gift."

"Yea, lord," she said,  
Your hopes are mine," and saying  
that she choked,  
And sharply turn'd about to hide her  
face,  
Moved to her chamber, and there  
flung herself  
Down on the great King's couch, and  
writhed upon it,  
And clench'd her fingers till they bit  
the palm,  
And shriek'd out "traitor" to the un-  
hearing wall,  
Then flash'd into wild tears, and rose  
again,  
And moved about her palace, proud and  
pale.

Gawain the while thro' all the region  
round  
Rode with his diamond, wearied of the  
quest, [grove,  
Touch'd at all points, except the poplar  
And came at last, tho' late, to Astolat :  
Whom glittering in enamell'd arms  
the maid  
Glanced at, and cried, "What news  
from Camelot, lord ?  
What of the knight with the red  
sleeve ?" "He won."  
"I knew it," she said. "But parted  
from the jousts  
Hurt in the side," whereat she caught  
her breath.  
Thro' her own side she felt the sharp  
lance go ;  
Thereon she smote her hand : well-  
nigh she swoon'd :  
And while he gazed wonderingly at her,  
came  
The lord of Astolat out, to whom the  
Prince  
Reported who he was, and on what  
quest  
Sent, that he bore the prize and could  
not find  
The victor, but had ridden wildly  
round

To seek him, and was wearied of the  
search.

To whom the lord of Astolat, "Bide  
with us,  
And ride no longer wildly, noble  
Prince.

Here was the knight, and here he left a  
shield ;

This will he send or come for : further-  
more

Our son is with him ; we shall hear  
anon,

Needs must we hear." To this the  
courteous Prince

Accorded with his wonted courtesy,  
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it,  
And stay'd ; and cast his eyes on fair  
Elaine :

Where could be found face daintier ?  
then her shape

From forehead down to foot perfect—  
again

From foot to forehead exquisitely  
turn'd :

"Well—if I bide, lo ! this wild flower  
for me !"

And oft they met among the garden  
yews,

And there he set himself to play upon  
her

With sallying wit, free flashes from a  
height

Above her, graces of the court, and  
songs,

Sighs, and slow smiles, and golden elo-  
quence

And amorous adulation, till the maid  
Rebell'd against it, saying to him,

"Prince,  
O loyal nephew of our noble King,

Why ask you not to see the shield he  
left,

Whence you might learn his name ?  
Why slight your King,

And lose the quest he sent you on, and  
prove

No surer than our falcon yesterday,  
Who lost the hern we slipt him at, and  
went

To all the winds ?" "Nay, by mine  
head," said he,

"I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,  
 O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes;  
 But an you will it let me see the shield."  
 And when the shield was brought, and Gawain saw  
 Sir Lancelot's azure lions, crown'd with gold,  
 Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh  
 and mock'd:  
 "Right was the King! our Lancelot!  
 that true man!"  
 "And right was I," she answer'd merrily, "I,  
 Who dream'd my knight the greatest knight of all."  
 "And if I dream'd," said Gawain,  
 "that you love  
 This greatest knight, your pardon! lo,  
 you know it!  
 Speak therefore: shall I waste myself  
 in vain?"  
 Full simple was her answer: "What know I?  
 My brethren have been all my fellowship,  
 And I, when often they have talk'd of love,  
 Wish'd it had been my mother, for they talk'd,  
 Meseem'd, of what they knew not; so myself—  
 I know not if I know what true love is,  
 But if I know, then, if I love not him,  
 Methinks there is none other I can love,"  
 "Yea, by God's death," said he, "you love him well,  
 But would not, knew you what all others know,  
 And whom he loves." "So be it," cried Elaine,  
 And lifted her fair face and moved away:  
 But he pursued her calling, "Stay a little!  
 One golden minute's grace: he wore your sleeve:  
 Would he break faith with one I may not name?

Must our true man change like a leaf at last?  
 May it be so? why then, far be it from me  
 To cross our mighty Lancelot in his loves!  
 And, damsel, for I deem you know full well  
 Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave  
 My quest with you; the diamond also; here!  
 For if you love, it will be sweet to give it;  
 And if he love, it will be sweet to have it  
 From your own hand; and whether he loves or not,  
 A diamond is a diamond. Fare you well  
 A thousand times!—a thousand times farewell!  
 Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we  
 May meet at court hereafter: there, I think,  
 So you will learn the courtesies of the court,  
 We two shall know each other."  
 Then he gave,  
 And slightly kiss'd the hand to which he gave,  
 The diamond, and all wearied of the quest  
 Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he  
 A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.  
 Thence to the court he past; there told the King  
 What the King knew, "Sir Lancelot is the knight."  
 And added, "Sire, my liege, so much I learnt;  
 But fail'd to find him tho' I rode all round  
 The region: but I lighted on the maid,  
 Whose sleeve he wore; she loves him; and to her,  
 Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,  
 I gave the diamond: she will render it;  
 For by mine head she knows his hiding place."



The seldom-frowning King frown'd,  
and replied,  
"Too courteous truly! you shall go no  
more  
On quest of mine, seeing that you for-  
get  
Obedience is the courtesy due to  
kings."

He spake and parted. Wroth but  
all in awe,  
For twenty strokes of the blood, with-  
out a word,  
Linger'd that other, staring after him;  
Then shook his hair, strode off, and  
buzz'd abroad  
About the maid of Astolat, and her  
love.  
All ears were prick'd at once, all  
tongues were loosed:  
"The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lance-  
lot,  
Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Asto-  
lat."  
Some read the King's face, some the  
Queen's, and all  
Had marvel what the maid might be,  
but most  
Predoom'd her as unworthy. One old  
dame  
Came suddenly on the Queen with the  
sharp news.  
She, that had heard the noise of it be-  
fore,  
But sorrowing Lancelot should have  
stoop'd so low,  
Marr'd her friend's point with pale  
tranquillity.  
So ran the tale like fire about the  
court,  
Fire in dry stubble a nine days' wonder  
flared:  
Till ev'n the knights at banquet twice  
or thrice  
Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the  
Queen,  
And pledging Lancelot and the lily  
maid  
Smiled at each other, while the Queen  
who sat  
With lips severely placid felt the knot

Climb in her throat, and with her feet  
unseen  
Crush'd the wild passion out against  
the floor  
Beneath the banquet, where the meats  
became  
As wormwood, and she hated all who  
pledged.

But far away the maid in Astolat,  
Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept  
The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her  
heart,  
Crept to her father, while he mused  
alone,  
Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face  
and said,  
"Father, you call me wilful, and the  
fault  
Is yours who let me have my will, and  
now,  
Sweet father, will you let me lose my  
wits?"  
"Nay," said he, "surely." "Where-  
fore let me hence,"  
She answer'd "and find out our dear  
Lavaine."  
"You will not lose your wits for dear  
Lavaine:  
Bide," answer'd he: "we needs must  
hear anon  
Of him, and of that other." "Ay," she  
said,  
"And of that other, for I needs must  
hence  
And find that other, wheresoe'er he be,  
And with mine own hand give his dia-  
mond to him,  
Lest I be found as faithless in the  
quest  
As yon proud Prince who left the quest  
to me.  
Sweet father, I behold him in my  
dreams  
Gaunt as it were the skeleton of him-  
self,  
Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's  
aid.  
The gentler-born the maiden, the more  
bound,  
My father, to be sweet and serviceable

To noble knights in sickness, as you know,  
 When these have worn their tokens:  
 let me hence,  
 I pray you." Then her father nodding  
 said,  
 "Ay, ay, the diamond: wit you well,  
 my child,  
 Right fain were I to learn this knight  
 were whole,  
 Being our greatest: yea, and you must  
 give it—  
 And sure I think this fruit is hung too  
 high  
 For any mouth to gape for save a  
 Queen's—  
 Nay, I mean nothing: so then, get you  
 gone,  
 Being so very wilful you must go."

Lightly, her suit allow'd, she slipt  
 away,  
 And while she made her ready for her  
 ride,  
 Her father's latest word humm'd in her  
 ear,  
 "Being so very wilful you must go,"  
 And changed itself and echoed in her  
 heart,  
 "Being so very wilful you must die."  
 But she was happy enough and shook  
 it off,  
 As we shake off the bee that buzzes at  
 us;  
 And in her heart she answer'd it and  
 said,  
 "What matter, so I help him back to  
 life?"  
 Then far away with good Sir Torre for  
 guide  
 Rode o'er the long backs of the bush-  
 less downs  
 To Camelot, and before the city-gates  
 Came on her brother with a happy face  
 Making a roan horse caper and curvet  
 For pleasure all about a field of  
 flowers:  
 Whom when she saw, "Lavaine," she  
 cried, "Lavaine.  
 How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?"  
 He amazed,

"Torre and Elaine! why here? Sir  
 Lancelot!  
 How know you my lord's name is  
 Lancelot?"  
 But when the maid had told him all  
 her tale,  
 Then turn'd Sir Torre, and being in  
 his moods  
 Left them, and under the strange-  
 statued gate,  
 Where Arthur's wars were render'd  
 mystically,  
 Past up the still rich city to his kin,  
 His own far blood, which dwelt at  
 Camelot;  
 And her Lavaine across the poplar  
 grove  
 Led to the caves: there first she saw  
 the casque  
 Of Lancelot on the wall: her scarlet  
 sleeve,  
 Tho' carved and cut, and half the pearls  
 away,  
 Stream'd from it still; and in her heart  
 she laugh'd,  
 Because he had not loosed it from his  
 helm,  
 But meant once more perchance to  
 tourney in it.  
 And when they gain'd the cell in which  
 he slept,  
 His battle-writhen arms and mighty  
 hands  
 Lay naked on the wolfskin, and a  
 dream  
 Of dragging down his enemy made  
 them move.  
 Then she that saw him lying unsleek,  
 unshorn, at self,  
 Gaunt as it were the skeleton of him,  
 Utter'd a little tender dolorous cry.  
 The sound not wonted in a place so  
 still  
 Woke the sick knight, and while he  
 roll'd his eyes  
 Yet blank from sleep, she started to  
 him, saying,  
 "Your prize the diamond sent you by  
 the King:"  
 His eyes glisten'd: she fancied "is it  
 for me?"

And when the maid had told him all  
the tale  
Of King and Prince, the diamond sent,  
the quest  
Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she  
knelt  
Full lowly by the corners of his bed,  
And laid the diamond in his open  
hand.  
Her face was near, and as we kiss the  
child  
That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd  
her face.  
At once she slipt like water to the  
floor.  
"Alas," he said, "your ride has  
wearied you.  
Rest must you have." "No rest for  
me," she said;  
"Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at  
rest"  
What might she mean by that? his  
large black eyes,  
Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwelt  
upon her,  
Till all her heart's sad secret blazed  
itself  
In the heart's colors on her simple  
face;  
And Lancelot look'd and was perplexed  
in mind,  
And being weak in body said no more;  
But did not love the color; woman's  
love,  
Save one, he not regarded, and so  
turn'd  
Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he  
slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided thro'  
the fields,  
And past beneath the wildly-sculptured  
gates  
Far up the dim rich city to her kin;  
There bode the night; but woke with  
dawn, and past  
Down thro' the dim rich city to the  
fields,  
Thence to the cave: so day by day she  
past  
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro

Gliding, and every day she tended him,  
And likewise many a night: and Lance-  
lot  
Would, tho' he call'd his wound a little  
hurt  
Whereof he should be quickly whole,  
at times  
Brain-feverous in his heat and agony,  
seem  
Uncourteous, even he: but the meek  
maid  
Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him  
Meeker: than any child to a rough  
nurse,  
Milder than any mother to a sick child,  
And never woman yet, since man's first  
fall,  
Did kindlier unto man, but her deep  
love  
Uphore her; till the hermit, skill'd in  
all  
The simples and the science of that  
time,  
Told him that her fine care had saved  
his life.  
And the sick man forgot her simple  
blush,  
Would call her friend and sister, sweet  
Elaine,  
Would listen for her coming and  
regret  
Her parting step, and held her ten-  
derly,  
And loved her with all love except the  
love  
Of man and woman when they love  
their best  
Closest and sweetest, and had died the  
death  
In any knightly fashion for her sake.  
And peradventure had he seen her  
first  
She might have made this and that  
other world  
Another world for the sick man; but  
now  
The shackles of an old love straiten'd  
him,  
His honor rooted in dishonor stood,  
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely  
true.



Yet the great knight in his mid-sick-  
 ness made  
 Full many a holy vow and pure re-  
 solve.  
 These, as but born of sickness, could  
 not live :  
 For when the blood ran lustier in him  
 again,  
 Full often the sweet image of one face,  
 Making a treacherous quiet in his  
 heart,  
 Dispersed his resolution like a cloud.  
 Then if the maiden, while that ghostly  
 grace  
 Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he an-  
 swer'd not,  
 Or short and coldly, and she knew right  
 well  
 What the rough sickness meant, but  
 what this meant  
 She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd  
 her sight,  
 And drave her ere her time across the  
 fields  
 Far into the rich city, where alone  
 She murmur'd, "Vain, in vain: it can-  
 not be.  
 He will not love me: how then? must  
 I die?"  
 Then as a little helpless innocent bird,  
 That has but one plain passage of few  
 notes, [o'er  
 Will sing the simple passage o'er and  
 For all an April morning, till the ear  
 Wearies to hear it, so the simple maid  
 Went half the night repeating, "Must  
 I die?"  
 And now to right she turn'd, and now  
 to left,  
 And found no ease in turning or in  
 rest:  
 And "him or death" she mutter'd,  
 "death or him,"  
 Again and like a burthen, "him or  
 death."

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt  
 was whole,  
 To Astolat returning rode the three.  
 There morn by morn, arraying her  
 sweet self

In that wherein she deem'd she look'd  
 her best,  
 She came before Sir Lancelot, for she  
 thought  
 "If I be loved, these are my festal robes,  
 If not, the victim's flowers before he  
 fall."  
 And Lancelot ever prest upon the  
 maid  
 That she should ask some goodly gift  
 of him  
 For her own self or hers; "and do  
 not shun  
 To speak the wish most near to your  
 true heart;  
 Such service have you done me, that I  
 make  
 My will of yours, and Prince and Lord  
 am I  
 In mine own land, and what I will  
 I can."  
 Then like a ghost she lifted up her  
 face,  
 But like a ghost without the power to  
 speak  
 And Lancelot saw that she withheld  
 her wish,  
 And bode among them yet a little  
 space,  
 Till he should learn it; and one morn  
 it chanced  
 He found her in among the garden  
 yews,  
 And said, "Delay no longer, speak  
 your wish,  
 Seeing I must go to-day:" then out  
 she brake;  
 "Going? and we shall never see you  
 more.  
 And I must die for want of one bold  
 word."  
 "Speak: that I live to hear," he said,  
 "is yours."  
 Then suddenly and passionately she  
 spoke:  
 "I have gone mad. I love you: let  
 me die."  
 "Ah sister," answer'd Lancelot, "what  
 is this?"  
 And innocently extending her white  
 arms,

"Your love," she said, "your love—to be your wife."

And Lancelot answer'd, "Had I chos'n to wed,

I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine:

But now there never will be wife of mine."

"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife, [face,

But to be with you still, to see your To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world."

And Lancelot answer'd, "Nay, the world, the world,

All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart

To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue

To blare its own interpretation—nay, Full ill then should I quit your brother's love,

And your good father's kindness."

And she said, "Not to be with you, not to see your face,

Alas for me then, my good days are done."

"Nay, noble maid," he answer'd, "ten times nay!

This is not love: but love's first flash in youth,

Most common: yea, I know it of mine own self:

And you yourself will smile at your own self

Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life

To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age:

And then will I, for true you are and sweet

Beyond mine old belief in womanhood, More specially should your good knight be poor,

Endow you with broad land and territory

Even to the half my realm beyond the seas,

So that would make you happy; furthermore,

Ev'n to the death, as tho' you were my blood,

In all your quarrels will I be your knight.

This will I do, dear damsel, for your sake,

And more than this I cannot."

While he spoke She neither blush'd nor shook, but deathly pale

Stood grasping what was nearest, then replied,

"Of all this will I nothing;" and so fell,

And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom thro' those black walls of yew

Their talk had pierced, her father, "Ay, a flash,

I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead.

Too courteous are you, fair Lord Lancelot.

I pray you, use some rough discourtesy To blunt or break her passion."

Lancelot said, "That were against me; what I can I will;"

And there that day remain'd, and to-ward even

Sent for his shield: full meekly rose the maid,

Stript off the case, and gave the naked shield;

Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,

Unclasping flung the casement back, and look'd

Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.

And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound:

And she by tact of love was well aware

That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him.

And yet he glanced not up, nor waved his hand.

Nor bade farewell, but sadly rode  
away.  
This was the one discourtesy that he  
used.

So in her tower alone the maiden  
sat :  
His very shield was gone: only the  
case,  
Her own poor work, her empty labor,  
left.  
But still she heard him, still his picture  
form'd  
And grew between her and the pic-  
tured wall.  
Then came her father, saying in low  
tones,  
"Have comfort," whom she greeted  
quietly.  
Then came her brethren saying, "Peace  
to thee,  
Sweet sister," whom she answer'd with  
all calm.  
But when they left her to herself  
again,  
Death, like a friend's voice from a dis-  
tant field  
Approaching thro' the darkness, called;  
the owls  
Wailing had power upon her, and she  
milt  
Her fancies with the fallow-rifted  
glooms  
Of evening, and the moanings of the  
wind.

And in those days she made a little  
song,  
And call'd her song "The Song of  
Love and Death,"  
And sang it: sweetly could she make  
and sing.

"Sweet is true love, tho' given in  
vain, in vain;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to  
pain:  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"Love, art thou sweet? then bitter  
death must be :

Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death  
to me.  
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me  
die.

"Sweet Love, that seems not made  
to fade away,  
Sweet death, that seems to make us  
loveless clay,  
I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

"I fain would follow love, if that  
could be:  
I needs must follow death, who calls  
for me;  
Call and I follow, I follow! let me  
die."

High with the last line scaled her  
voice, and this,  
All in a fiery dawning wild with wind  
That shook her tower, the brothers  
heard, and thought  
With shuddering, "Hark the Phantom  
of the house  
(That ever shrieks before a death," and  
call'd  
The father, and all three in hurry and  
fear  
Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light  
of dawn  
Flared on her face, she shrilling "Let  
me die!"

As when we dwell upon a word we  
know,  
Repeating, till the word we know so  
well  
Becomes a wonder and we know not  
why,  
So dwelt the father on her face and  
thought  
"Is this Elaine?" till back the maiden  
fell,  
Then gave a languid hand to each, and  
lay,  
Speaking a still good-morrow with her  
eyes.  
At last she said, "Sweet brothers, yes-  
ternight  
I seem'd a curious little maid again,



As happy as when we dwelt among the woods,

And when you used to take me with the flood

Up the great river in the boatman's boat.

Only you would not pass beyond the cape [fixt

That has the poplar on it : there you Your limit, oft returning with the tide, And yet I cried because you would not pass

Beyond it, and far up the shining flood Until we found the palace of the king. And yet you would not ; but this night I dream'd

That I was all alone upon the flood, And then I said, ' Now shall I have my will : '

And there I woke, but still the wish remain'd.

So let me hence that I may pass at last Beyond the poplar and far up the flood, Until I find the palace of the king.

There will I enter in among them all, And no man there will dare to mock at me ;

But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me,

And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me ;

Gawain, who bade a thousand farewells to me,

Lancelot, who coldly went nor bade me one :

And there the King will know me and my love,

And there the Queen herself will pity me,

And all the gentle court will welcome me,

(And after my long voyage I shall rest ! "

" Peace," said her father, " O my child, you seem

Light-headed, for what force is yours to go,

So far, being sick ? and wherefore would you look

On this proud fellow again, who scorns us all ? "

Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,

And bluster into stormy sobs and say, " I never loved him : an I meet with him,

I care not howsoever great he be, Then will I strike at him and strike him down.

Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,

For this discomfort he hath done the house."

To which the gentle sister made reply,

" Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth,

Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault

Not to love me, than is it mine to love Him of all men who seems to me the highest."

" Highest ? " the Father answer'd, echoing " highest."

(He meant to break the passion in her.)

" Nay,

Daughter, I know not what you call the highest ;

But this I know, for all the people know it,

He loves the Queen, and in an open shame :

And she returns his love in open shame. If this be high, what is it to be low ? "

Then spake the lily maid of Astolat :

" Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I

For anger : these are slanders : never yet

Was noble man but made ignoble talk. He makes no friend who never made a foe.

But now it is my glory to have loved One peerless, without stain : so let me

pass,

My father, howsoe'er I seem to you, Not all unhappy, having loved God's best

And greatest, tho' my love had no return :

Yet, seeing you desire your child to live,  
 Thanks, but you work against your own desire ;  
 For if I could believe the things you say  
 I should but die the sooner : wherefore cease,  
 Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly [man  
 Hither, and let me shrive me clean,  
 and die."

So when the ghostly man had come and gone,  
 She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven,  
 Besought Lavaine to write as she devised  
 A letter, word for word ; and when he ask'd  
 " Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear lord ?  
 Then will I bear it gladly ; " she replied,  
 " For Lancelot and the Queen and all the world,  
 But I myself must bear it." Then he wrote  
 The letter she devised ; which being writ  
 And folded, " O sweet father, tender and true,  
 Deny me not," she said—" you never yet  
 Denied my fancies—this, however strange,  
 My latest : lay the letter in my hand  
 A little ere I die, and close the hand  
 Upon it ; I shall guard it even in death,  
 And when the heat is gone from out my heart,  
 Then take the little bed on which I died  
 For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's  
 For richness, and me also like the Queen  
 In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.  
 And let there be prepared a chariot-bier  
 To take me to the river, and a barge

Be ready on the river, clothed in black  
 I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.  
 There surely I shall speak for mine own self,  
 And none of you can speak for me so well.  
 And therefore let our dumb old man alone  
 Go with me, he can steer and row, and he  
 Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

She ceased : her father promised ; whereupon  
 She grew so cheerful that they deem'd her death  
 Was rather in the fantasy than the blood.  
 But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh  
 Her father laid the letter in her hand,  
 And closed the hand upon it, and she died.  
 So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground,  
 Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows  
 Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier  
 Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone  
 Full-summer, to that stream whereon the barge,  
 Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.  
 There sat the lifelong creature of the house,  
 Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,  
 Winking his eyes, and twisted all his face.  
 So those two brethren from the chariot took  
 And on the black decks laid her in her bed,  
 Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung  
 The silken case with braided blazonings,  
 And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her,  
 " Sister, farewell forever," and again,

"Farewell, sweet sister," parted all in tears.  
 Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead  
 Steer'd by the dumb went upward with the flood—  
 In her right hand the lily, in her left  
 The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—  
 And all the coverlid was cloth of gold  
 Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white  
 All but her face, and that clear-featured face  
 Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead  
 But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved  
 Audience of Guinevere, to give at last  
 The price of half a realm, his costly gift,  
 Hard-won and hardly won with bruise and blow,  
 With deaths of others, and almost his own,  
 The nine-years-fought-for diamonds : for he saw  
 One of her house, and sent him to the Queen  
 Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed  
 With such and so unmoved a majesty  
 She might have seem'd her statue, but that he,  
 Low-drooping till he wellnigh kiss'd her feet  
 For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye  
 The shadow of a piece of pointed lace,  
 In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls,  
 And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side,  
 Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream,  
 They met, and Lancelot kneeling  
 utter'd "Queen,

Lady, my liege, in whom I have my joy,  
 Take, what I had not won except for you,  
 These jewels, and make me happy, making them  
 An armlet for the roundest arm on earth,  
 Or necklace for a neck to which the swan's  
 Is tawnier than her cygnet's : these are words :  
 Your beauty is your beauty, and I sin  
 In speaking, yet O grant my worship of it  
 Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin in words  
 Perchance, we both can pardon : but, my Queen,  
 I hear of rumors flying thro' your court.  
 Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife,  
 Should have in it an absoluter trust  
 To make up that defect : let rumors be :  
 When did not rumors fly ? these, as I trust  
 That you trust me in your own nobleness,  
 I may not well believe that you believe."

While thus he spoke, half turned away, the Queen  
 Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine  
 Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off,  
 Till all the place whereon she stood was green ;  
 Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand  
 Received at once and laid aside the gems  
 There on a table near her, and replied :  
 "It may be, I am quicker of belief  
 Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake.  
 Our bond is not the bond of man and wife.  
 This good is in it, whatsoe'er of ill,



It can be broken easier. I for you  
 This many a year have done despite  
 and wrong  
 To one whom ever in my heart of  
 hearts  
 I did acknowledge nobler. What are  
 these ?  
 Diamonds for me ! they had been  
 thrice their worth  
 Being your gift, had you not lost your  
 own.  
 To loyal hearts the value of all gifts  
 Must vary as the giver's. Not for me !  
 For her ! for your new fancy. Only  
 this  
 Grant me, I pray you : have your joys  
 apart.  
 I doubt not that however changed, you  
 keep  
 So much of what is graceful : and my-  
 self  
 Would shun to break those bounds of  
 courtesy  
 In which as Arthur's queen I move  
 and rule ;  
 So cannot speak my mind. An end to  
 this !  
 A strange one ! yet I take it with  
 Amen.  
 So pray you, add my diamonds to her  
 pearls ;  
 Deck her with these ; tell her, she  
 shines me down :  
 An armlet for an arm to which the  
 Queen's  
 Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck  
 O as much fairer—as a faith once fair  
 Was richer than these diamonds—hers  
 not mine—  
 Nay, by the mother of our Lord him-  
 self,  
 Or hers or mine, mine now to work my  
 will—  
 She shall not have them."  
 Saying which she seized,  
 And thro' the casement standing wide  
 for heat,  
 Flung them, and down they flash'd, and  
 smote the stream.  
 Then from the smitten surface flash'd  
 as it were,

Diamonds to meet them, and they past  
 away.  
 Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half  
 disgust  
 At love, life, all things, on the window  
 ledge,  
 Close underneath his eyes, and right  
 across  
 Where these had fallen, slowly past the  
 barge  
 Whereon the lily maid of Astolat  
 Lay smiling, like a star in blackest  
 night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not,  
 burst away  
 To weep and wail in secret ; and the  
 barge  
 On to the palace-doorway sliding,  
 paused.  
 There two stood arm'd, and kept the  
 door ; to whom,  
 All up the marbie stair, tier over tier,  
 Were added mouths that gaped, and  
 eyes that ask'd  
 "What is it?" but that oarsman's  
 haggard face,  
 As hard and still as is the face that  
 men  
 Shape to their fancy's eye from broken  
 rocks  
 On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and  
 they said,  
 "He is enchanted, cannot speak—and  
 she,  
 Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen,  
 so fair !  
 Yea, but how pale ! what are they ?  
 flesh and blood ?  
 Or come to take the King to fairy  
 land ?  
 For some do hold our Arthur cannot  
 die,  
 But that he passes into fairy land."

While thus they babbled of the King  
 the King  
 Came girt with knights : then turn'd  
 the tongueless man  
 From the half-face to the full eye, and  
 rose

And pointed to the damsel, and the doors.

So Arthur bade the meek Sir Percivale

And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid;

And reverently they bore her into hall.

Then came the fine Gawain, and wonder'd at her,

And Lancelot later came and mused at her,

At last the Queen herself and pitied her:

But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,

Stooped, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all:

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,

I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat, Come, for you left me taking no farewell,

Hither, to take my last farewell of yu.

I loved you, and my love had no return,

And therefore my true love has been my death.

And therefore to our lady Guinevere, And to all other ladies, I make moan.

Pray for my soul, and yield me burial. Pray for my soul, thou too, Sir Lancelot,

As thou art a knight peerless."

Thus he read, And ever in the readings lords and dames

Wept, looking often from his face who read

To hers which lay so silent, and at times,

So touch'd were they, half-thinking that her lips,

Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all:

"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,

Know that for this most gentle maiden's death

Right heavy am I: for good she was and true,

But loved me with a love beyond all love

In women, whomsoever I have known. Yet to be loved makes not to love again;

Not at my years, however it hold in youth.

I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave

No cause, not willingly, for such a To this I call my friends in testimony.

Her brethren, and her father, who himself

Besought me to be plain and blunt, and use,

To break her passion, some discourtesy

Against my nature: what I could, I did.

I left her and I bade her no farewell. Tho' had I dreamt the damsel would

have died,

I might have put my wits to some rough use,

And help'd her from herself."

Then said the Queen (Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm),

"You might at least have done her so much grace,

Fair lord, as would have help'd her from her death."

He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,

He adding,

"Queen, she would not be content Save that I wedded her, which could not be.

Then might she follow me thro' the world, she ask'd;

It could not be. I told her that her love

Was but the flash of youth, would darken down

To rise hereafter in a stiller flame

Toward one more worthy of her—then would I,

More specially were he, she wedded,  
 poor,  
 Estate them with large land and territory  
 In mine own realm beyond the narrow  
 seas,  
 To keep them in all joyance: more  
 than this  
 I could not: this she would not, and  
 she died."

He pausing, Arthur answer'd, "O  
 my knight,  
 It will be to your worship as my  
 knight,  
 And mine, as head of all our Table  
 Round,  
 To see that she be buried worship-  
 fully."

So toward that shrine which then in  
 all the realm  
 Was richest, Arthur leading, slowly  
 went  
 The marshall'd order of their Table  
 Round,  
 And Lancelot sad beyond his wont, to  
 see  
 The maiden buried, not as one un-  
 known,  
 Nor meanly, but with gorgeous ob-  
 sequies,  
 And mass, and rolling music, like a  
 Queen.  
 And when the knights had laid her  
 comely head  
 Low in the dust of half-forgotten kings,  
 Then Arthur spake among them, "Let  
 her tomb  
 Be costly, and her image thereupon.  
 And let the shield of Lancelot at her  
 feet  
 Be carven, and her lily in her hand.  
 And let the story of her dolorous voy-  
 age  
 For all true hearts be blazon'd on her  
 tomb  
 In letters gold and azure!" which was  
 wrought  
 Thereafter; but when now the lords  
 and dames

And people, from the high door, stream-  
 ing, brake  
 Disorderly, as homeward each, the  
 Queen,  
 Who mark'd Sir Lancelot where he  
 moved apart,  
 Drew near, and sigh'd in passing,  
 "Lancelot,  
 Forgive me; mine was jealousy in  
 love."  
 He answer'd with his eyes upon the  
 ground,  
 "That is love's curse; pass on, my  
 Queen, forgiven."  
 But Arthur who beheld his cloudy  
 brows  
 Approach'd him, and with full affec-  
 tion flung  
 One arm about his neck, and spake  
 and said:

"Lancelot, my Lancelot, thou in  
 whom I have  
 Most joy and most affiance, for I  
 know  
 What thou hast been in battle by my  
 side,  
 And many a time have watch'd thee at  
 the tilt  
 Strike down the lusty and long-prac-  
 tised knight, [by  
 And let the younger and unskill'd go  
 To win his honor and to make his  
 name,  
 And loved thy courtesies and thee, a  
 man  
 Made to be loved;—but now I would  
 to God  
 For the wild people say wild things of  
 thee,  
 Thou couldst have loved this maiden,  
 shaped, it seems,  
 By God for thee alone, and from her  
 face,  
 If one may judge the living by the  
 dead,  
 Delicately pure and marvellously fair,  
 Who might have brought thee, now a  
 lonely man  
 Wifeless and heirless, noble issue,  
 sons



Born to the glory of thy name and  
fame,  
My knight, the great Sir Lancelot of  
the Lake."

Then answer'd Lancelot, "Fair she  
was, my King,  
Pure, as you ever wish your knights to  
be.

To doubt her fairness were to want an  
eye,

To doubt her pureness were to want a  
heart,—

Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy  
love

Could bind him, but free love will not  
be bound."

"Free love, so bound, were freest,"  
said the King.

"Let love be free; free love is for the  
best—

And, after heaven, on our dull side of  
death,

What should be best, if not so pure a  
love

Clothed in so pure a loveliness? yet  
thee

She fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I  
think,

Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I  
know."

And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but  
he went,

And at the inrunning of a little brook  
Sat by the river in a cove and watch'd  
The high reed wave, and lifted up his  
eyes

And saw the barge that brought her  
moving down,

Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and  
said

Low in himself, "Ah simple heart and  
sweet,

You loved me, damsel, surely with a  
love

Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray  
for thy soul?

Ay, that will I. Farewell too—now at  
last—

Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love?'

Not rather dead love's harsh heir,  
jealous pride?

Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of  
love,

May not your crescent fear for name  
and fame

Speak, as it waxes, of a love that  
waned?

Why did the King dwell on my name  
to me?

Mine own name shames me, seeming a  
reproach,

Lancelot, whom the Lady of the lake  
Stole from his mother—as the story  
runs—

She chanted snatches of mysterious  
song

Heard on the winding waters, eve and  
morn

She kiss'd me saying thou art fair, my  
child,

As a king's son, and often in her arms  
She bare me, pacing on the dusky  
mere.

Would she had drown'd me in it,  
where'er it be!

For what am I? what profits me my  
name

Of greatest knight? I fought for it,  
and have it:

Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it,  
pain:

Now grown a part of me: but what  
use in it?

To make men worse by making my sin  
known?

Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming  
great?

Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a  
Not after Arthur's heart, I needs must  
break

These bonds that so defame me: not  
without

She wills it: would I, if she will'd it?  
nay,

Who knows? but if I would not, then  
may God,

I pray him, send a sudden Angel  
down

To seize me by the hair and bear me  
far,

And fling me deep in that forgotten  
mere,  
Among the tumbled fragments of the  
hills."

So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorse-  
ful pain,  
Not knowing he should die a holy  
man.

### GUINEVERE.

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court,  
and sat  
There in the holy house at Almesbury  
Weeping, none with her save a little  
maid,  
A novice: one low light betwixt them  
burn'd  
Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all  
abroad,  
Benèath a moon unseen albeit at full,  
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the  
face,  
Clung to the dead earth, and the land  
was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of  
flight  
Sir Modred; he the nearest to the  
King,  
His nephew, ever like a subtle beast  
Lay couchant with his eyes upon the  
throne,  
Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for  
this,  
He chill'd the popular praises of the  
King,  
With silent smiles of slow disparage-  
ment;  
And tamper'd with the Lords of the  
White Horse,  
Heathen, the brood by Hengist left;  
and sought  
To make disruption in the Table  
Round  
Of Arthur, and to splinter it into feuds  
Serving his traitorous end; and all his  
aims  
Were sharpen'd by strong hate for  
Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when  
all the court,  
Green-suited, but with plumes that  
mock'd the May,  
Had been, their wont, a-maying and re-  
turn'd,  
That Modred still in green, all ear and  
eye,  
Climb'd to the high top of the garden  
wall  
To spy some secret scandal if he might,  
And saw the Queen, who sat betwixt  
her best  
Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her court  
The williest and the worst; and more  
than this  
He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing  
by  
Spied where he couch'd, and as the  
gardener's hand  
Picks from the colewort a green cat-  
erpillar,  
So from the high wall and the flowering  
grove  
Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by the  
heel,  
And cast him as a worm upon the way;  
But when he knew the Prince tho'  
marr'd with dust,  
He, reverencing king's blood in a bad  
man,  
Made such excuses as he might, and  
these  
Full knightly without scorn; for in  
those days  
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in  
scorn;  
But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in  
him  
By those whom God had made full-  
limb'd and tall,  
Scorn was allow'd as part of his de-  
fect,  
And he was answer'd softly by the  
King  
And all his Table. So Sir Lancelot  
help  
To raise the Prince, who rising twice  
or thrice  
Full sharply smote his knees, and  
smiled, and went:

But, ever after, the small violence done  
 Rankled in him and ruffled all his  
 heart,  
 As the sharp wind that ruffles all day  
 long  
 A little bitter pool about a stone  
 On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told  
 This matter to the Queen, at first she  
 laugh'd  
 Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty  
 fall,  
 Then shudder'd, as the village wife  
 who cries  
 "I shudder, some one steps across my  
 grave;"  
 Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for  
 indeed  
 She half-foresaw that he, the subtle  
 beast,  
 Would track her guilt until he found,  
 and hers  
 Would be forevermore a name of scorn.  
 Henceforward rarely could she front  
 in Hall,  
 Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy  
 face,  
 Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent  
 eye.  
 Henceforward too, the Powers that  
 tend the soul,  
 To help it from the death that cannot  
 die,  
 And save it even in extremes, began  
 To vex and plague her. Many a time  
 for hours,  
 Beside the placid breathings of the  
 King,  
 In the dead night, grim faces came and  
 went  
 Before her, or a vague spiritual fear—  
 Like to some doubtful noise of creak-  
 ing doors,  
 Heard by the watcher in a haunted  
 house,  
 That keeps the rust of murder on the  
 walls—  
 Held her awake; or if she slept, she  
 dream'd  
 An awful dream; for then she seem'd  
 to stand

On some vast plain before a setting  
 sun,  
 And from the sun there swiftly made  
 at her  
 A ghastly something, and its shadow  
 flew  
 Before her, till it touch'd her, and she  
 turn'd—  
 When lo! her own, that broadening  
 from her feet,  
 And blackening, swallow'd all the land,  
 and in it  
 Far cities burnt, and with a cry she  
 woke.  
 And all this trouble did not pass but  
 grew;  
 Till ev'n the clear face of the guileless  
 King,  
 And trustful courtesies of household  
 life,  
 Became her bane; and at the last she  
 said,  
 "O Lancelot, get thee thence to thine  
 own land,  
 For if thou tarry we shall meet again,  
 And if we meet again some evil chance  
 Will make the smouldering scandal  
 break and blaze  
 Before the people, and our lord the  
 King."  
 And Lancelot ever promised, but re-  
 main'd,  
 And still they met and met. Again  
 she said,  
 "O Lancelot, if thou love me get thee  
 hence,"  
 And then they were agreed upon a  
 night  
 (When the good King should not be  
 there) to meet ~~at the~~ |met  
 And part forever. Passion-pale they  
 And greeted: hands in hands, and eye  
 to eye,  
 Low on the border of her couch they  
 they sat  
 Stammering and staring; it was their  
 last hour,  
 A madness of farewells. And Modred  
 brought  
 His creatures to the basement of the  
 tower



For testimony; and crying with full voice,  
 "Traitor, come out, ye are trapt at last," aroused  
 Lancelot, who rushing outward lion-like  
 Leapt on him, and hurl'd him headlong, and he fell  
 Stunn'd, and his creatures took and bare him off  
 And all was still : then she, "The end is come  
 And I am shamed forever:" and he said,  
 "Mine be the shame: mine was the sin; but rise,  
 And fly to my strong castle overseas;  
 There will I hide thee, till my life shall end,  
 There hold thee with my life against the world."  
 She answer'd, "Lancelot, wilt thou hold me so?  
 Nay friend, for we have taken our farewells.  
 Would God, that thou couldst hide me from myself!  
 Mine is the shame, for I was wife, and thou  
 Unwedded: yet rise now, and let us fly,  
 For I will draw me into sanctuary,  
 And bide my doom." So Lancelot got her horse,  
 Set her thereon, and mounted on his own,  
 And then they rode to the divided way,  
 There kiss'd, and parted weeping: for he past  
 Love-loyal to the least wish of the Queen,  
 Back to his land; but she to Almesbury  
 Fled all night long by glimmering waste and weald,  
 And heard the Spirits of the waste and weald  
 Moan as she fled, or thought she heard them moan:  
 And in herself she moan'd, "Too late, too late!"

Till in the cold wind that foreruns the morn.  
 A-blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high,  
 Croak'd, and she thought, "He spies a field of death;  
 For now the heathen of the Northern Sea,  
 Lured by the crimes and frailties of the court,  
 Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land."  
 And when she came to Almesbury she spake  
 There to the nuns, and said, "Mine enemies  
 Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sisterhood,  
 Receive, and yield me sanctuary, no ask  
 Her name, to whom ye yield it, till her time  
 To tell you:" and her beauty, grace and power  
 Wrought as a charm upon them, and they spared  
 To ask it.      So the stately Queen abode  
 For many a week, unknown, among the nuns;  
 Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name, nor sought,  
 Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift,  
 But communed only with the little maid,  
 Who pleased her with a babbling heedlessness  
 Which often lured her from herself but now,  
 This night, a rumor wildly blown about  
 Came that Sir Modred had usurp'd the realm,  
 And leagued him with the heathen while the King  
 Was waging war on Lancelot: then she thought,  
 "With what a hate the people and the King  
 Must hate me," and bow'd down upon her hands

Silent, until the little maid, who brook'd  
No silence, brake it, uttering "Late!  
so late!

What hour, I wonder, now?" and  
when she drew

No answer, by and by began to hum  
An air the nuns had taught her;" Late,  
so late!"

Which when she heard, the Queen  
look'd up, and said,

"O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,  
Sing and unbind my heart that I may  
weep."

Whereat full willingly sang the little  
maid.

"Late, late, so late! and dark the  
night and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter  
still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter  
now.

"No light had we: for that we do  
repent;

And learning this, the bridegroom will  
relent.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter  
now.

"No light: so late! and dark and  
chill the night!

O let us in, that we may find the light!

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter  
now.

"Have we not heard the bride-  
groom is so sweet?

O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet!

No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.

So sang the novice, while full pas-  
sionately,

Her head upon her hands, remember-  
ing

Her thought when first she came, wept  
the sad Queen.

Then said the little novice prattling to  
her:

"O pray you, noble lady, weep no  
more:

But let my words, the words of one so  
small,

Who knowing nothing knows but to  
obey,

And if I do not there is penance given—  
Comfort your sorrows; for they do  
not flow

From evil done: right sure am I of that,  
Who see your tender grace and state-  
liness.

But weigh your sorrows with our lord  
the King's,

And weighing find them less; for  
gone is he

To wage grim war against Sir Lance-  
lot there,

Round that strong castle where he  
holds the Queen;

And Modred whom he left in charge  
of all,

The traitor—Ah sweet lady, the King's  
grief

For his own self, and his own Queen,  
and realm,

Must needs be thrice as great as any of  
ours. [great.

For me I thank the saints I am not  
For if there ever come a grief to me

I cry my cry in silence, and have done:  
None knows it, and my tears have

brought me good.  
But even were the griefs of little ones

As great as those of great ones, yet  
this grief

Is added to the griefs the great must  
bear,

That howsoever much they may desire  
Silence, they cannot weep behind a

cloud:  
As even here they talk at Almesbury

About the good King and his wicked  
Queen,

And were I such a King with such a  
Queen,

Well might I wish to veil her wicked-  
ness,

But were I such a King, it could not  
be."

Then to her own sad heart mutter'd  
the Queen,

"Will the child kill me with her in-  
nocent talk?"

But openly she answer'd, "Must not I,  
If this false traitor have displaced his  
lord,  
Grieve with the common grief of all  
the realm?"

"Yea," said the maid, "this is all  
woman's grief,  
That *she* is woman, whose disloyal life  
Hath wrought confusion in the Table  
Round  
Which good King Arthur founded,  
years ago,  
With signs and miracles and wonders,  
there  
At Camelot, ere the coming of the  
Queen."

Then thought the Queen within her-  
self again,  
"Will the child kill me with her foolish  
prate?"  
But openly she spake and said to her,  
"O little maid, shut in by nunnery  
walls,  
What canst thou know of Kings and  
Tables Round,  
Or what of signs and wonders, but the  
signs  
And simple miracles of thy nunnery?"

To whom the little novice garrulous-  
ly:  
"Yea, but I know : the land was full of  
signs  
And wonders ere the coming of the  
Queen.  
So said my father, and himself was  
knight  
Of the great Table—at the founding of  
it :  
And rode thereto from Lyonesse, and  
he said  
That as he rode, an hour or maybe  
twain  
After the sunset, down the coast, he  
heard  
Strange music, and he paused and  
turning—there,  
All down the lonely coast of Lyon-  
nesse,

Each with a beacon-star upon his head  
And with a wild sea-light about his feet  
He saw them—headland after headland  
flame  
Far on into the rich heart of the west  
And in the light the white mermaiden  
swam,  
And strong man-breasted things stood  
from the sea,  
And sent a deep sea-voice thro' all the  
land,  
To which the little elves of chasm and  
cleft  
Made answer, sounding like a distant  
horn.  
So said my father—yea, and further  
more,  
Next morning, while he past the dim  
lit woods,  
Himself beheld three spirits mad with  
joy  
Come dashing down on a tall wayside  
flower,  
That shook beneath them, as the thistle  
shakes  
When three gray linnets wrangle for  
the seed :  
And still at evenings on before his  
horse  
The flickering fairy-circle wheel'd and  
broke  
Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd  
and broke  
Flying, for all the land was full of life  
And when at last he came to Camelot  
A wreath of airy dancers hand-in-hand  
Swung round the lighted lantern of the  
hall ;  
And in the hall itself was such a feast  
As never man had dream'd ; for ever  
knight  
Had whatsoever meat he long'd for  
served  
By hands unseen ; and even as he sat  
Down in the cellars merry bloated  
things  
Shoulder'd the spigot, straddling on the  
butts  
While the wine ran so glad were spirits  
and men  
Before the coming of the sinful Queen



Then spake the Queen, and somewhat  
bitterly,  
Were they so glad? ill prophets were  
they all,  
Spirits and men: could none of them  
foresee,  
Not even thy wise father with his  
signs  
And wonders, what has fall'n upon the  
realm?"

To whom the novice garrulously  
again:  
"Yea, one, a bard; of whom my father  
said,  
Full many a noble war-song had he  
sung,  
Ev'n in the presence of an enemy's fleet,  
Between the steep cliff and the coming  
wave;  
And many a mystic lay of life and death  
Had chanted on the smoky mountain-  
tops, [hills,  
When round him bent the spirits of the  
With all their dewy hair blown back  
like flame:  
So said my father—and that night the  
bard  
Sang Arthur's glorious wars, and sang  
the King  
As wellnigh more than man, and rail'd  
at those  
Who call'd him the false son of Gor-  
lois:  
For there was no man knew from  
whence he came;  
But after tempest, when the long wave  
broke  
All down the thundering shores of Bude  
and Bos,  
There came a day as still as heaven,  
and then  
They found a naked child upon the  
sands  
Of dark Dundagil by the Cornish sea;  
And that was Arthur; and they foster'd  
him  
Till he by miracle was approven king:  
And that his grave should be a mystery  
From all men, like his birth; and could  
he find

A woman in her womanhood as great  
As he was in his manhood, then, he  
sang,  
The twain together well might change  
the world.  
But even in the middle of his song  
He falter'd, and his hand fell from the  
harp,  
And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and  
would have fall'n,  
But that they stay'd him up; nor would  
he tell  
His vision; but what doubt that he  
foresaw  
This evil work of Lancelot and the  
Queen?"

Then thought the Queen, "Lo! they  
have set her on,  
Our simple-seeming Abbess and her  
nuns,  
To play upon me," and bow'd her head  
nor spake.  
Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd  
hands,  
Shame on her own garrulity garrulously,  
Said the good nuns would check her  
gadding tongue  
Full often, "And, sweet lady, if I seem  
To vex an ear too sad to listen to me,  
Unmannerly, with prattling and with  
tales  
Which my good father told me, check  
me too:  
Nor let me shame my father's memory,  
one  
Of noblest manners, tho' himself would  
say  
Sir Lancelot had the noblest: and he  
died,  
Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers  
back,  
And left me; but of others who re-  
main,  
And of the two first-famed for cour-  
tesy—  
And pray you check me if I ask amiss—  
But pray you, which had noblest, while  
you moved  
Among them, Lancelot or our lord the  
King?"

Then the pale Queen look'd up and  
 answered her,  
 "Sir Lancelot, as became a noble  
 knight,  
 Was gracious to all ladies, and the  
 same  
 In open battle or the tilting-field  
 Forbore his own advantage, and these  
 two [all ;  
 Were the most nobly-manner'd men of  
 For manners are not idle, but the fruit  
 Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

"Yea," said the maid, "be manners  
 such fair fruit?  
 Then Lancelot's needs must be a thou-  
 sand fold  
 Less noble, being, as all rumor runs,  
 The most disloyal friend in all the  
 world."

To which a mournful answer made  
 the Queen,  
 "O closed about by narrowing nunnery-  
 walls,  
 What knowest thou of the world, and  
 all its lights  
 And shadows, all the wealth and all  
 the woe?  
 If ever Lancelot, that most noble  
 knight,  
 Were for one hour less noble than him-  
 self,  
 Pray for him that he scape the doom  
 of fire,  
 And weep for her, who drew him to his  
 doom."

"Yea," said the little novice, "I  
 pray for both ;  
 But I should all as soon believe that  
 his,  
 Sir Lancelot's, were as noble as the  
 King's,  
 As I could think, sweet lady, yours  
 would be  
 Such as they are, were you the sinful  
 Queen."

So she, like many another babbler,  
 hurt  
 Whom she would soothe, and harm'd  
 where she would heal :

For here a sudden flush of wrathful  
 heat  
 Fired all the pale face of the Queen  
 who cried,  
 "Such as thou art be never maiden  
 more  
 Forever! thou their tool, set on to  
 plague  
 And play upon, and harry me, pretty  
 spy  
 And traitress." When that storm of  
 anger brake  
 From Guinevere, aghast the maiden  
 rose,  
 White as her veil, and stood before the  
 Queen  
 As tremulously as foam upon the beach  
 Stands in a wind, ready to break and  
 fly;  
 And when the Queen had added "Get  
 thee hence!"  
 Fled frightened. Then that other left  
 alone  
 Sigh'd, and began to gather heart again,  
 Saying in herself, "The simple, fearful  
 child  
 Meant nothing, but my own too-fearful  
 guilt  
 Simpler than any child, betrays itself.  
 But help me, heaven, for surely I re-  
 pent.  
 For what is true repentance but in  
 thought—  
 Not e'en in inmost thought to think  
 again  
 The sins that made the past so pleasant  
 to us :  
 And I have sworn never to see him  
 more,  
 To see him more."  
 And e'en in saying this,  
 Her memory from old habit of the  
 mind  
 Went slipping back upon the golden  
 days  
 In which she saw him first, when Lance-  
 lot came,  
 Reputed the best knight and goodliest  
 man,  
 Ambassador, to lead her to his lord  
 Arthur, and led her forth, and far ahead

Of his and her retinue moving, they,  
 Rapt in sweet thought, or lively, all on  
 love  
 And sport and tilts and pleasure, (for  
 the time  
 Was maytime, and as yet no sin was  
 dream'd,)  
 Rode under groves that look'd a para-  
 dise  
 Of blossom, over sheets of hyacinth  
 That seem'd the heavens upbreking  
 thro' the earth,  
 And on from hill to hill, and every day  
 Beheld at noon in some delicious dale  
 The silk pavilions of King Arthur  
 raised  
 For brief repast or afternoon repose  
 By couriers gone before; and on again,  
 Till yet once more ere set of sun they  
 saw  
 The Dragon of the great Pendragon-  
 ship,  
 That crown'd the state pavilion of the  
 King,  
 Blaze by the rushing brook or silent  
 well.

But when the Queen immersed in  
 such a trance,  
 And moving thro' the past unconscio-  
 us-ly,  
 Came to that point, when first she saw  
 the King  
 Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd  
 to find  
 Her journey done, glanced at him,  
 thought him cold,  
 High, self-contain'd, and passionless,  
 not like him,  
 "Not like my Lancelot"—while she  
 brooded thus  
 And grew half-guilty in her thoughts  
 again.  
 There rode an armed warrior to the  
 doors.  
 A murmuring whisper thro' the nunnery  
 ran,  
 Then on a sudden a cry, "The King."  
 She sat  
 Stiff-stricken, listening; but when  
 armed feet

Thro' the long gallery from the outer  
 doors  
 Rang coming, prone from off her seat  
 she fell,  
 And grovell'd with her face against the  
 floor:  
 There with her milkwhite arms and  
 shadowy hair  
 She made her face a darkness from the  
 King:  
 And in the darkness heard his armed  
 feet  
 Pause by her; then came silence, then  
 a voice,  
 Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's  
 Denouncing judgment, but tho' changed  
 the King's.

"Liest thou here so low, the child of  
 one  
 I honor'd, happy, dead before thy  
 shame?  
 Well is it that no child is born of thee.  
 The children born of thee are sword  
 and fire,  
 Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,  
 The craft of kindred and the Godless  
 hosts [Sea.  
 Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern  
 Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my  
 right arm,  
 The mightiest of my knights abode  
 with me,  
 Have everywhere about this land of  
 Christ  
 In twelve great battles ruining over-  
 thrown.  
 And knowest thou now from whence I  
 come—from him,  
 From waging bitter war with him: and  
 he,  
 That did not shun to smite me in worse  
 way,  
 Had yet that grace of courtesy in him  
 left,  
 He spared to lift his hand against the  
 King  
 Who made him knight: but many a  
 knight was slain;  
 And many more, and all his kith and  
 kin



Clave to him, and abode in his own  
 land.  
 And many more when Modred raised  
 revolt,  
 Forgetful of their troth and fealty,  
 clave  
 To Modred, and a remnant stays with  
 me.  
 And of this remnant will I leave a  
 part,  
 True men who love me still, for whom  
 I live,  
 To guard thee in the wild hour coming  
 on,  
 Lest but a hair of this low head be  
 harm'd.  
 Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till  
 my death.  
 Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies  
 Have err'd not, that I march to meet  
 my doom.  
 Thou hast not made my life so sweet  
 to me,  
 That I the King should greatly care to  
 live;  
 For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my  
 life.  
 Bear with me for the last time while I  
 show,  
 Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou  
 hast sinn'd.  
 For when the Roman left us, and their  
 law  
 Relax'd its hold upon us, and the  
 ways  
 Were fill'd with rapine, here and there  
 a deed  
 Of prowess done redress'd a random  
 wrong.  
 But I was first of all the kings who  
 drew  
 The knighthood-errant of this realm  
 and all  
 The realms together under me, their  
 Head,  
 In that fair order of my Table Round,  
 A glorious company, the flower of  
 men,  
 To serve as model for the mighty  
 world,  
 And be the fair beginning of a time.

I made them lay their hands in mine  
 and swear  
 To reverence the King, as if he were  
 Their conscience, and their conscience  
 as their King,  
 To break the heathen and uphold the  
 Christ,  
 To ride abroad redressing human  
 wrongs,  
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to  
 it,  
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
 To love one maiden only, cleave to  
 her,  
 And worship her by years of noble  
 deeds,  
 Until they won her; for indeed I  
 knew  
 Of no more subtle master under  
 heaven  
 Than is the maiden passion for a  
 maid,  
 Not only to keep down the base in  
 man,  
 But teach high thought and amiable  
 words  
 And courtliness, and the desire of  
 fame,  
 And love of truth, and all that makes  
 a man.  
 And all this throve until I wedded  
 thee!  
 Believing "lo mine helpmate, one co-  
 feel  
 My purpose and rejoicing in my joy.'  
 Then came thy shameful sin with Lan-  
 celot;  
 Then came the sin of Tristram and  
 Isolt;  
 Then others, following these my might-  
 iest knights,  
 And drawing foul ensample from fair  
 names,  
 Sinn'd also, till the loathsome oppo-  
 site  
 Of all my heart had destined did ob-  
 tain,  
 And all thro' thee! so that this life of  
 mine  
 I guard as God's high gift from scathe  
 and wrong,

Not greatly care to lose; but rather think  
 How sad it were for Arthur, should he live,  
 To sit once more within his lonely hall,  
 And miss the wonted number of my knights,  
 And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds  
 As in the golden days before thy sin.  
 For which of us, who might be left, could speak  
 Of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee? [Usk  
 And in thy bowers of Camelot or of  
 Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,  
 And I should evermore be vexed with thee  
 In hanging robe or vacant ornament,  
 Or ghostly footfall echoing on the stair.  
 For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy Lord,  
 Thy lord has wholly lost his love for thee.  
 I am not made of so slight elements.  
 Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame.  
 I hold that man the worst of public foes  
 Who either for his own or children's sake,  
 To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife  
 Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house:  
 For being thro' his cowardice allow'd  
 Her station, taken everywhere for pure,  
 She like a new disease, unknown to men,  
 Creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,  
 Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and saps  
 The fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse  
 With devil's leaps, and poisons half the young.

Worst of the worst were that man he that reigns!  
 Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart  
 Than thou reseated in thy place of light,  
 The mockery of my people, and their bane."

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch  
 Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.  
 Far off a solitary trumpet blew,  
 Then waiting by the doors the war-horse neigh'd  
 As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

"Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,  
 I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere, I, whose vast pity almost makes me die  
 To see thee, laying there thy golden head,  
 My pride in happier summers at my feet.  
 The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,  
 The doom of treason and the flaming death,  
 (When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.  
 The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one  
 Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,  
 Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.  
 And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I, Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God  
 Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.  
 But how to take last leave of all I loved?  
 O golden hair, with which I used to play  
 Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,  
 And beauty such as never women wore,

Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—  
 I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,  
 But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.  
 I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,  
 And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,  
 Here looking down on thine own polluted, cries  
 'I loathe thee;' yet not less, O Guinevere,  
 For I was ever virgin save for thee,  
 My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life  
 So far, that my doom is, I love thee still. [still.  
 Let no man dream but that I love thee Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
 And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,  
 Hereafter in that world where all are pure  
 We two may meet before high God, and thou  
 Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know  
 I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,  
 Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,  
 I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.  
 Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:  
 They summon me their King to lead mine hosts  
 Far down to that great battle in the west,  
 Where I must strike against my sister's son,  
 Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights  
 Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself  
 Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.  
 And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;

But hither shall I never come again,  
 Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,  
 Farewell!"  
 And while she grovell'd at his feet,  
 She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck,  
 And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,  
 Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone,  
 Rose the pale Queen, and in her anguish found  
 The casement: "Peradventure," so she thought,  
 "If I might see his face, and not be seen."  
 And lo, he sat on horseback at the door!  
 And near him the sad nuns with each a light  
 Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen,  
 To guard and foster her forevermore.  
 And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd,  
 To which for crest the golden dragon clung [face,  
 Of Britain; so she did not see the Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,  
 Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,  
 The Dragon of the great Pendragon-ship [fire.  
 Blaze, making all the night a steam of  
 And even then he turn'd; and more and more  
 The moony vapor rolling round the King,  
 Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it,  
 Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray  
 And grayer, till himself became as mist  
 Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.



Then she stretch'd out her arms and  
cried aloud,  
"O Arthur " there her voice break  
suddenly,  
Then—as a stream that spouting from  
a cliff  
Fills in mid-air, but gathering at the  
base  
Re-makes itself, and flashes down the  
vale—

Went on in passionate utterance.

"Gone—my lord!

Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be  
slain!

And he forgave me, and I could not  
speak.

Farewell? I should have answer'd his  
farewell.

His mercy choked me. Gone, my  
lord the King,

My own true lord! how dare I call  
him mine?

The shadow of another cleaves to me,  
And makes me one pollution: he, the  
King,

Call'd me polluted: shall I kill my-  
self?

[sin,

What help in that? I cannot kill my  
If soul be soul; nor can I kill my  
shame;

No, nor by living can I live it down.

The days will grow to weeks, the weeks  
to months,

The months will add themselves and  
make the years,

The years will roll into the centuries,  
And mine will ever be a name of scorn.  
I must not dwell on that defeat of  
fame.

Let the world be; that is but of the  
world.

What else? what hope? I think there  
was a hope,

Except he mock'd me when he spake  
of hope;

His hope he call'd it; but he never  
mocks,

For mockery is the fume of little  
hearts.

And blessed be the King, who hath  
forgiven

My wickedness to him, and left me  
hope

That in mine own heart I can live  
down sin

And be his mate hereafter in the  
heavens

Before high God. Ah great and gen-  
tle lord,

Who wast, as is the conscience of a  
saint

Among his warring senses, to thy  
knights—

To whom my false voluptuous pride,  
that took

Full easily all impressions from below,  
Would not look up, or half-despised  
the height

To which I would not or I could not  
climb—

I thought I could not breathe in that  
fine air

That pure severity of perfect light—

I wanted warmth and color which I  
found

In Lancelot—now I see thee what thou  
art,

Thou art the highest and most human  
too,

[none

Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there  
Will tell the King I love him tho' so  
late?

Now—ere he goes to the great Battle?  
none:

Myself must tell him in that purer life,  
But now it were too daring. Ah my  
God,

What might I not have made of thy  
fair world,

Had I but loved thy highest creature  
here?

It was my duty to have loved the high-  
est:

It surely was my profit had I known:

It would have been my pleasure had I  
seen.

We needs must love the highest when  
we see it,

Not Lancelot, nor another."

Here her hand

Grasp'd, made her veil her eyes: she  
look'd and saw

The novice, weeping, suppliant, and  
 said to her,  
 "Yea, little maid, for am *I* not for-  
 given?" [nuns  
 Then glancing up beheld the holy  
 All round her, weeping; and her heart  
 was loosed  
 Within her, and she wept with these  
 and said:  
 "Ye know me then, that wicked one,  
 who broke  
 The vast design and purpose of the  
 King.  
 O shut me round with narrowing nun-  
 nery-walls,  
 Meek maidens, from the voices crying  
 'Shame.'  
 I must not scorn myself: he loves me  
 still. [still.  
 Let no one dream but that he loves me  
 So let me, if you do not shudder at me  
 Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with  
 you:  
 Wear black and white, and be a nun  
 like you;  
 Fast with your fasts, not feasting with  
 your feasts;  
 Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at  
 your joys,  
 But not rejoicing; mingle with your  
 rites;  
 Pray and be prayed for: lie before  
 your shrines;  
 Do each low office of your holy house;  
 Walk your dim cloister, and distribute  
 dole  
 To poor sick people, richer in his eyes  
 Who ransom'd us, and haler too than I;  
 And treat their loathsome hurts and  
 heal mine own;  
 And so wear out in almsdeed and in  
 prayer  
 The sombre close of that voluptuous  
 day,  
 Which wrought the ruin of my lord the  
 King."

She said: they took her to them-  
 selves, and she  
 Still hoping, fearing "Is it yet too  
 late?"

Dwelt with them, till in time their  
 Abbess died.  
 Then she, for her good deeds and her  
 pure life,  
 And for the power of ministration in  
 her,  
 And likewise for the high rank she had  
 borne,  
 Was chosen Abbess, there, an Abbess  
 lived  
 For three brief years, and there, an  
 Abbess, past  
 To where beyond these voices there is  
peace.

### ENOCH ARDEN.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left  
 a chasm;  
 And in the chasm are foam and yellow  
 sands;  
 Beyond, red roofs about a narrow  
 wharf  
 In cluster; then a moulder'd church;  
 and higher  
 A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd  
 mill;  
 And high in heaven behind it a gray  
 down  
 With Danish barrows; and a hazel-  
 wood,  
 By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
 Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years  
 ago,  
 Three children of three houses, Annie  
 Lee,  
 The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
 And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,  
 And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's  
 lad  
 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck,  
 play'd  
 Among the waste and lumber of the  
 shore,  
 Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing  
 nets,  
 Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up  
 drawn;

And built their castles of dissolving  
sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or follow-  
ing up  
And flying the white breaker, daily  
left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the  
cliff:  
In this the children play'd at keeping  
house.  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the  
next,  
While Annie still was mistress; but at  
times  
Enoch would hold possession for a  
week:  
"This is my house and this my little  
wife."  
"Mine too," said Philip, "turn and  
turn about:"  
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch  
stronger-made  
Was master: then would Philip, his  
blue eyes  
All flooded with the helpless wrath of  
tears,  
Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and  
at this  
The little wife would weep for com-  
pany,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her  
sake,  
And say she would be little wife to  
both.

But when the dawn of rosy child-  
hood past,  
And the new warmth of life's ascend-  
ing sun  
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart  
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his  
love,  
But Philip loved in silence; and the  
girl  
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to  
him;  
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew  
it not,  
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch  
set

A purpose evermore before his eyes,  
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a  
home  
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at  
last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe  
For leagues along that breaker-beaten  
coast  
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served  
a year  
On board a merchantman, and made  
himself  
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd  
a life  
From the dread sweep of the down-  
streaming seas:  
And all men look'd upon him favor-  
ably:  
And ere he touch'd his one-and-twen-  
tieth May,  
He purchased his own boat, and made  
a home [up  
For Annie, neat and nestlike, half-way  
The narrow street that clamber'd to-  
ward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
The younger people making holiday,  
With bag and sack and basket, great  
and small,  
Went nutting to the hazels, Philip  
stay'd  
(His father lying sick and needing  
him)  
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the  
hill,  
Just where the prone edge of the wood  
began  
To feather toward the hollow, saw the  
pair,  
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-  
hand,  
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten  
face  
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
That burned as on an altar. Philip  
look'd,  
And in their eyes and faces read his  
doom;



Then, as their faces drew together,  
 groan'd  
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded  
 life  
 Crept down into the hollows of the  
 wood;  
 There, while the rest were loud with  
 merry-making,  
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose  
 and past  
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang  
 the bells,  
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy  
 years,  
 Seven happy years of health and com-  
 petence,  
 And mutual love and honorable toil;  
 With children; first a daughter. In  
 him woke, [wish  
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble  
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
 And give his child a better bringing-  
 up  
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish  
 renew'd,  
 When two years after came a boy to  
 be  
 The rosy idol of her solitudes,  
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful  
 seas,  
 Or often journeying landward; for in  
 truth  
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's  
 ocean-spoil  
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand win-  
 ter-gales,  
 Not only to the market-cross were  
 known,  
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,  
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely  
 Hall,  
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's minis-  
 tering.

Then came a change, as all things  
 human change.  
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow  
 port

Open'd a larger haven: thither used  
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;  
 And once when there, and clambering  
 on a mast  
 In harbor, by mischance he slipt and  
 fell:  
 A limb was broken when they lifted  
 him;  
 And while he lay recovering there, his  
 wife  
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:  
 Another hand crept too across his  
 trade  
 Taking her bread and theirs: and on  
 him fell, [man,  
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing  
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and  
 gloom.  
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the  
 night,  
 To see his children leading evermore  
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,  
 And her, he loved, a beggar: then he  
 pray'd  
 "Save them from this, whatever comes  
 to me."  
 And while he pray'd, the master of  
 that ship  
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mis-  
 chance,  
 Came, for he knew the man and valued  
 him,  
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would  
 he go?  
 There yet were many weeks before she  
 sail'd,  
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch  
 have the place?  
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance  
 appear'd  
 No graver than as when some little  
 cloud  
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,  
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the  
 wife—  
 When he was gone—the children—  
 what to do?

Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans  
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—  
How many a rough sea had he weath-  
er'd in her !  
He knew her, as a horseman knows  
his horse—  
And yet to sell her—then with what  
she brought

Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth  
in trade  
With all that seamen needed or their  
wives—

So might she keep the house while he  
was gone.

Should he not trade himself out yon-  
der? go

This voyage more than once? yea  
twice or thrice—

As oft as needed—last, returning rich,  
Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead an easier life,  
Have all his pretty young ones edu-  
cated,

And pass his days in peace among his  
own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined  
all.

Then moving homeward came on Annie  
pale,

Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-  
born.

Forward she started with a happy cry,  
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;  
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his  
limbs,

Appraised his weight, and fondled  
fatherlike,

But had no heart to break his purposes  
To Annie, till the morrow, when he  
spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring  
had girt

Her finger, Annie fought against his  
will:

Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
Many a sad kiss by day by night re-  
new'd

(Sure that all evil would come out of  
it)

Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
For her or his dear children, not to go.  
He not for his own self caring but her,  
Her and her children, let her plead in  
vain;

So grieving held his will, and bore it  
thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-  
friend,

Bought Annie goods and stores, and  
set his hand

To fit their little streetward sitting-  
room

With shelf and corner for the goods  
and stores.

So all day long till Enoch's last at  
home,

Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and  
axe,

Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to  
hear

Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd  
and rang,

Till this was ended, and his careful  
hand,—

The space was narrow,—having order'd  
all

Almost as neat and close as Nature  
packs

Her blossom or her seedling, paused;  
and he,

Who needs would work for Annie to  
the last,

Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced his morning of  
farewell

Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's  
fears,

Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to  
him.

Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man  
Bow'd himself down, and in that mys-  
tery

Where God-in-man is one with man-in-  
God,

Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and  
babes

Whatever came to him: and then he said,  
 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of  
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.  
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire  
 for me,  
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you  
 know it."  
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle,  
 "and he,  
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—  
 Nay—for I love him all the better for  
 it—  
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my  
 knees [parts,  
 And I will tell him tales of foreign  
 And make him merry when I come  
 home again.  
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I  
 go."

Him running on thus hopefully she  
 heard,  
 And almost hoped herself; but when  
 he turn'd  
 The current of his talk to graver things  
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
 On providence and trust in Heaven,  
 she heard,  
 Heard and not heard him; as the vil-  
 lage girl,  
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the  
 spring,  
 Musing on him that used to fill it for  
 her,  
 Hears and not hears, and lets it over-  
 flow.

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you  
 are wise;  
 And yet for all your wisdom well  
 know I  
 That I shall look upon your face no  
 more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall  
 look on yours.  
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
 (He named the day); get you a  
 seaman's glass,  
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your  
 fears."

But when the last of those last mo-  
 ments came,  
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be com-  
 forted,  
 Look to the babes, and till I come  
 again,  
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must  
 go.  
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear  
 Cast all your cares on God; that  
 anchor holds.  
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
 Can I go from Him? and the sea is  
 His,  
 The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,  
 Cast his strong arms about his droop-  
 ing wife,  
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little  
 ones;  
 But for the third, the sickly one, who  
 slept  
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
 When Annie would have raised him  
 Enoch said,  
 "Wake him not; let him sleep; how  
 should the child  
 Remember this?" and kiss'd him in  
 his cot,  
 But Annie from her baby's forehead  
 clipt  
 A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept  
 Thro' all his future; but now hastily  
 caught  
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went  
 his way.

She when the day, that Enoch men-  
 tion'd, came,  
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: per-  
 haps  
 She could not fix the glass to suit her  
 eye;  
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremu-  
 lous;  
 She saw him not: and while he stood  
 on deck  
 Waving, the moment and the vessel  
 past.



Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing  
sail

She watch'd it, and departed weeping  
for him,

Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as  
his grave, [his,

Set her sad will no less to chime with  
But throve not in her trade, not being  
bred

To barter, nor compensating the want  
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
And still foreboding "What would  
Enoch say?"

For more than once, in days of difficulty  
And pressure, had she sold her wares  
for less

'Than what she gave in buying what she  
sold:

She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it;  
and thus,

Expectant of that news which never  
came,

Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly born  
and grew

Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for  
it

With all a mother's care: nevertheless,  
Whether her business often called her  
from it,

Or thro' the want of what is needed  
most,

Or means to pay the voice who best  
could tell

What most it needed—howsoe'er it  
was,

After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—  
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie  
buried it,

Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for  
her peace

(Since Enoch left he had not look'd  
upon her),

Smote him, as having kept aloof so  
long.

"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her  
now,

May be some little comfort;" there-  
fore went,

Past thro' the solitary room in front,  
Paused for a moment at an inner door,

Then struck it thrice, and, no one  
opening,

Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her  
grief,

Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
Cared not to look on any human face,

But turn'd her own toward the wall and  
wept.

Then Philip standing up said falter-  
ingly,

"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."  
He spoke; the passion in her moan'd  
reply,

"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn  
As I am!" half abash'd him; yet un-  
ask'd,

His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He sits himself beside her, saying to  
her

"I came to speak to you of what he  
wish'd,

Enoch, your husband: I have ever said  
You chose the best among us—a strong  
man:

For where he fixt his heart he set his  
hand

To do the thing he will'd, and bore it  
thro'.

And wherefore did he go this weary  
And leave you lonely? not to see the  
world—

For pleasure?—nay, but for the where-  
withal

To give his babes a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or yours: that was  
his wish.

And if he comes again, vext will he be  
To find the precious morning hours  
were lost.

And it would vex him even in his grave,  
If he could know his babes were run-  
ning wild

Like colts about the waste. So, Annie,  
now—

Have we not known each other all our  
lives?  
I do beseech you by the love you bear  
Him and his children not to say me  
nay—  
For, if you will, when Enoch comes  
again  
Why then he shall repay you—if you  
will,  
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.  
Now let me put the boy and girl to  
school:  
This is the favor I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against  
the wall  
Answer'd, “I cannot look you in the  
face;  
I seem so foolish and so broken down;  
When you came in my sorrow broke  
me down;  
And now I think your kindness breaks  
me down;  
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on  
me;  
He will repay you: money can be re-  
paid;  
Not kindness such as yours.”

And Philip ask'd  
“Then you will let me, Annie?”

There she turn'd,  
She rose and fixt her swimming eyes  
upon him,  
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
Then calling down a blessing on his  
head  
Caught at his hand and wrung it pas-  
sionately,  
And past into the little garth beyond.  
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to  
school,  
And bought them needful books, and  
every way,  
Like one who does his duty by his own,  
Made himself theirs; and tho' for  
Annie's sake,  
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,

He oft denied his heart his dearest  
wish,  
And seldom crossed her threshold, yet  
he sent  
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and  
fruit,  
The late and early roses from his wall,  
Or conies from the down, and now and  
then, [meal  
With some pretext of fineness in the  
To save the offence of charitable, flour  
From his tall mill that whistled on the  
waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's  
mind:  
Scarce could the woman when he came  
upon her,  
Out of full heart and boundless grati-  
tude  
Light on a broken word to thank him  
with.  
But Philip was her children's all-in-all;  
From distant corners of the street they  
ran  
To greet his hearty welome heartily;  
Lords of his house and of his mill were  
they;  
Worried his passive ear with petty  
wrongs  
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd  
with him  
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip  
gain'd [them  
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed to  
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
Down at the far end of an avenue,  
Going ye know not where; and so ten  
years,  
Since Enoch left his hearth and native  
land,  
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch  
came.  
It chanced one evening Annie's chil-  
dren long'd  
To go with others, nutting to the wood,  
And Annie would go with them; then  
they begg'd  
For Father Philip (as they call'd him)  
too

Him like the working bee in blossom-  
dust,  
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and  
saying to him,  
"Come with us Father Philip," he  
denied;  
But when the children pluck'd at him  
to go,  
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their  
wish,  
For was not Annie with them? and  
they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,  
Just when the prone edge of the wood  
began  
To feather toward the hollow, all her  
force  
Fail'd her; and sighing "Let me rest"  
she said:  
So Philip rested with her well-content:  
While all the younger ones with jubi-  
lant cries  
Broke from their elders, and tumultu-  
ously  
Down thro' the whitening hazels made  
a plunge  
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent  
or broke  
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear  
away  
Their tawny clusters, crying to each  
other  
And calling, here and there, about the  
wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
Her presence, and remember'd one  
dark hour  
Here in this wood, when like a wounded  
life [said  
He crept into the shadow: at last he  
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen,  
Annie,  
How merry they are down yonder in  
the wood."  
"Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak  
a word.  
"Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon  
her hands;  
At which, as with a kind of anger in  
him.

"The ship was lost," he said, "the  
ship was lost!  
No more of that! why should you kill  
yourself  
And make them orphans quite?" And  
Annie said,  
"I thought not of it: but—I know not  
why—  
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer  
spoke.  
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
And it has been upon my mind so long,  
That tho' I know not when it first came  
there,  
I know that it will out at last. O  
Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living; well then—let  
me speak:  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting  
help:  
I cannot help you as I wish to do  
Unless—they say that women are so  
quick—  
Perhaps you know what I would have  
you know—  
I wish you for my wife. I fain would  
prove  
A father to your children: I do think  
They love me as a father: I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine  
own;  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God  
grants [it:  
To any of his creatures. Think upon  
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,  
No burthen, save my care for you and  
yours:  
And we have known each other all our  
lives,  
And I have loved you longer than you  
know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she  
spoke:  
"You have been as God's good angel  
in our house.



God bless you for it, God reward you  
for it,  
Philip, with something happier than  
myself.

Can one love twice? can you be ever  
loved

As Enoch was? what is it that you  
ask?"

"I am content," he answer'd, "to be  
loved

A little after Enoch." "O, she cried,  
Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a  
while:

If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not  
come—

Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:  
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:

O wait a little!" Philip sadly said,  
"Annie, as I have waited all my life  
I well may wait a little." "Nay," she  
cried,

"I am bound: you have my promise—  
in a year:

Will you not bide your year as I bide  
mine?"

And Philip answer'd, "I will bide my  
year."

Here both were mute, till Philip  
glancing up

Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day  
Pass from the Danish barrow over-  
head;

Then fearing night and chill for Annie  
rose,

And sent his voice beneath him thro'  
the wood.

Up came the children laden with their  
spoil;

Then all descended to the port, and  
there

At Annie's door he paused and gave  
his hand,

Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke  
to you,

That was your hour of weakness. I  
was wrong.

I am always bound to you, but you are  
free."

Then Annie weeping answer'd, "I am  
bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it  
were,

While yet she went about her house-  
hold ways,

Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,  
That he had loved her longer than she  
knew,

That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
And there he stood once more before  
her face,

Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?"  
she ask'd.

"Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe  
again:

Come out and see." But she—she put  
him off—

So much to look to—such a change—a  
month—

Give her a month—she knew that she  
was bound—

A month—no more. Then Philip with  
his eyes

Full of that lifelong hunger, and his  
voice

Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
"Take your own time, Annie, take  
your own time."

And Annie could have wept for pity of  
him;

And yet she held him on delayingly  
With many a scarce-believable excuse,

Trying his truth and his long sufferance  
Till half-another year had slept away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.  
Some thought that Philip did but trifle

with her;

Some that she but held off to draw him  
on;

And others laugh'd at her and Philip  
too,

As simple folk that knew not their own  
minds;

And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly

Would hint at worse in either. Her  
own son

Was silent, tho' he often look'd his  
wish;

But evermore the daughter prest upon  
her  
To wed the man so dear to all of them  
And lift the household out of poverty ;  
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
Careworn and wan ; and all these things  
fell on her  
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced  
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
Pray'd for a sign " my Enoch, is he  
gone ? "  
Then compass'd round by the blind  
wall of night  
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her  
heart,  
Started from bed, and struck herself a  
light,  
Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
" Under a palmtree." That was nothing  
to her .  
No meaning there : she closed the book  
and slept ;  
When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height  
Under a palmtree, over him the Sun ;  
" He is gone," she thought, " he is  
happy, he is singing  
Hosanna in the highest ; yonder shines  
The Sun of Righteousness, and these  
be palms  
Whereof the happy people strewing  
cried  
" Hosanna in the highest ! " " Here  
she woke,  
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly  
to him,  
" There is no reason why we should  
not wed."  
" Then for God's sake," he answer'd,  
" both our sakes,  
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang  
the bells,  
Merrily rang the bells and they were  
wed.  
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.

A footstep seem'd to fall beside her  
path,  
She knew not whence ; a whisper on  
her ear,  
She knew not what ; nor loved she to  
be left  
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.  
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd,  
often  
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch  
Fearing to enter ; Philip thought he  
knew ;  
Such doubts and fears were common to  
her state,  
Being with child ; but when her child  
was born,  
Then her new child was as herself  
renew'd,  
Then the new mother came about her  
heart,  
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,  
And that mysterious instinct wholly  
died.

And where was Enoch ? Prosperously  
sail'd  
The ship " Good Fortune," tho' at  
setting forth  
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward,  
shook  
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet un-  
vext  
She slept across the summer of the  
world,  
Then after a long tumble about the  
Cape  
And frequent interchange of foul and  
fair,  
She passing thro' the summer world  
again,  
The breath of Heaven came continually  
And sent her sweetly by the golden  
isles,  
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and  
bought  
Quaint monsters for the market of  
those times,  
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage ; at first  
 indeed  
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,  
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-  
 head  
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from  
 her bows ;  
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds  
 variable,  
 Then baffling, a long course of them ;  
 and last  
 Storm, such as drove her under moon-  
 less heavens  
 Till hard upon the cry of " breakers " came  
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
 But Enoch and two others. Half the  
 night,  
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken  
 spars,  
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at  
 morn  
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.  
 No want was there of human suste-  
 nance,  
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourish-  
 ing roots ;  
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
 The helpless life so wild that it was  
 tame.  
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-  
 gorge  
 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of  
 palm, a hut,  
 Half hut, half native cavern. So the  
 three,  
 Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
 Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.  
 For one, the youngest hardly more  
 than boy,  
 Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and  
 wreck, [in-life.  
 Lay lingering out a three-years' death-  
 They could not leave him. After he  
 was gone,  
 The two remaining found a fallen stem ;  
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of him-  
 self,  
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion,  
 fell

Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.  
 In those two deaths he read God's  
 warning " wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak,  
 the lawns  
 And winding glades high up like ways  
 to Heaven,  
 The slender coco's drooping crown of  
 plumes,  
 The lightning flash of insect and of  
 bird,  
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
 That coil'd around the stately stems,  
 and ran  
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
 And glories of the broad belt of the  
 world,  
 All these he saw ; but what he fain had  
 seen  
 He could not see, the kindly human  
 face,  
 Nor ever heard a kindly voice, but  
 heard  
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-  
 fowl,  
 The league-long roller thundering on  
 the reef,  
 The moving whisper of huge trees that  
 branch'd  
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the  
 sweep  
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
 As down the shore he ranged, or all  
 day long  
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :  
 No sail from day to day, but every day  
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
 Among the palms and ferns and preci-  
 pices ;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the east ;  
 The blaze upon his island overhead ;  
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;  
 Then the great stars that globed them-  
 selves in Heaven,  
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and  
 again  
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no  
 sail.



There often as he watch'd or seem'd  
 to watch,  
 So still, the golden lizard on him  
 paused,  
 A phantom made of many phantoms  
 moved  
 Before him haunting him, or he himself  
 Moved haunting people, things and  
 places, known  
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line;  
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the  
 small house,  
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy  
 lanes,  
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely  
 Hall,  
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold,  
 the chill  
 November dawns and dewy-glooming  
 downs,  
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying  
 leaves,  
 And the low moan of leaden-color'd  
 seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his  
 ears,  
 Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far  
 away—  
 He heard the pealing of his parish  
 bells;  
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore,  
 started up  
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous  
 hateful isle  
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor  
 heart  
 Spoken with That, which being every-  
 where  
 Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem  
 all alone,  
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering  
 head  
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and  
 went  
 Year after year. His hopes to see his  
 own,  
 And pace the sacred old familiar fields,  
 Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely  
 doom

Came suddenly to an end. Another  
 ship  
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling  
 winds  
 Like the Good Fortune, from her des-  
 tined course,  
 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where  
 she lay:  
 For since the mate had seen at early  
 dawn  
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen  
 isle  
 The silent water slipping from the hills,  
 They sent a crew that landing burst  
 away  
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd  
 the shores  
 With clamor. Downward from his  
 mountain gorge  
 Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded soli-  
 tary, [clad,  
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely  
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it  
 seem'd,  
 With inarticulate rage, and making  
 signs  
 They knew not what: and yet he led  
 the way  
 To where the rivulets of sweet water  
 ran;  
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
 And heard them talking, his long-boun-  
 den tongue  
 Was loosen'd, till he made them under-  
 stand;  
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd  
 they took aboard:  
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,  
 Scarce credited at first, but more and  
 more  
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to  
 it:  
 And clothes they gave him and free  
 passage home:  
 But oft he work'd among the rest and  
 shook  
 His isolation from him. None of these  
 Came from his county, or could an-  
 swer him,  
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to  
 know.

And dull the voyage was with long delays,

The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore

His fancy fled before the lazy wind

Returning, till beneath a clouded moon

He like a lover down thro' all his blood

Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath

Of England, blown across her ghostly wall : *men* [men

And that same morning officers and

Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,

Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :

Then moving up the coast they landed him,

Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,

But homeward,—home,—what home? had he a home?

His home he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,

Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,

Where either haven open'd on the deeps,

Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray :

Cut off the length of highway on before,

And left but narrow breadth to left and right

Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.

On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped

Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze

The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;

Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light

Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having

slowly stolen,

His heart foreshadowing all calamity,

His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home

Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes

In those far-off seven happy years were born ;

But finding neither light nor murmur there

(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept

Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me !"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,

Seeking a tavern which of old he knew, A front of timber-crost antiquity,

So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old.

He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone

Who kept it : and his widow, Miriam Lane,

With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;

A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now

Still with yet a bed for wandering men.

There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and gar-  
rulous,

Nor let him be, but often breaking in, Told him, with other annals of the port,

Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,

So broken—all the story of his house.

His baby's death, her growing poverty,

How Philip put her little ones to school,

And kept them in it, his long wooing her,

Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth

Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance

No shadow past, nor motion ; any one, Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale

Less than the teller : only when she closed,

"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"

He shaking his gray head pathetically,  
Repeated muttering "Cast away and  
lost;"  
Again in deeper inward whispers  
"Lost!"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face  
again;  
"If I might look on her sweet face  
again  
And know that she is happy." So the  
thought  
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove  
him forth  
At evening when the dull November  
day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
There he sat down gazing on all below:  
There did a thousand memories roll  
upon him,  
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's  
house,  
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

"For Philip's dwelling fronted on the  
street,  
The latest house to landward; but be-  
hind,  
With one small gate that open'd on the  
waste,  
Flourish'd a little garden square and  
wall'd:  
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:  
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk  
and stole  
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and  
thence  
That which he better might have  
shunn'd, if griefs  
Like his have worse or better. Enoch  
saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd  
board  
Sparkled and shone: so genial was the  
hearth;

And on the right hand of the hearth he  
saw

Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his  
knees;

And o'er her second father stooped a  
girl,

A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted  
hand

Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his  
creasy arms,

Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they  
laugh'd:

And on the left hand of the hearth he  
saw

The mother glancing often towards her  
babe,

But turning now and then to speak with  
him,

Her son, who stood before her tall and  
strong,

And saying that which pleased him, for  
he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life  
beheld

His wife his wife no more, and saw the  
babe

Hers, yet not his, upon the father's  
knee,

And all the warmth, the peace, the  
happiness,

And his own children tall and beau-  
tiful,

And him, that other, reigning in his  
place,

Lord of his rights and of his children's  
love,—

Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told  
him all,

Because things seen are mightier than  
things heard,

Stagger'd and shook, holding the  
branch, and fear'd

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of  
doom,

Would shatter all the happiness of the  
hearth.



He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,  
 As lightly as a sick-man's chamber-door,  
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?  
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou [isle,  
 That didst uphold me on my lonely Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
 Not to tell her, never to let her know. Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
 My children too! must I not speak to these?  
 They know me not. I should betray myself. [girl  
 Never: no father's kiss for me,—the So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,  
 And he lay tranced: but when he rose and paced  
 Back toward his solitary home again,  
 All down the narrow street he went Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,  
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve

Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
 Prayer from a living source within the will,  
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife," [of,  
 He said to Miriam, "that you told me Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"  
 "Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!  
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,  
 Why, that would be her comfort:" and he thought,  
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,  
 I wait his time," and Enoch set himself,  
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.  
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.  
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd  
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days:  
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:  
 Yet since he did but labor for himself, Work without hope, there was not life in it  
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year [day  
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the When Enoch had return'd, a languor came  
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually Weakening the man, till he could do no more,  
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.  
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.

For sure no gladlier does the stranded  
wreck  
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting  
squall  
The boat that bears the hope of life  
approach  
To save the life despair'd of, than he  
saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close  
of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a  
kindlier hope  
On Enoch thinking, "After I am gone,  
Then may she learn I loved her to the  
last."  
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and  
said,  
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear,  
Before I tell you—swear upon the  
book  
Not to reveal it, till you see me  
dead."  
"Dead," clamor'd the good woman,  
"hear him talk!  
I warrant, man, that we shall bring  
you round."  
"Swear," added Enoch, sternly, "on  
the book."  
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam  
swore.  
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon  
her,  
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this  
town?"  
"Know him?" she said, "I knew him  
far away.  
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the  
street;  
Held his head high, and cared for no  
man, he."  
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;  
"His head is low, and no man cares  
for him.  
I think I have not three days more to  
live;  
I am the man." At which the woman  
gave  
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.  
"You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was  
a foot

Higher than you be." Enoch said  
again,  
"My God has bow'd me down to what  
I am;  
My grief and solitude have broken me;  
Nevertheless, know you that I am he  
Who married—but that name has  
twice been changed—  
I married her who married Philip Ray.  
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his  
voyage,  
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming  
back,  
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,  
And how he kept it. As the woman  
heard,  
Fast flow'd the current of her easy  
tears,  
While in her heart she yearn'd inces-  
santly  
To rush abroad all round the little  
haven,  
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his  
woes;  
But awed and promise-bounden she  
forbore,  
Saying only, "See your bairns before  
you go!  
Eh, let me fetch 'm, Arden," and arose  
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch  
hung  
A moment on her words, but then re-  
plied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the  
last,  
But let me hold my purpose till I die.  
Sit down again; mark me and under-  
stand,  
While I have power to speak. I  
charge you now,  
When you shall see her, tell her that I  
died  
Blessing her, praying for her, loving  
her;  
Save for the bar between us, loving  
her  
As when she laid her head beside my  
own.  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I  
saw

So like her mother, that my latest  
 breath  
 Was spent in blessing her and praying  
 for her.  
 And tell my son that I died blessing  
 him.  
 And say to Philip that I blest him too;  
 He never meant us anything but good.  
 But if my children care to see me  
 dead,  
 Who hardly knew me living, let them  
 come,  
 I am their father; but she must not  
 come,  
 For my dead face would vex her after-  
 life.  
 And now there is but one of all my  
 blood,  
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-  
 be:  
 This hair is his: she cut it off and gave  
 it,  
 And I have borne it with me all these  
 years.  
 And thought to bear it with me to my  
 grave;  
 But now my mind is changed, for I  
 shall see him,  
 My babe in bliss: wherefore when I  
 am gone,  
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort  
 her;

It will moreover be a token to her,  
 That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane  
 Made such a voluble answer promising  
 all,  
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon  
 her  
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once  
 again  
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,  
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and  
 pale,  
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at in-  
 tervals,  
 There came so loud a calling of the  
 sea,  
 That all the houses in the haven rang.  
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms  
 abroad  
 Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a  
 sail!  
 I am saved;" and so fell back and  
 spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.  
 And when they buried him the little  
 port  
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.



## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

## AYLMER'S FIELD.

1793.

DUST are our frames; and, gilded  
 dust, our pride  
 Looks only for a moment whole and  
 sound;  
 Like that long-buried body of the  
 king,  
 Found lying with his urns and orna-  
 ments,  
 Which at a touch of light, an air of  
 heaven,  
 Slipt into ashes and was found no  
 more.

Here is a story which in rougher  
 shape  
 Came from a grizzled cripple, whom I  
 saw  
 Sunning himself in a waste field  
 alone—  
 Old, and a mine of memories—who  
 had served,  
 Long since, a bygone Rector of the  
 place,  
 And been himself a part of what he  
 told.

SIR AYLMER AYLMER, that almighty  
 man,  
 The county God—in whose capacious  
 hall,  
 Hung with a hundred shields, the fam-  
 ily tree  
 Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate  
 king—  
 Whose blazing wyvern weathercock'd  
 the spire,  
 Stood from his walls and wing'd his  
 entry-gates  
 And swang besides on many a windy  
 sign—

Whose eyes from under a pyramidal  
 head  
 Saw from his windows nothing save  
 his own—  
 What lovelier of his own had he than  
 her,  
 His only child, his Edith, whom he  
 loved  
 As heiress and not heir regretfully?  
 But "he that marries her marries her  
 name,"  
 This fiat somewhat soothed himself  
 and wife,  
 His wife a faded beauty of the Baths,  
 Insipid as the Queen upon a card;  
 Her all of thought and bearing hardly  
 more  
 Than his own shadow in a sickly sun.

A land of hops and poppy-nungled  
 corn,  
 Little about it stirring save a brook!  
 A sleepy land where under the same  
 wheel  
 The same old rut would deepen year  
 by year;  
 Where almost all the village had one  
 name;  
 Where Aylmer follow'd Aylmer at the  
 Hall  
 And Averill Averill at the Rectory  
 Thrice over; so that Rectory and  
 Hall,  
 Bound in an immemorial intimacy,  
 Were open to each other; tho' to  
 dream  
 That Love could bind them closer well  
 had made [up  
 The hoar hair of the Baronet bristle  
 With horror, worse than had he heard  
 his priest  
 Preach an inverted scripture, sons of  
 men  
 Daughters of God; so sleepy was the  
 land.

And might not Averill, had he will'd  
 it so,  
 Somewhere beneath his own low range  
 of roofs,  
 Have also set his many-shielded tree?  
 There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage  
 once,  
 When the red rose was redder than it-  
 self,  
 And York's white rose as red as Lan-  
 caster's,  
 With wounded peace which each had  
 prick'd to death.  
 "Not proven," Averill said, or laugh-  
 ingly,  
 "Some other race of Averills"—prov'n  
 or no,  
 What cared he? what, if other or the  
 same? [self.  
 He lean'd not on his fathers but him-  
 But Leolin, his brother, living oft  
 With Averill, and a year or two be-  
 fore  
 Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away  
 By one low voice to one dear neighbor-  
 hood,  
 Would often, in his walks with Edith,  
 claim  
 A distant kinship to the gracious blood  
 That shook the heart of Edith hearing  
 him.

Sanguine he was: a but less vivid  
 hue [bloom  
 Than of that islet in the chestnut-  
 Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes,  
 that still  
 Took joyful note of all things joyful,  
 beam'd, [gold,  
 Beneath a manelike mass of rolling  
 Their best and brightest, when they  
 dwelt on hers,  
 Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect  
 else,  
 But subject to the season or the  
 mood,  
 Shone like a mystic star between the  
 less  
 And greater glory varying to and fro,  
 We know not wherefore; bounteously  
 made,

And yet so finely, that a troublous  
 touch  
 Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in  
 a day,  
 A joyous to dilate, as toward the light.  
 And these had been together from the  
 first.  
 Leolin's first nurse was, five years  
 after, hers:  
 So much the boy foreran; but when  
 his date  
 Doubled her own, for want of play-  
 mates, he  
 (Since Averill was a decade and a half  
 His elder, and their parents under-  
 ground)  
 Had tost his ball and flown his kite,  
 and roll'd [dipt  
 His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her  
 Against the rush of the air in the prone  
 swing,  
 Made blossom-ball or daisy chain, ar-  
 ranged  
 Her garden, sow'd her name and kept  
 it green  
 In living letters, told her fairy-tales,  
 Show'd her the fairy footings on the  
 grass,  
 The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,  
 The petty marestail forest, fairy pines,  
 Or from the tiny pitted target blew  
 What look'd a flight of fairy arrows  
 aim'd  
 All at one mark, all hitting: make-be-  
 lieves  
 For Edith and himself: or else he  
 forged,  
 But that was later, boyish histories  
 Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon,  
 wreck,  
 Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and  
 true love  
 Crown'd after trial; sketches rude and  
 faint,  
 But where a passion yet unborn per-  
 haps  
 Lay hidden as the music of the moon  
 Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightin-  
 gale.  
 And thus together, save for college  
 times

Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair  
 As ever painter painted, poet sang,  
 Or Heav'n in lavish bounty moulded,  
 grew  
 And more and more, the maiden wo-  
 man-grown,  
 He wasted hours with Averill; there,  
 when first  
 The tented winter-field was broken up  
 Into that phalanx of the summer  
 spears  
 That soon should wear the garland;  
 there again  
 When burr and bine were gather'd :  
 lastly there  
 At Christmas; ever welcome at the  
 Hall,  
 On whose dull sameness his full tide  
 of youth  
 Broke with a phosphorescence cheer-  
 ing even [aid  
 My lady; and the Baronet yet had  
 No bar between them : dull and self-  
 involved,  
 Tall and erect, but bending from his  
 height [world,  
 With half-allowing smiles for all the  
 And mighty courteous in the main—  
 his pride [ring—  
 Lay deeper than to wear it as his  
 He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,  
 Would care no more for Leolin's walk-  
 ing with her  
 Than for his old Newfoundland's, when  
 they ran  
 To loose him at the stables, for he rose  
 Twofooted at the limit of his chain,  
 Roaring to make a third; and how  
 should Love,  
 Whom the cross-lightnings of four  
 chance-met eyes  
 Flash into fiery life from nothing,  
 follow  
 Such dear familiarities of dawn ?  
 Seldom, but when he does, Master of  
 all.

So these young hearts not knowing  
 that they loved,  
 Not she at least, nor conscious of a  
 bar

Between them, nor by plight or broken  
 ring  
 Bound, but an immemorial intimacy,  
 Wander'd at will, but oft accompanied  
 By Averill: his, a brother's love, that  
 hung  
 With wings of brooding shelter o'er  
 her peace,  
 Might have been other, save for  
 Leolin's—  
 Who knows? but so they wander'd,  
 hour by hour  
 Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd,  
 and drank  
 The magic cup that filled itself anew.

A whisper half reveal'd her to her-  
 self.  
 For out beyond her lodges, where the  
 brook  
 Vocal, with here and there a silence,  
 ran  
 By sallowy rims, arose the laborers'  
 homes,  
 A frequent haunt of Edith, on low  
 knobs  
 That dimpling died into each other,  
 huts  
 At random scatter'd, each a nest in  
 bloom.  
 Her art, her hand, her counsel all had  
 wrought  
 About them: here was one that, sum-  
 mer-blanch'd,  
 Was parcel-bearded with the traveller's  
 joy  
 In Autumn, parcel ivy-clad; and here  
 The warm blue breathings of a hidden  
 hearth  
 Broke from a bower of vine and honey-  
 suckle:  
 One look'd all rosetree, and another  
 wore [stars:  
 A close-set robe of jasmine sown with  
 This had a rosy sea of gilly-flowers  
 About it: this a milky way on earth,  
 Like visions in the Northern dreamer's  
 heavens,  
 A lily-avenue climbing to the doors:  
 One, almost to the martin-haunted  
 caves



A summer burial deep in hollyhocks;  
Each, its own charm; and Edith's  
everywhere;

And Edith ever visitant with him,  
He but less loved than Edith, of her  
poor:

For she—so lowly-lovely and so loving,  
Queenly responsive when the loyal  
hand

Rose from the clay it work'd in as she  
past,

Not sowing hedgerow texts and pass-  
ing by,

Nor dealing goodly counsel from a  
height [voice

That makes the lowest hate it, but a  
Of comfort and an open hand of help,  
A splendid presence flattering the poor  
roofs

Revered as theirs, but kindlier than  
themselves

To ailing wife or wailing infancy  
Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored;

He, loved for her and for himself. A  
grasp

Having the warmth and muscle of the  
heart,

A childly way with children, and a  
laugh

Ringling like proven golden coinage  
true,

Were no false passport to that easy  
realm,

Where once with Leolin at her side  
the girl,

Nursing a child, and turning to the  
warmth

The tender pink five-beaded baby-soles,  
Heard the good mother softly whisper

"Bless,  
God bless 'em; marriages are made in  
Heaven."

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it to  
her.

My Lady's Indian kinsman unan-  
nounced

With half a score of swarthy faces  
came.

His own, tho' keen and bold and sol-  
dierly,

Sear'd by the close ecliptic, was not  
fair;

Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the  
hour,

Tho' seeming boastful: so when first  
he dash'd

Into the chronicle of a deedful day,  
Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile  
Of patron "Good! my lady's kinsman!  
good!"

My lady with ner fingers interlock'd,  
And rotatory thumbs on silken knees,  
Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear  
To listen: unawares they flitted off,  
Busying themselves about the flower-  
age

That stood from out a stiff brocade in  
which,

The meteor of a splendid season, she,  
Once with this kinsman, ah so long  
ago,

Stept thro' the stately minuet of those  
days:

But Edith's eager fancy hurried with  
him

Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of  
his life:

Till Leolin ever watchful of her eye  
Hated him with a momentary hate.

Wife-hunting, as the rumor ran, was  
he:

I know not, for he spoke not, only  
shower'd

His oriental gifts on every one,  
And most on Edith: like a storm he

came,  
And shook the house, and like a storm

he went.

Among the gifts he left her (possibly  
He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to re-  
turn

When others had been tested) there  
was one,

A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels  
on it

Sprinkled about in gold that branch'd  
itself

Fine as ice-ferns on January panes  
Made by a breath. I know not whence  
at first,

Nor of what race, the work ; but as he told  
 The story, storming a hill-fort of thieves  
 He got it ; for their captain after fight,  
 His comrades having fought their last below,  
 Was climbing up the valley ; at whom he shot :  
 Down from the beetling crag to which he clung  
 Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet,  
 This dagger with him, which when now admired  
 By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,  
 At once the costly Sahib yielded to her.

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,  
 Tost over all her presents petulantly :  
 And when she show'd the wealthy scabbard, saying  
 "Look what a lovely piece of workmanship !"  
 Slight was his answer, "Well—I care not for it ;"  
 Then playing with the blade he prick'd his hand,  
 "A gracious gift to give a lady, this !"  
 "But would it be more gracious," ask'd the girl,  
 "Were I to give this gift of his to one  
 That is no lady ?" "Gracious ? No," said he.  
 "Me !—but I cared not for it. O pardon me,  
 I seem to be ungraciousness itself."  
 "Take it," she added sweetly, "tho' his gift ;"  
 For I am more ungracious e'en than I care not for it either ;" and he said  
 "Why then I love it ;" but Sir Aylmer past,  
 And neither loved nor liked the thing he heard.

The next day came a neighbor. Blues and reds  
 They talk'd of : blues were sure of it, he thought :

Then of the latest fox—where started—kill'd  
 In such a bottom : "Peter had the brush,  
 My Peter, first : " and did Sir Aylmer know  
 That great pock-pitten fellow had been caught ?  
 Then made his pleasure echo, hand to hand,  
 And rolling as it were the substance  
 Between his palms a moment up and down—  
 "The birds were warm, the birds were warm upon him ;  
 We have him now : " and had Sir Aylmer heard—  
 Nay, but he must—the land was ringing of it—  
 This blacksmith-border marriage—one they knew—  
 Raw from the nursery—who could trust a child ?  
 That cursed France with her egalities !  
 And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially  
 With nearing chair and lower'd accent) think—  
 For people talk'd—that it was wholly wise  
 To let that handsome fellow Averill walk  
 So freely with his daughter ? people talk'd—  
 The boy might get a notion into him ;  
 The girl might be entangled ere she knew.  
 Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke :  
 "The girl and boy, Sir, know their differences !"  
 "Good," said his friend, "but watch !"  
 and he "Enough,  
 More than enough, Sir ! I can guard my own."  
 They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house  
 Had fallen first, was Edith that same night :

Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a  
 rough piece  
 Of early rigid color, under which,  
 Withdrawing by the counter door to  
 that  
 Which Leolin open'd, she cast back  
 upon him  
 A piteous glance, and vanish'd. He,  
 as one  
 Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,  
 And pelted with outrageous epithets,  
 Turning beheld the Powers of the  
 House  
 On either side the hearth, indignant;  
 her,  
 Cooling her false cheek with a feather-  
 fan,  
 Him glaring, by his own stale devil  
 spurr'd,  
 And, like a beast hard-ridden, breath-  
 ing hard.  
 "Ungenerous, dishonorable, base,  
 Presumptuous! trusted as he was with  
 her,  
 The sole succeder to their wealth,  
 their lands,  
 The last remaining pillar of their  
 house,  
 The one transmitter of their ancient  
 name,  
 Their child." "Our child!" "Our  
 heiress!" "Ours!" for still,  
 Like echoes from beyond a hollow,  
 came  
 Her sicklier iteration. Last he said  
 "Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are  
 to make.  
 I swear you shall not make them out  
 of mine.  
 Now inasmuch as you have practised  
 on her,  
 Perplex her, made her half forget her-  
 self, [us—  
 Swerve from her duty to herself and  
 Things in an Aylmer deem'd impos-  
 sible,  
 Far as we track ourselves—I say that  
 this,—  
 Else I withdraw favor and countenance  
 From you and yours forever—shall  
 you do.

Sir, when you see her—but you shall  
 not see her—  
 No, you shall write, and not to her,  
 but me:  
 And you shall say that having spoken  
 with me,  
 And after look'd into yourself, you  
 find  
 That you meant nothing—as indeed  
 you know  
 That you meant nothing. Such a  
 match as this!  
 Impossible, prodigious!" These were  
 words,  
 As meted by his measure of himself,  
 Arguing boundless forbearance: after  
 which,  
 And Leolin's horror-stricken answer,  
 "I  
 So foul a traitor to myself and her,  
 Never, O never," for about as long  
 As the wind-hover hangs in balance,  
 paused  
 Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm  
 within,  
 Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and  
 crying  
 "Boy, should I find you by my doors  
 again  
 My men shall lash you from them like  
 a dog;  
 Hence!" with a sudden execration  
 drove  
 The footstool from before him, and  
 arose;  
 So, stammering "scoundrel" out of  
 teeth that ground  
 As in a dreadful dream, while Leolin  
 still  
 Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old  
 man  
 Follow'd, and under his own lintel  
 stood  
 Storming with lifted hands, a hoary  
 face  
 Meet for the reverence of the hearth,  
 but now,  
 Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd  
 moon,  
 Vext with unworthy madness, and de-  
 form'd.



Slowly and conscious of the rageful eye  
 That watch'd him, till he heard the ponderous door  
 Close, crashing with long echoes thro' the land,  
 Went Leolin; then, his passions all in flood  
 And masters of his motion, furiously  
 Down thro' the bright lawns to his brother's ran,  
 And foam'd away his heart at Averill's ear:  
 Whom Averill solaced as he might, amazed:  
 The man was his, had been his father's, friend:  
 He must have seen, himself had seen it long;  
 He must have known, himself had known: besides,  
 He never yet had set his daughter forth  
 Here in the woman-markets of the west,  
 Where our Caucasians let themselves be sold.  
 Some one, he thought, had slander'd Leolin to him.  
 "Brother, for I have loved you more as son  
 Than brother, let me tell you: I myself—  
 What is their pretty saying? jilted, is it?  
 Jilted I was: I say it for your peace.  
 Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the shame  
 The woman should have borne, humiliated,  
 I lived for years a stunted sunless life;  
 Till after our good parents past away  
 Watching your growth, I seem'd again to grow.  
 Leolin, I almost sin in envying you:  
 The very whitest lamb in all my fold  
 Loves you: I know her: the worst thought she has  
 Is whiter even than her pretty hand:  
 She must prove true: for, brother  
 where two fight

The strongest wins, and truth and love are strength,  
 And you are happy: let her parents be."

But Leolin cried out the more upon them—  
 Insolent, brainless, heartless! heiress, wealth,  
 Their wealth, their heiress! wealth enough was theirs  
 For twenty matches. Were he lord of this,  
 Why twenty boys and girls should marry on it,  
 And forty blest ones bless him, and himself  
 Be wealthy still, ay wealthier. He believed  
 This filthy marriage-hindering Mammon made  
 The harlot of the cities; nature crost  
 Was mother of the foul adulteries  
 That saturate soul with body. Name, too! name,  
 Their ancient name! they *might* be proud; its worth  
 Was being Edith's. Ah how pale she had look'd  
 Darling, to-night! they must have rated her  
 Beyond all tolerance. These old pheasant-lords,  
 These partridge-breeders of a thousand years,  
 Who had mildew'd in their thousands, doing nothing  
 Since Egbert—why, the greater their disgrace!  
 Fall back upon a name! rest, rot in that!  
 Not *keep* it noble, make it nobler? fools,  
 With such a vantage-ground for nobleness!  
 He had known a man, a quintessence of man,  
 The life of all—who madly loved—and he,  
 Thwarted by one of these old father fools,

Had rioted his life out, and made an end.  
 He would not do it! her sweet face and faith  
 Held him from that; but he had powers, he knew it:  
 Back would he to his studies, make a name,  
 Name, fortune too: the world should ring of him  
 To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their graves:  
 Chancellor, or what is greatest would he be—  
 "O brother, I am grieved to learn your grief—  
 Give me my flying, and let me say my say."

At which, like one that sees his own excess,  
 And easily forgives it as his own,  
 He laugh'd; and then was mute: but presently  
 Wept like a storm: and honest Averill seeing  
 How low his brother's mood had fallen, fetch'd  
 His richest beeswing from a binn reserved  
 For banquets, praised the waning red, and told  
 The vintage—when *this* Aylmer came of age—  
 Then drank and past it: till at length the two,  
 Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed  
 That much allowance must be made for men.  
 After an angry dream this kindlier glow  
 Faded with morning, but his purpose held.

Yet once by night again the lovers met,  
 A perilous meeting under the tall pines  
 That darken'd all the northward of her Hall.

Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest  
 In agony, she promised that no force, Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her:  
 He, passionately hopefuller, would go, Labor for his own Edith, and return In such a sunlight of prosperity  
 He should not be rejected. "Write to me!  
 They loved me, and because I loved their child  
 They hate me: there is war between us, dear,  
 Which breaks all bonds but ours; we must remain  
 Sacred to one another." So they talk'd,  
 Poor children, for their comfort: the wind blew;  
 The rain of heaven, and their own bitter tears,  
 Tears, and the careless rain of heaven, mixt  
 Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other  
 In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine.

So Leolin went; and as we task ourselves  
 To learn a language known but smatteringly  
 In phrases here and there at random, toil'd  
 Mastering the lawless science of our law,  
 That codeless myriad of precedent, That wilderness of single instances, Thro' which a few, by wit or fortune led,  
 May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.  
 The jests, that flash'd about the pleader's room,  
 Lightning of the hour, the pun, the scurrilous tale,—  
 Old scandals buried now seven decades deep  
 In other scandals that have lived and died,

And left the living scandal that shall die—  
 Were dead to him already; bent as he was  
 To make disproof of scorn, and strong in hopes,  
 And prodigal of all brain-labor he,  
 Charier of sleep, and wine and exercise,  
 Except when for a breathing-while at eve  
 Some niggard fraction of an hour he ran  
 Beside the river-bank: and then indeed  
 Harder the times were, and the hands of power  
 Were bloodier, and the according hearts of men  
 Seem'd harder too; but the soft river-breeze,  
 Which fann'd the gardens of that rival rose  
 Yet fragrant in a heart remembering  
 His former talks with Edith, on him breathed  
 Far purer in his rushings to and fro,  
 After his books, to flush his blood with air,  
 Then to his books again. My lady's cousin,  
 Half-sickening of his pensioned afternoon,  
 Drove in upon the student once or twice,  
 Ran a Malayan muck against the times,  
 Had golden hopes for France and all mankind,  
 Answer'd all queries touching those at home  
 With a heaved shoulder and a saucy smile,  
 And fain had haled him out into the world,  
 And air'd him there: his nearer friend would say,  
 "Screw not the cord too sharply lest it snap."  
 Then left alone he pluck'd her dagger forth

From where his worldless heart had kept it warm,  
 Kissing his vows upon it like a knight.  
 And wrinkled benchers often talk'd of him  
 Approvingly, and prophesied his rise:  
 For heart, I think, help'd head: her letters too,  
 Tho' far between, and coming fitfully  
 Like broken music, written as she found  
 Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,  
 Charm'd him thro' every labyrinth till he saw  
 An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him.

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,  
 Her worldly-wise begetters, plagued themselves  
 To sell her, those good parents, for her good.  
 Whatever eldest-born of rank or wealth  
 Might lie within their compass, him they lured  
 Into their net made pleasant by the baits [woo.  
 Of gold and beauty, wooing him to  
 So often, that the folly taking wings  
 their doors,  
 And distant blaze of those dull banquets, made  
 The nightly wirer of their innocent hare  
 Falter before he took it. All in vain.  
 Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, return'd  
 Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit  
 So often, that the folly taking wings  
 Slipt o'er those lazy limits down the wind  
 With rumor, and became in other fields  
 A mockery to the yeomen over ale,  
 And laughter to their lords: but those at home,  
 As hunters round a hunted creature draw  
 The cordon close and closer toward the death,



Narrow'd her goings out and comings  
 in ;  
 Forbade her first the house of Averill,  
 Then closed her access to the wealthier  
 farms,  
 Last from her own home-circle of the  
 poor  
 They barr'd her : yet she bore it : yet  
 her cheek  
 Kept color : wondrous ! but, O mys-  
 tery ;  
 What amulet drew her down to that  
 old oak,  
 So old, that twenty years before, a part  
 Falling had let appear the brand of  
 John—  
 Once grovelike, each huge arm a tree,  
 but now  
 The broken base of a black tower, a  
 cave  
 Of touchwood, with a single flourishing  
 spray.  
 There the manorial lord too curiously  
 Raking in that millennial touchwood-  
 dust  
 Found for himself a bitter treasure-  
 trove ; [read  
 Burst his own wyvern on the seal, and  
 Writhing a letter from his child, for  
 which  
 Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,  
 A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to  
 fly,  
 But scared with threats of jail and hal-  
 ter gave  
 To him that fluster'd his poor parish  
 wits  
 The letter which he brought, and swore  
 besides [fore  
 To play their go-between as hereto-  
 Nor let them know themselves betray'd,  
 and then,  
 Soul-stricken at their kindness to him,  
 went  
 Hating his own lean heart and miser-  
 able.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot  
 dream  
 Panting he woke, and oft as early as  
 dawn

Aroused the black republic on his  
 elms,  
 Sweeping the frothfly from the rescue,  
 brush'd  
 Thro' the dim meadow toward his  
 treasure-trove,  
 Seized it, took home, and to my lady,  
 who made  
 A downward crescent of her minion  
 mouth,  
 Listless in all despondence, read ; and  
 tore,  
 As if the living passion symbol'd there  
 Were living nerves to feel the rent ;  
 and burnt,  
 Now chafing at his own great self  
 defied,  
 Now striking on huge stumbling-blocks  
 of scorn  
 In babyisms, and dear diminutives  
 Scatter'd all over the vocabulary  
 Of such a love as like a chidden babe,  
 After much wailing, hush'd itself at  
 last  
 Hopeless of answer : then tho' Averill  
 wrote  
 And bade him with good heart sustain  
 himself—  
 All would be well—the lover heeded  
 not,  
 But passionately restless came and  
 went,  
 And rustling once at night about the  
 place,  
 There by a keeper shot at, slightly  
 hurt,  
 Raging return'd : nor was it well for  
 her [pines,  
 Kept to the garden now, and grove of  
 Watch'd even there : and one was set  
 to watch  
 The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd  
 them all,  
 Yet bitterer from his readings : once  
 indeed,  
 Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride  
 in her,  
 She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her  
 tenderly,  
 Not knowing what possess'd him : that  
 one kiss

Was Leolin's one strong rival upon  
earth ;  
Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit,  
Seem'd hope's returning rose : and then  
ensued

A Martin's summer of his faded love,  
Or ordeal by kindness ; after this  
He seldom crost his child without a  
sneer ;

The mother flow'd in shallower acrimo-  
nies :

Never one kindly smile, one kindly  
word :

So that the gentle creature shut from  
all

Her charitable use, and face to face  
With twenty months of silence, slowly  
lost

Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on  
life.

Last, some low fever ranging round to  
spy

The weakness of a people or a house,  
Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer,  
or men,

Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—  
Save Christ as we believe him—found  
the girl

And flung her down upon a couch of  
fire,

Where careless of the household faces  
near,

And crying upon the name of Leolin,  
She, and with her the race of Aylmer,  
past.

Star to star vibrates light : may soul  
to soul

Strike thro' a finer element of her own ?  
So,—from afar,—touch as at once ? or  
why

That night, that moment, when she  
named his name,

Did the keen shriek, "Yes love, yes  
Edith, yes,"

Shrill, till the comrade of his chambers  
woke,

And came upon him half-arisen from  
sleep,

With a weird bright eye, sweating and  
trembling,

His hair as it were crackling into  
flames,

His body half flung forward in pur-  
suit,

And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp  
a flyer :

Nor knew he wherefore he had made  
the cry :

And being much befool'd and idioted  
By the rough amity of the other, sank  
As into sleep again. The second day,

My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,  
A breaker of the bitter news from  
home,

Found a dead man, a letter edged with  
death

Beside him, and the dagger which him-  
self

Gave Edith, redden'd with no bandit's  
blood :

"From Edith" was engraven on the  
blade.

Then Averill went and gazed upon  
his death.

And when he came again, his flock  
believed—

Beholding how the years which are not  
Time's

Had blasted him—that many thousand  
days

Were clipt by horror from his term of  
life.

Yet the sad mother, for the second  
death

Scarce touch'd her thro' that nearness  
of the first,

And being used to find her pastor  
texts,

Sent to the harrow'd brother, praying  
him

To speak before the people of her  
child,

And fixt the Sabbath. Darkly that  
day rose :

Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded  
woods

Was all the life of it ; for hard on  
these,

A breathless burthen of low-folded  
heavens

Stifled and chill'd at once: but every  
 roof  
 Sent out a listener: many too had  
 known  
 Edith among the hamlets round, and  
 since  
 The parents' harshness and the hap-  
 less loves  
 And double death were widely mur-  
 mur'd, left  
 Their own gray tower, or plain-faced  
 tabernacle,  
 To hear him; all in mourning these,  
 and those  
 With blots of it about them, ribbon,  
 glove  
 Or kerchief; while the church,—one  
 night, except  
 For greenish glimmerings thro' the  
 lancets,—made  
 Still paler the pale head of him, who  
 tower'd  
 Above them, with his hopes in either  
 grave.  
  
 Long o'er his bent brows linger'd  
 Averill,  
 His face magnetic to the hand from  
 which  
 Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labor'd  
 thro'  
 His brief prayer-prelude, gave the verse  
 "Behold,  
 Your house is left unto you desolate!"  
 But lapsed into so long a pause again  
 As half amazed, half frightened all his  
 flock:  
 Then from his height and loneliness of  
 grief  
 Bore down in flood, and dash'd his  
 angry heart  
 Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad earth became  
 one sea,  
 Which rolling o'er the palaces of the  
 proud,  
 And all but those who knew the living  
 God—  
 Eight that were left to make a purer  
 world—

When since had flood, fire, earthquake,  
 thunder, wrought  
 Such waste and havoc as the idolatries,  
 Which from the low light of mortality  
 Shot up their shadows to the Heaven  
 of Heavens,  
 And worshipt their own darkness as  
 the Highest?  
 "Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy  
 brute Baäl,  
 And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,  
 For with thy worst self hast thou  
 clothed thy God."  
 Then came a Lord in no wise like to  
 Baäl.  
 The babe shall lead the lion. Surely  
 now  
 The wilderness shall blossom as the  
 rose.  
 Crown thyself, worm, and worship  
 thine own lusts!—  
 No coarse and blockish God of acreage  
 Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel  
 to—  
 Thy God is far diffused in noble groves  
 And princely halls, and farms, and  
 flowing lawns,  
 And heaps of living gold that daily  
 grow,  
 And title-scrolls and gorgeous heral-  
 dries.  
 In such a shape dost thou behold thy  
 God.  
 Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for *him*;  
 for thine  
 Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair  
 Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while  
 The deathless ruler of thy dying house  
 Is wounded to the death that cannot  
 die;  
 And tho' thou numberest with the fol-  
 lowers  
 Of One who cried "Leave all and fol-  
 low me.  
 Thee therefore with His light about  
 thy feet,  
 Thee with His message ringing in thine  
 ears,  
 Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord  
 from Heaven,  
 Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,



Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty  
 God,  
 Count the more base idolater of the  
 two;  
 Crueller : as not passing thro' the fire  
 Bodies, but souls—thy children's—thro'  
 the smoke,  
 The blight of low desires—darkening  
 thine own  
 To thine own likeness; or if one of  
 these,  
 Thy better born unhappily from thee,  
 Should, as by miracle, grow straight  
 and fair—  
 Friends, I was bid to speak of such a  
 one  
 By those who most have cause to sor-  
 row for her—  
 Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,  
 Fairer than Ruth among the fields of  
 corn,  
 Fair as the Angel that said "hail" she  
 seem'd,  
 Who entering fill'd the house with sud-  
 den light.  
 For so mine own was brighten'd:  
 where indeed  
 The roof so lowly but that beam of  
 Heaven  
 Dawn'd sometimes thro' the doorway?  
 whose the babe  
 Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,  
 Warm'd at her bosom? the poor child  
 of shame,  
 The common care whom no one cared  
 for, leapt  
 To greet her, wasting his forgotten  
 heart,  
 As with the mother he had never  
 known,  
 In gambols; for her fresh and innocent  
 eyes  
 Had such a star of morning in their  
 blue,  
 That all neglected places of the field  
 Broke into nature's music when they  
 saw her.  
 Low was her voice, but won mysterious  
 way  
 Thro' the seal'd ear, to which a louder  
 one

Was all but silence—free of alms her  
 hand—  
 The hand that robed your cottage  
 walls with flowers  
 Has often toil'd to clothe your little  
 ones;  
 How often placed upon the sick man's  
 brow  
 Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow  
 smooth!  
 Had you one sorrow and she shared it  
 not?  
 One burthen and she would not lighten  
 it?  
 One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?  
 Or when some heat of difference  
 sparkled out,  
 How sweetly would she glide between  
 your wraths,  
 And steal you from each other! for  
 she walk'd  
 Wearing the light yoke of that Lord  
 of love,  
 Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!  
 And one—of him I was not bid to  
 speak—  
 Was always with her, whom you also  
 knew. [love.  
 Him too you loved, for he was worthy  
 And these had been together from the  
 first;  
 They might have been together till the  
 last.  
 Friends, this frail bark of ours, when  
 sorely tried,  
 May wreck itself without the pilot's  
 guilt,  
 Without the captain's knowledge:  
 hope with me.  
 Whose shame is that, if he went hence  
 with shame?  
 Nor mine the fault, if losing both of  
 these  
 I cry to vacant chairs and widow'd  
 walls,  
 "My house is left unto me desolate."

While thus he spoke, his hearers  
 wept; but some,  
 Sons of the glebe, with other frown  
 than those

That knit themselves for summer  
 shadow, scowl'd  
 At their great lord. He, when it seem'd  
 he saw  
 No pale sheet-lightnings from afar, but  
 fork'd  
 Of the near storm, and aiming at his  
 head, like,  
 Sat anger-charm'd from sorrow, soldier-  
 Erect: but when the preacher's cadence  
 flow'd  
 Softening thro' all the gentle attributes  
 Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd  
 his face,  
 Paled at a sudden twitch of his iron  
 mouth;  
 And, "O pray God that he hold up,"  
 she thought,  
 "Or surely I shall shame myself and  
 him."

"Nor yours the blame—for who be-  
 side your hearths  
 Can take her place—if echoing me you  
 cry  
 'Our house is left unto us desolate?'  
 But thou, O thou that killest, hadst  
 thou known,  
 O thou that stonest, hadst thou under-  
 stood  
 The things belonging to thy peace and  
 ours!  
 Is there no prophet but the voice that  
 calls  
 Doom upon kings, or in the waste  
 'Repent?'  
 Is not our own child on the narrow way,  
 Who down to those that saunter in the  
 broad  
 Cries, 'Come up hither,' as a prophet  
 to us?  
 Is there no stoning save with flint and  
 rock?  
 Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—  
 No desolation but by sword and fire?  
 Yes, as your moanings witness, and  
 myself  
 Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my  
 loss.  
 Give me your prayers, for he is past  
 your prayers,

Not past the living fount of pity in  
 Heaven.  
 But I that thought myself long-suffer-  
 ing, meek,  
 Exceeding 'poor in spirit'—how the  
 words  
 Have twisted back upon themselves  
 and mean  
 Vileness, we are grown so proud—I  
 wish'd my voice  
 A rushing tempest of the wrath of God  
 To blow these sacrifices thro' the  
 world—  
 Sent like the twelve-divided concubine  
 To inflame the tribes; but there—out  
 yonder—earth  
 Lightens from her own central Hell—  
 O there  
 The red fruit of an old idolatry—  
 The heads of chiefs and princes fall so  
 fast,  
 They cling together in the ghastly  
 sack—  
 The land all shambles—naked mar-  
 riages  
 Flash from the bridge, and ever-mur-  
 der'd France,  
 By shores that darken with the gather-  
 ing wolf,  
 Runs in a river of blood to the sick  
 sea.  
 Is this a time to madden madness then?  
 Was this a time for these to flaunt their  
 pride?  
 May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense  
 as those  
 Which hid the Holiest from the peo-  
 ple's eyes  
 Ere the great death, shroud this great  
 sin from all:  
 Doubtless our narrow world must can-  
 vass it;  
 Or rather pray for those and pity them  
 Who thro' their own desire accom-  
 plish'd bring  
 Their own gray hairs with sorrow to  
 the grave—  
 Who broke the bond which they desired  
 to break—  
 Which else had link'd their race with  
 times to come—

Who wove coarse webs to snare her  
purity,  
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's  
good—  
Poor souls, and knew not what they did,  
but sat  
Ignorant, devising their own daughter's  
death!  
May not that earthly chastisement suf-  
fice?  
Have not our love and reverence left  
them bare?  
Will not another take their heritage?  
Will there be children's laughter in  
their hall  
Forever and forever, or one stone  
Left on another, or is it a light thing  
That I their guest, their host, their  
ancient friend,  
I made by these the last of all my race  
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as  
cried  
Christ ere His agony to those that  
swore [made  
Not by the temple but the gold, and  
Their own traditions God, and slew the  
Lord,  
And left their memories a world's  
curse—'Behold,  
Your house is left unto you desolate?'"

Ended he had not, but she brook'd  
no more;  
Long since her heart had beat remorse-  
lessly,  
Her cramped-up sorrow pain'd her, and  
a sense  
Of meanness in her unresisting life.  
Then their eyes vexed her; for on en-  
tering  
He had cast the curtains of their seat  
aside—  
Black velvet of the costliest—she her-  
self  
Had seen to that: fain had she closed  
them now,  
Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd  
Her husband inch by inch, but when  
she laid  
Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he  
veil'd

His face with the other, and at once  
as falls  
A creeper when the prop is broken, fell  
The woman shrieking at his feet, and  
swoon'd.  
Then her own people bore along the  
nave  
Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre  
face  
Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty  
years:  
And her the Lord of all the landscape  
round  
Ev'n to its last horizon, and of all  
Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd  
out  
Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle  
Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded  
ways  
Stumbling across the market to his  
death,  
Unpitied; for he groped as blind, and  
seem'd  
Always about to fall, grasping the pews  
And oaken finials till he touch'd the  
door;  
Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot  
stood,  
Strode from the porch, tall and erect  
again.

But nevermore did either pass the  
gate  
Save under pall with bearers. In one  
month,  
Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,  
The childless mother went to seek her  
child;  
And when she felt the silence of his  
house  
About him, and the change and not the  
change,  
And those fixt eyes of painted an-  
cestors  
Staring forever from their gilded walls  
On him their last descendant, his own  
head  
Began to droop, to fall; the man be-  
came  
Imbecile; his one word was "deso-  
late;"



Dead for two years before his death  
 was he;  
 But when the second Christmas came,  
 escaped  
 His keepers, and the silence which he  
 felt,  
 To find a deeper in the narrow gloom  
 By wife and child; nor wanted at his  
 end  
 The dark retinue reverencing death  
 At golden thresholds; nor from tender  
 hearts,  
 And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd  
 race,  
 Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave.  
 Then the great Hall was wholly broken  
 down,  
 And the broad woodland parcell'd into  
 farms;  
 And where the two contrived their  
 daughter's good,  
 Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made  
 his run,  
 The hedgehog underneath the plantain  
 bores,  
 The rabbit fondles his own harmless  
 face,  
 The slow-worm creeps, and the thin  
 weasel there  
 Follows the mouse, and all is open  
 field.

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SEA DREAMS.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and  
 bred;  
 His wife, an unknown artist's orphan  
 child—  
 One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three  
 years old:  
 They, thinking that her clear germander  
 eye  
 Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,  
 Came, with a month's leave given them,  
 to the sea:  
 For which his gains were dock'd, how-  
 ever small:  
 Small were his gains, and hard his  
 work; besides,  
 Their slender household fortunes (for  
 the man

Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,  
 Trembled in perilous places o'er a  
 deep;  
 And oft, when sitting all alone, his face  
 Would darken, as he cursed his credu-  
 lousness,  
 And that one unctuous mouth which  
 lured him, rogue,  
 To buy strange shares in some Peruvian  
 mine.  
 Now seaward-bound for health they  
 gain'd a coast, [cave,  
 All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning  
 At close of day; slept, woke, and went  
 the next,  
 The Sabbath, pious variers from the  
 church,  
 To chapel; where a heated pulpiter,  
 Not preaching simple Christ to simple  
 men,  
 Announced the coming doom, and ful-  
 minated  
 Against the scarlet woman and her  
 creed:  
 For sideways up he swung his arms,  
 and shriek'd,  
 "Thus, thus with violence," ev'n as if  
 he held  
 The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself  
 Were that great Angel; "thus with  
 violence  
 Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;  
 Then comes the close." The gentle-  
 hearted wife  
 Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;  
 He at his own: but when the wordy  
 storm  
 Had ended, forth they came and paced  
 the shore,  
 Ran in and out the long sea-framing  
 caves,  
 Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce  
 believed  
 (The sootflake of so many a summer  
 still  
 Clung to their fancies) that they saw,  
 the sea.  
 So now on sand they walk'd, and now  
 on cliff,  
 Lingering about the thymy promon-  
 tories,

Till all the sails were darken'd in the west,  
 And rosed in the east: then homeward  
 and to bed:  
 Where she, who kept a tender Christian  
 hope  
 Haunting a holy text, and still to that  
 Returning, as the bird returns, at night,  
 "Let not the sun go down upon your  
 wrath."  
 Said, "Love, forgive him:" but he did  
 not speak;  
 And silenced by that silence lay the  
 wife,  
 Remembering her dear Lord who died  
 for all,  
 And musing on the little lives of men,  
 And how they mar this little by their  
 feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a  
 full tide  
 Rose with ground-swell, which, on the  
 foremost rocks  
 Touching, upjetted in spirit of wild sea-  
 smoke,  
 And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam,  
 and fell  
 In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon  
 Dead claps of thunder from within the  
 cliffs  
 Heard thro' the living roar. At this  
 the babe,  
 Their Margaret cradled near them,  
 wail'd and woke  
 The mother, and the father suddenly  
 cried,  
 "A wreck, a wreck!" then turn'd, and  
 groaning said,

"Forgive! How many will say, 'For-  
 give,' and find  
 A sort of absolution in the sound  
 To hate a little longer! No; the sin  
 That neither God nor man can well  
 forgive,  
 Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.  
 Is it so true that second thoughts are  
 best?  
 Not first, and third, which are a riper  
 first?"

Too ripe, too late! they come too late  
 for use.  
 Ah love, there surely lives in man and  
 beast  
 Something divine to warn them of their  
 foes;  
 And such a sense, when I first fronted  
 him,  
 Said, 'Trust him not;' but after, when  
 I came  
 To know him more, I lost it, knew him  
 less;  
 Fought with what seem'd my own un-  
 charity:  
 Sate at his table; drank his costly  
 wines;  
 Made more and more allowance for  
 his talk;  
 Went further, fool! and trusted him  
 with all,  
 All my poor scrapings from a dozen  
 years  
 Of dust and deskwork; there is no  
 such mine,  
 None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing  
 gold,  
 Not making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea  
 roars  
 Ruin a fearful night!"

"Not fearful; fair,"  
 Said the good wife, "if every star in  
 heaven  
 Can make it fair: you do but hear the  
 tide.  
 Had you ill dreams?"

"O yes," he said, "I dream'd  
 Of such a tide swelling toward the  
 land,  
 And I from out the boundless outer  
 deep  
 Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd  
 one  
 Of those dark caves that run beneath  
 the cliffs.  
 I thought the motion of the boundless  
 deep  
 Bore through the cave, and I was  
 heaved upon it  
 In darkness: then I saw one lovely  
 star

Larger and larger. 'What a world,' I thought,  
 'To live in!' but in moving on I found  
 Only the landward exit of the cave,  
 Bright with the sun upon the stream  
 beyond:  
 And near the light a giant woman sat.  
 All over earthy, like a piece of earth,  
 A pickaxe in her hand: then out I slipt  
 Into a land all sun and blossom, trees  
 As high as heaven, and every bird that  
 sings:  
 And here the night-light flickering in  
 my eyes  
 Awoke me."

"That was then your dream," she said,  
 "Not sad, but sweet."

"So sweet, I lay," said he,  
 "And mused upon it, drifting up the  
 stream  
 In fancy, till I slept again, and pierced  
 The broken vision; for I dream'd that  
 still  
 The motion of the great deep bore me  
 on,  
 And that the woman walk'd upon the  
 brink:  
 I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd  
 her of it:  
 'It came,' she said, 'by working in the  
 mines:'  
 O then to ask her of my shares, I  
 thought;  
 And ask'd; but not a word; she shook  
 her head.  
 And then the motion of the current  
 ceased,  
 And there was rolling thunder; and  
 we reach'd  
 A mountain, like a wall of burrs and  
 thorns;  
 But she with her strong feet up the  
 steep hill  
 Trod out a path: I follow'd; and at  
 top,  
 She pointed seaward: there a fleet of  
 glass,

That seem'd a fleet of jewels under  
 me,  
 Sailing along before a gloomy cloud  
 That not one moment ceased to thun-  
 der, past  
 In sunshine; right across its track  
 there lay,  
 Down in the water, a long reef of  
 gold,  
 Or what seem'd gold: and I was glad  
 at first  
 To think that in our often-ransacked  
 world  
 Still so much gold was left; and then  
 I fear'd  
 Lest the gay navy there should splin-  
 ter on it,  
 And fearing waved my arm to warn  
 them off;  
 An idle signal, for the brittle fleet  
 (I thought I could have died to save  
 it) near'd,  
 Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and van-  
 ish'd, and I woke,  
 I heard the clash so clearly. Now I  
 see  
 My dream was Life; the woman hon-  
 est Work;  
 And my poor venture but a fleet of  
 glass,  
 Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to com-  
 fort him,  
 "You raised your arm, you tumbled  
 down and broke  
 The glass with little Margaret's medi-  
 cine in it;  
 And, breaking that, you made, and  
 broke your dream:  
 A trifle makes a dream, a trifle  
 breaks."

"No trifle," groan'd the husband;  
 "yesterday  
 I met him suddenly in the street, and  
 ask'd  
 That which I ask'd the woman in my  
 dream.  
 Like her, he shook his head. 'Show  
 me the books!'



He dodged me with a long and loose account.  
 'The books, the books!' but he, he could not wait,  
 Bound on a matter of life and death:  
 When the great Books (see Daniel seven and ten)  
 Were open'd, I should find he meant me well: [ooze  
 And then began to bloat himself, and All over with the fat affectionate smile That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest friend,  
 Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,' said he;  
 'And all things work together for the good  
 Of those'—it makes me sick to quote him—last  
 Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went.  
 I stood like one that had received a blow:  
 I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,  
 A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,  
 A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes  
 Pursued him down the street, and far away  
 Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,  
 Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
 And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the good wife;  
 "So are we all: but do not call him, love,  
 Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.  
 His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend  
 Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about  
 A silent court of justice in his breast,  
 Himself the judge and jury, and himself

The prisoner at the bar, ever condemned:  
 And that drags down his life: then comes what comes  
 Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,  
 Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

"With all his conscience and one eye askew"—  
 Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn  
 A man is likewise counsel for himself,  
 Too often in that silent court of yours—  
 'With all his conscience and one eye askew,  
 So false, he partly took himself for true;  
 Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,  
 Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;  
 Who, never naming God except for gain,  
 So never took that useful name in vain;  
 Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his tool,  
 And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and fool;  
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,  
 And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;  
 And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest  
 Arising, did his holy oily best,  
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,  
 To spread the Word by which himself had thriven.'  
 How like you this old satire?"

"Nay," she said,  
 "I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,  
 Nor ever cared to better his own kind,  
 Who first wrote satire with no pity in it.

But will you hear *my* dream, for I had  
 one  
 That altogether went to music? Still  
 It awed me."

Then she told it, having dream'd  
 Of that same coast.

—"But round the North, a light,  
 A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapor,  
 lay,  
 And ever in it a low musical note  
 Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd,  
 a ridge  
 Of breaker issued from the belt, and  
 still  
 Grew with the growing note, and when  
 the note  
 Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on  
 those cliffs  
 Broke, mixt with awful light (the same  
 as that  
 Living within the belt) whereby she  
 saw  
 That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs  
 no more,  
 But huge cathedral fronts of every age,  
 Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could  
 see,  
 One after one: and then the great  
 ridge drew,  
 Lessening to the lessening music, back,  
 And past into the belt and swell'd  
 again  
 Slowly to music: ever when it broke  
 The statues, king or saint, or founder,  
 fell;  
 Then from the gaps and chasms of  
 ruin left  
 Came men and women in dark clusters  
 round,  
 Some crying 'Set them up! they shall  
 not fall!'  
 And others, 'Let them lie, for they  
 have fall'n.'  
 And still they strove and wrangled:  
 and she grieved  
 In her strange dream, she knew not  
 why, to find  
 Their wildest wailings never out of  
 tune

With that sweet note; and ever as  
 their shrieks  
 Ran highest up the gamut, that great  
 wave  
 Returning, while none mark'd it, on  
 the crowd  
 Broke, mixt with awful light, and  
 show'd their eyes  
 Glaring, and passionate looks, and  
 swept away  
 The men of flesh and blood, and men  
 of stone,  
 To the waste deeps together.

"Then I fixt  
 My wistful eyes on two fair images,  
 Both crown'd with stars and high  
 among the stars,—  
 The Virgin Mother standing with her  
 child  
 High up on one of those dark minster-  
 fronts—  
 Till she began to totter, and the child  
 Clung to the mother, and sent out a  
 cry  
 Which mixt with little Margaret's, and  
 I woke,  
 And my dream awed me:—well—but  
 what are dreams?  
 Yours came from the breaking of a  
 glass,  
 And mine but from the crying of a  
 child."

"Child? No!" said he, "but this  
 tide's roar, and his,  
 Our Boanerges, with his threats of  
 doom,  
 And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms  
 (Altho' I grant but little music there)  
 Went both to make your dream: but  
 if there were  
 A music harmonizing our wild cries,  
 Sphere-music such as that you dream'd  
 about,  
 Why, that would make our passions  
 far too like  
 The discords dear to the musician,  
 No—  
 One shriek of hate would jar all the  
 hymns of heaven:

True Devils with no ear, they howl in  
tune  
With nothing but the Devil ! ”

“ ‘ True ’ indeed  
One of our town, but later by an hour  
Here than ourselves, spoke with me  
on the shore ;  
While you were running down the  
sands, and made  
The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow  
flap,  
Good man, to please the child. She  
brought strange news.  
Why were you silent when I spoke  
to-night ?  
I had set my heart on your forgiving  
him  
Before you knew. We *must* forgive  
the dead.”

“ Dead ! who is dead ? ”

“ The man your eye pursued.  
A little after you had parted with him,  
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-  
disease.”

“ Dead ? he ? of heart-disease ? what  
heart had he  
To die of ? dead ! ”

“ Ah, dearest, if there be  
A devil in man, there is an angel too,  
And if he did that wrong you charge  
him with,  
His angel broke his heart. But your  
rough voice  
(You spoke so loud) has roused the  
child again.  
Sleep, little birdie, sleep ! will she not  
sleep  
Without her ‘ little birdie ? ’ well then,  
sleep,  
And I will sing you ‘ birdie.’ ”

Saying this,  
The woman half turn’d round from him  
she loved,

Left him one hand, and reaching thro’  
the night  
Her other, found (for it was close  
beside)  
And half embraced the basket cradle-  
head  
With one soft arm, which, like the  
pliant bough  
That moving moves the nest and nest-  
ling, sway’d  
The cradle, while she sang this baby  
song.

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day ?  
Let me fly, says little birdie,  
Mother, let me fly away.  
Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day ?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
Let me rise and fly away.  
Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby too shall fly away.

“ She sleeps : let us too, let all evil,  
sleep.  
He also sleeps—another sleep than  
ours.  
He can do no more wrong : forgive  
him, dear,  
And I shall sleep the sounder ! ”

Then the man,  
“ His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to  
come.  
Yet let your sleep for this one night  
be sound :  
I do forgive him ! ”

“ Thanks, my love,” she said,  
“ Your own will be the sweeter,” and  
they slept.



## THE GRANDMOTHER.

## I.

AND Willy, my eldest-born, is gone, you say, little Anne ?  
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.  
And Willy's wife has written : she never was over-wise,  
Never the wife for Willy : he wouldn't take my advice.

## II.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,  
Hadh't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grav  
Pretty enough, very pretty ! but I was against it for one.  
Eh !—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gon

## III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest-born, the flower of the flock ;  
Never a man could fling him : for Willy stood like a rock.  
“ Here's a leg for a baby of a week ! ” says doctor : and he would be bound  
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

## IV.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue !  
I ought to have gone before him : I wonder he went so young.  
I cannot cry for him, Annie : I have not long to stay ;  
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

## V.

Why do you look at me, Annie ? you think I am hard and cold ;  
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old :  
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest ;  
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

## VI.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,  
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear,  
I mean your grandfather, Annie : it cost me a world of woe,  
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

## VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well  
That Jenny had tript in her time : I knew, but I would not tell.  
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar !  
But the tongue is a fire, as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

## VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,  
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,  
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,  
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

## IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day ;  
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May.  
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been !  
But soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean.

## X.

And I cried myself wellnigh blind, and all of an evening late  
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.  
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,  
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup the nightingale.

## XI.

All of a sudden he stopt : there past by the gate of the farm,  
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm.  
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how ;  
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

## XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant ;  
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.  
And I said, " Let us part : in a hundred years it'll all be the same,  
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

## XIII.

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine ;  
" Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.  
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill ;  
But marry me out of hand : we too shall be happy still."

## XIV.

" Marry you, Willy ! " said I, " but I needs must speak my mind,  
And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."  
But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms; and answer'd, " No, love, no ; "  
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

## XV.

So Willy and I were wedded : I wore a lilac gown ;  
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.  
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,  
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

## XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.  
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.  
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife ;  
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

## XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain :  
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.  
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn :  
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

## XVIII.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay :  
Kind, like a man, was he ; like a man, too, would have his way :  
Never jealous—not he : we had many a happy year :  
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

## XIX.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died :  
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.  
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget :  
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

## XX.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie, who left me at two,  
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you :  
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,  
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

## XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team :  
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.  
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—  
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

## XXII.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive ;  
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five :  
And Willy, my eldest-born, at high threescore and ten :  
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

## XXXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve :  
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve :  
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I ;  
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

## XXIV.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad :  
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had ;  
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease ;  
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.



## XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,  
 And happy has been my life ; but I would not live it again.  
 I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest :  
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

## XXVI.

So Willie has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower ;  
 But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—  
 Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next ;  
 I too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext ?

## XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written, she never was over-wise.  
 Get me my glasses, Annie : thank God that I keep my eyes.  
 There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have passed away.  
 But stay with the old woman now : you cannot have long to stay.

## NORTHERN FARMER.

## OLD STYLE.

## I.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?  
 Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse; whoy, doctor's abeän an' agoän:  
 Says that I moänt 'a naw moor yaäle: but I beänt a fool:  
 Git ma my yaäle, for I beänt a-gooïn' to breäk my rule.

## II.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what's nawways true;  
 Naw soort o' koind o' use to säy the things that a do.  
 I've 'ed my point o' yaäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,  
 An' I 've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

## III.

Parson 's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.  
 "The amoighty 's a tääkin o' you to 'issen, my friend," 'a said,  
 An' a tow'd ma my sins, an' 's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;  
 I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.

## IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.  
 But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barn.  
 Thof a knaws I hallus voätet wi' Squoire an' choorch an staäte,  
 An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

## V.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor my Sally wur deääd,  
 An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock \* ower my yeäd,  
 An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,  
 An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I comed awaäy.

## VI.

Bessy Marris's barn ! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.  
 Mowt a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.  
 'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun understand ;  
 I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

## VII.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä  
 "The amoighty 's a taäkin o' you to 'issen, my friend," says 'eä.  
 I weänt saäy men be loiars, thof summun said it in 'aaste :  
 But a reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thornaby waäste.

## VIII.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then ;  
 Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen :  
 Moäst loike a butter-bump, † for I 'eerd un aboot an aboot,  
 But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, and raäved an' rembled un oot.

## IX.

Keäper's it wur ; fo' they fun un theer a laäid on 'is faäce  
 Doon i' the woild 'enemies † afoor I comed to the plaäce.  
 Noäks or Thimbleby—toner 'ed shot an as deääd as a naäil.  
 Noaks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my yaäle.

## X.

Dubbut looäk at the waäste : theer war n't not feäd for a cow ;  
 Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looäk at it now—  
 War n't worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer 's lots o' feäd,  
 Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in seäd.

## XI.

Nobbut a bit on it 's left, an' I mean'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,  
 Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,  
 If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,  
 Meä, wi' haäte oönderd haäcre o' Squire's an' loäd o' my oän.

## XII.

Do godamoighty knaw what a 's doing a-taäkin' o' meä ?  
 I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä ;  
 An' Squire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear !  
 And I 'a monaged for Squire come Michaelmas thirty year.

\* Cockchafer.

† Bittern.

‡ Anemones.

## XIII.

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'äpoth o' sense,  
 Or a mowt 'a taäken Robins—a niver mended a fence:  
 But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now  
 Wi' auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to plow !

## XIV.

Locäk 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a passin' by,  
 Says to thessen nāw doot "what a mon a be sewer-ly!"  
 For they knows what I beän to Squoire sin fust a comed to the 'All;  
 I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my duty by all.

## XV.

Squoire 's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,  
 For who 's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;  
 Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,  
 Noither a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

## XVI.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm  
 Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm  
 Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is sweet,  
 But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to see it.

## XVII.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the yaäle?  
 Doctor 's a 'tottler, lass, and a 's hallus i' the owd taäle;  
 I weänt breäk rules for Doctor, a knows naw moor nor a floy;  
 Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy.

## TITHONUS.

THE woods decay, the woods decay  
 and fall,  
 The vapors weep their burthen to the  
 ground,  
 Man comes and tills the field and lies  
 beneath,  
 And after many a summer dies the  
 swan.  
 Me only cruel immortality  
 Consumes: I wither slowly in thine  
 arms,  
 Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
 A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a  
 dream

The ever silent spaces of the East,  
 Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of  
 morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a  
 man—  
 So glorious in his beauty and thy  
 choice,  
 Who madest him thy chosen, that he  
 seem'd  
 To his great heart none other than a  
 God!  
 I ask'd thee "Give me immortality."  
 Then didst thou grant mine asking with  
 a smile,



Like wealthy men who care not how  
they give.  
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd  
their wills,  
And beat me down and marred and  
wasted me,  
And tho' they could not end me, left  
me maim'd  
To dwell in presence of immortal  
youth,  
Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy  
love,  
Thy beauty make amends, tho' even  
now,  
Close over us, the silver star, thy  
guide,  
Shines in those tremulous eyes that  
fill with tears  
To hear me? Let me go: take back  
thy gift:  
Why should a man desire in any  
way  
To vary from the kindly race of men,  
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
Where all should pause, as is most  
meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart: there  
comes  
A glimpse of that dark world where I  
was born.  
Once more the old mysterious glimmer  
steals  
From thy pure brows, and from thy  
shoulders pure,  
And bosom beating with a heart re-  
new'd.  
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the  
gloom,  
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close  
to mine,  
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the  
wild team  
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke,  
arise,  
And shake the darkness from their  
loosen'd manes,  
And beat the twilight into flakes of  
fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beau-  
tiful  
In silence, then before thine answer  
given  
Departest, and thy tears are on my  
cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with  
thy tears,  
And make me tremble lest a saying  
learnt  
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be  
true?  
"The Gods themselves cannot recall  
their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another  
heart  
In days far-off, and with what other  
eyes  
I used to watch—if I be he that  
watch'd—  
The lucid outline forming round thee;  
saw  
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;  
Changed with thy mystic change and  
felt my blood  
Glow with the glow that slowly crim-  
son'd all  
Thy presence and thy portals, while I  
lay,  
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing  
dewy-warm  
With kisses balmier than half-opening  
buds  
Of April, and could hear the lips that  
kiss'd  
Whispering I knew not what of wild  
and sweet,  
Like that strange song I heard Apollo  
sing,  
While Ilion like a mist rose into  
towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine  
East:  
How can my nature longer mix with  
thine?  
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me,  
cold  
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled  
feet

Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when  
 the steam  
 Floats up from those dim fields about  
 the homes  
 Of happy men that have the power to  
 die,  
 And grassy barrows of the happier  
 dead.  
 Release me, and restore me to the  
 ground :  
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my  
 grave ;  
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by  
 morn ;  
 I earth in earth forget these empty  
 courts,  
 And thee returning on thy silver  
 wheels.

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### THE VOYAGE.

## I.

WE left behind the painted buoy  
 That tosses at the harbor-mouth :  
 And madly danced our hearts with joy,  
 As fast we fled to the South :  
 How fresh was every sight and sound  
 On open main or winding shore !  
 We knew the merry world was round,  
 And we might sail forevermore.

## II.

Warm broke the breeze against the  
 brow,  
 Dry sang the tackle, sang the sail :  
 The Lady's-head upon the prow  
 Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd  
 the gale.  
 The broad seas swell'd to meet the  
 keel,  
 And swept behind : so quick the  
 run,  
 We felt the good ship-shake and reel,  
 We seem'd to sail into the Sun !

## III.

How oft we saw the Sun retire,  
 And burn the threshold of the night,  
 Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,  
 And sleep beneath his pillar'd light !

How oft the purple-skirted robe  
 Of twilight slowly downward drawn,  
 As thro' the slumber of the globe  
 Again we dash'd into the dawn !

## IV.

New stars all night above the brim  
 Of waters lighten'd into view ;  
 They climb'd as quickly, for the rim  
 Changed every moment as we flew.  
 Far ran the naked moon across  
 The houseless ocean's heaving field,  
 Or flying shone, the silver boss  
 Of her own halo's dusky shield ;

## V.

The peaky islet shifted shapes,  
 High towns on hills were dimly  
 seen,  
 We past long lines of Northern capes  
 And dewy Northern meadows green.  
 We came to warmer waves, and deep  
 Across the boundless east we drove,  
 Where those long swells of breaker  
 sweep  
 The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

## VI.

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade,  
 Gloom'd the low coast and quiver-  
 ing brine  
 With ashy rains, that spreading made  
 Fantastic plume or sable pine ;  
 By sands and streaming flats, and  
 floods  
 Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast,  
 And hills and scarlet-mingled woods  
 Glow'd for a moment as we past.

## VII

O hundred shores of happy climes,  
 How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark !  
 At times the whole sea burn'd, at times  
 With wakes of fire we tore the dark ;  
 At times the carven craft would shoot  
 From havens hid in fairy bowers,  
 With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,  
 But we nor paused for fruits nor  
 flowers.

## VIII.

For one fair Vision ever fled  
 Down the waste waters day and  
 night,  
 And still we follow'd where she led  
 In hope to gain upon her flight.  
 Her face was evermore unseen,  
 And fixt upon the far sea-line ;  
 But each man murmured, " O my Queen,  
 I follow till I make thee mine."

## IX.

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd  
 Like Fancy made of golden air,  
 Now nearer to the prow she seem'd  
 Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge  
 fair,  
 Now high on waves that idly burst  
 Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd  
 the sea,  
 And now, the bloodless point reversed,  
 She bore the blade of Liberty.

## X.

And only one among us—him  
 We pleased not—he was seldom  
 pleased :  
 He saw not far : his eyes were dim :  
 But ours he swore was all diseased.  
 " A ship of fools," he shriek'd in spite,  
 " A ship of fools," he sneer'd and  
 wept.  
 And overboard one stormy night  
 He cast his body, and on we swept.

## XI.

And never sail of ours was furl'd  
 Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn ;  
 We loved the glories of the world,  
 But laws of nature were our scorn ;  
 For blasts would rise and rave and  
 cease,  
 But whence were those that drove  
 the sail  
 Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,  
 And to and thro' the counter-gale ?

## XII.

Again to colder climes we came,  
 For still we follow'd where she led :

Now mate is blind and captain lame,  
 And half the crew are sick or dead.  
 But blind or lame or sick or sound  
 We follow'd that which flies before :  
 We know the merry world is round,  
 And we may sail forevermore.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAU-  
TERETZ.

ALL along the valley, stream that  
 flashest white,  
 Deepening thy voice with the deepen-  
 ing of the night,  
 All along the valley, where thy waters  
 flow,  
 I walk'd with one I loved two and  
 thirty years ago.  
 All along the valley while I walk'd to-  
 day,  
 The two and thirty years were a mist  
 that rolls away ;  
 For all along the valley, down thy  
 rocky bed,  
 Thy living voice to me was as the voice  
 of the dead,  
 And all along the valley, by rock and  
 cave and tree,  
 The voice of the dead was as a living  
 voice to me.

## THE FLOWER.

ONCE in a golden hour  
 I cast to earth a seed.  
 Up there came a flower,  
 The people said, a weed

To and fro they went  
 Thro' my garden-bower,  
 And muttering discontent  
 Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall  
 It wore a crown of light,  
 But thieves from o'er the wall  
 Stole the seed by night.



Sow'd it far and wide  
By every town and tower,  
Till all the people cried,  
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable :  
He that runs may read.  
Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed ;  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed.

### REQUIESCAT.

FAIR is her cottage in its place,  
Where yon broad water sweetly,  
slowly glides.  
It sees itself from thatch to base  
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah, how soon to  
die !  
Her quiet dream of life this hour  
may cease.  
Her peaceful being slowly passes by  
To some more perfect peace.

### THE SAILOR-BOY.

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,  
Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar,  
And reach'd the ship and caught the  
rope,  
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud  
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,  
"O Boy, tho' thou art young and  
proud,  
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix  
In caves about the dreary bay,  
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
And in thy heart the scrawl shall  
play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure  
To those that stay and those that  
room,  
But I will nevermore endure  
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame ;'  
My father raves of death and wreck,  
They are all to blame, they are all to  
blame.

"God help me ! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me."

### THE ISLET.

"WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we  
go,  
For a score of sweet little summers or  
so ?"

The sweet little wife of the singer said  
On the day that follow'd the day she  
was wed :

"Whither, O whither, love, shall we  
go ?"

And the singer shaking his curly head  
Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys  
There at his right with a sudden crash,  
Singing, "And shall it be over the  
seas

With a crew that is neither rude nor  
rash,  
But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd,  
In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak'd,  
With a satin sail of a ruby glow,  
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I  
know,

A mountain islet pointed and peak'd,  
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,  
Cataract brooks to the ocean run,  
Fairly-delicate palaces shine  
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,  
And overstream'd and silvery-streak'd  
With many a rivulet high against the  
Sun

The facets of the glorious mountain  
flash

Above the valleys of palm and pine."  
 "Thither, O thither, love, let us go."

"No, no, no !

For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,  
 There is but one bird with a musical  
 throat,

And his compass is but of a single  
 note,

That it makes one weary to hear."

"Mock me not ! mock me not ! love,  
 let us go."

"No, love, no.

For the bud ever breaks into bloom on  
 the tree,

And a storm never wakes on the lonely  
 sea,

And a worm is there in the lonely  
 wood,

That pierces the liver and blackens the  
 blood,

And makes it a sorrow to be."

### THE RINGLET.

"YOUR ringlets, your ringlets,  
 That look so golden-gay,  
 If you will give me one, but one,  
 To kiss it night and day,  
 Then never chilling touch of Time  
 Will turn it silver-gray ;  
 And then shall I know it is all true  
 gold  
 To flame and sparkle and stream as of  
 old,  
 Till all the comets in heaven are cold,  
 And all her stars decay."  
 "Then take it, love, and put it by ;  
 This cannot change, nor yet can I."

#### 2.

"My ringlet, my ringlet,  
 That art so golden-gay,  
 Now never chilling touch of Time  
 Can turn thee silver-gray ;  
 And a lad may wink, and a girl may  
 hint,  
 And a fool may say his say ;  
 For my doubts and fears were all  
 amiss,

And I swear henceforth by this and  
 this,

That a doubt will only come for a kiss,  
 And a fear to be kiss'd away."

"Then kiss it, love, and put it by :  
 If this can change, why so can I."

#### II.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 I kiss'd you night and day,

And Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 You still are golden-gay,

But Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 You should be silver-gray :

For what is this which now I'm told,  
 I that took you for true gold,  
 She that gave you's bought and sold,  
 Sold, sold.

#### 2.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 She blush'd a rosy red,  
 When Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 She clipt you from her head,  
 And Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 She gave you me, and said,  
 "Come, kiss it, love, and put it by :  
 If this can change, why so can I."  
 O fie, you golden, nothing, fie,  
 You golden lie.

#### 3.

O Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 I count you much to blame,  
 For Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 You put me much to shame,  
 So Ringlet, O Ringlet,  
 I doom you to the flame.  
 For what is this which now I learn,  
 Has given all my faith a turn ?  
 Burn, you glossy heretic, burn,  
 Burn, burn.

### A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

MARCH 7, 1863.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea,  
 Alexandra !  
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of  
 thee,

Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!

Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,

Scatter the blossom under her feet!

Break, happy land, into earlier flowers!

Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers:

Blazon your mottoes of blessing and prayer!

Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours!

Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare!  
Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!

Flames, on the windy headland flare!

Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire!

Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air!

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire!

Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and higher

Melt into the stars for the land's desire!

Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,

Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,

Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,

And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,

The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,

Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—

O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,

Come to us, love us, and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,

Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,

We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,

Alexandra!

# ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,

In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,

And praise th' invisible universal Lord,

Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,

Where Science, Art, and Labor have outpour'd

Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

O silent father of our Kings to be

Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,  
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

The world-compelling plan was thine,

And lo! the long laborious miles

Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,

Rich in model and design;

Harvest-tool and husbandry,

Loom and wheel and engin'ry,

Secrets of the sullen mine,

Steel and gold, and corn and wine,

Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,

Sunny tokens of the Line,

Polar marvels, and a feast

Of wonder out of West and East,

And shapes and hues of Art divine!

All of beauty, all of use,

That one fair planet can produce.

Brought from under every star,

Blown from over every main,

And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,

The works of peace with works of war.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,

From growing commerce loose her latest chain,

And let the fair white-winged peace-maker fly

To happy heavens under all the sky,

And mix the seasons and the golden hours,



Till each man finds his own in all  
men's good,  
And all men work in noble brother-  
hood,  
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed  
towers,  
And ruling by obeying Nature's  
powers,  
And gathering all the fruits of peace  
and crown'd with all her flowers.

### A DEDICATION.

DEAR, near and true—no truer Time  
himself  
Can prove you, tho' he make you ever-  
more  
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life  
Shoots to the fall—take this, and pray  
that he,  
Who wrote it, honoring your sweet  
faith in him,  
May trust himself; and spite of praise  
and scorn,  
As one who feels the immeasurable  
world,  
Attain the wise indifference of the  
wise;  
And after Autumn past—if left to pass  
His autumn into seeming-leafless  
days—  
Draw toward the long frost and longest  
night,  
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the  
fruit  
Which in our winter woodland looks a  
flower.\*

### THE CAPTAIN.

#### A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

HE that only rules by terror  
Doeth grievous wrong.  
Deep as Hell I count his error  
Let him hear my song.

\* The fruit of the Spindle-tree (*Euonymus  
Europæus*).

Brave the Captain was : the seamen  
Made a gallant crew,  
Gallant sons of English freemen,  
Sailors bold and true.  
But they hated his oppression,  
Stern he was and rash ;  
So for every light transgression  
Doom'd them to the lash.  
Day by day more harsh and cruel  
Seem'd the Captain's mood.  
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel  
Burnt in each man's blood.  
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,  
Hoped to make the name  
Of his vessel great in story,  
Wheresoe'er he came.  
So they past by capes and islands,  
Many a harbor-mouth,  
Sailing under palmy highlands  
Far within the South.  
On a day when they were going  
O'er the lone expanse,  
In the North, her canvas flowing,  
Rose a ship of France.  
Then the Captain's color heighten'd,  
Joyful came his speech :  
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd  
In the eyes of each.  
" Chase," he said : the ship flew for-  
ward,  
And the wind did blow ;  
Stately, lightly, went she Norward,  
Till she near'd the foe.  
Then they look'd at him they hated,  
Had what they desired :  
Mute with folded arms they waited—  
Not a gun was fired.  
But they heard the foeman's thunder  
Roaring out their doom ;  
All the air was torn in sunder,  
Crashing went the boom,  
Spars were splinter'd, decks were shat-  
ter'd,  
Bullets fell like rain ;  
Over mast and deck were scatter'd  
Blood and brains of men.  
Spars were splinter'd : decks were  
broken :  
Every mother's son—  
Down they dropt—no word was  
spoken—

Each beside his gun.  
 On the decks as they were lying,  
 Were their faces grim.  
 In their blood, as they lay dying,  
 Did they smile on him.  
 Those, in whom he had reliance  
 For his noble name,  
 With one smile of still defiance  
 Sold him unto shame.  
 Shame and wrath his heart con-  
 founded,  
 Pale he turn'd and red.  
 Till himself was deadly wounded  
 Falling on the dead.  
 Dismal error! fearful slaughter!  
 Years have wander'd by,  
 Side by side beneath the water  
 Crew and Captain lie;  
 There the sunlit ocean tosses  
 O'er them mouldering,  
 And the lonely seabird crosses  
 With one waft of the wing.

### THREE SONNETS TO A COQUETTE.

CARESS'D or chidden by the dainty  
 hand,  
 And singing airy trifles this or that,  
 Light Hope at Beauty's call would  
 perch and stand,  
 And run thro' every change of sharp  
 and flat:  
 And Fancy came and at her pillow  
 sat: [band,  
 When Sleep had bound her in his rosy  
 And chased away the still-recurring  
 gnat,  
 And woke her with a lay from fairy  
 land. [less,  
 But now they live with Beauty less and  
 For Hope is other Hope and wan-  
 ders far,  
 Nor cares to lisp in love's delicious  
 creeds;  
 And Fancy watches in the wilderness,  
 Poor Fancy sadder than a single  
 star,  
 That sets at twilight in a land of  
 reeds.

2.

The form, the form alone is eloquent!  
 A nobler yearning never broke her  
 rest  
 Than but to dance and sing, be gayly  
 drest, [ment:  
 And win all eyes with all accomplish-  
 Yet in the waltzing-circle as we went,  
 My fancy made me for a moment  
 blest  
 To find my heart so near the beaute-  
 ous breast  
 That once had power to rob it of con-  
 tent.  
 A moment came the tenderness of tears,  
 The phantom of a wish that once  
 could move,  
 A ghost of passion that no smiles  
 restore—  
 For ah! the slight coquette, she can-  
 not love,  
 And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand  
 years,  
 She still would take the praise,  
 and care no more

3.

Wan Sculptor, weepst thou to take  
 the cast  
 Of those dead lineaments that near  
 thee lie?  
 O sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the  
 past,  
 In painting some dead friend from  
 memory?  
 Weep on: beyond his object Love can  
 last:  
 His object lives: more cause to weep  
 have I:  
 My tears, no tears of love, are flowing  
 fast,  
 No tears of love, but tears that Love  
 can die.  
 I pledge her not in any cheerful cup,  
 Nor care to sit beside her where she  
 sits—  
 Ah pity—hint it not in human  
 tones,  
 But breathe it into earth and close it up  
 With secret death forever, in the pits  
 Which some green Christmas  
 crams with weary bones.

## ON A MOURNER.

NATURE, so far as in her lies,  
Imitates God, and turns her face  
To every land beneath the skies,  
Counts nothing that she meets with  
base,  
But lives and loves in every place ;

## 2.

Fills out the homely quick-set screens,  
And makes the purple lilac ripe,  
Steps from her airy hill, and greens  
The swamp, where hums the drop-  
ping snipe,  
With moss and braided marish-pipe ;

## 3.

And on thy heart a finger lays,  
Saying, " Beat quicker, for the time  
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways  
Are pleasant, and the beech and lime  
Put forth and feel a gladder clime."

## 4.

And murmurs of a deeper voice,  
Going before to some far shrine,  
Teach that sick heart the stronger  
choice,  
Till all thy life one way incline  
With one wide will that closes thine.

## 5.

And when the zoning eve has died  
Where yon dark valleys wind forlorn,  
Come Hope and Memory, spouse and  
bride,  
From out the borders of the morn,  
With that fair child betwixt them  
born.

## 6.

And when no mortal motion jars  
The blackness round the tombing  
sod,

Thro' silence and the trembling stars  
Comes Faith from tracts no feet  
have trod,  
And Virtue, like a household god.

## 7.

Promising empire ; such as those  
That once at dead of night did greet  
Troy's wandering prince, so that he  
rose  
With sacrifice, while all the fleet  
Had rest by stony hills of Crete.

## SONG.

LADY, let the rolling drums  
Beat to battle where thy warrior stands :  
Now thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands.

Lady, let the trumpets blow,  
Clasp thy little babes about thy knee :  
Now their warrior father meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and  
thee.

## SONG.

HOME they brought him slain with  
spears,  
They brought him home at even-fall :  
All alone she sits and hears  
Echoes in his empty hall,  
Sounding on the morrow.

The Sun peep'd in from open field,  
The boy began to leap and prance,  
Rode upon his father's lance,  
Beat upon his father's shield—  
" O hush, my joy, my sorrow."



## EXPERIMENTS.

## BOÄDICEA.

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian regionaries  
 Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and Druidess,  
 Far in the East Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted,  
 Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce volubility,  
 Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Cámulodúne,  
 Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild confederacy.

"They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous populates,  
 Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating?  
 Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated?  
 Hear Icenian, Catiuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trintobant!  
 Must their ever-ravens eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?  
 Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering?  
 Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable,  
 Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcass a skeleton,  
 Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it,  
 Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated.  
 Lo their colony half-defended! lo their colony, Cámulodúne!  
 There the horde of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous adversary.  
 There the hive of Roman liars worship a gluttonous emperor-idiot.  
 Such is Rome, and this her deity; hear it, Spirit of Cássivêlaún!

"Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian!  
 Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Catiuchlanian, Trinobant.  
 These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances,  
 Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard aërially,  
 Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy massacred,  
 Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies.  
 Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of horses and men  
 Then a phantom colony smoulder'd on the reflux estuary;  
 Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering—  
 There was one who watch'd and told me—down their statue of Victory fell.  
 Lo their precious Roman bantling, lo the colony Cámulodúne,  
 Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we care to be pitiful?  
 Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we dandle it amorously?

"Hear Icenian, Catiuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!  
 While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating,  
 There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony,  
 Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophetesses.  
 'Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets!  
 Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy narrow thee,  
 Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet!  
 Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,

Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,  
 Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises,  
 Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-thunder of God!  
 So they chanted : how shall Britain light upon auguries happier ?  
 So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a victory now.

“ Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant !  
 Me the wife of rich Prasutagus, me the lover of liberty,  
 Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and humiliated,  
 Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators !  
 See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy !  
 Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be satiated.  
 Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Cámulodúne !  
 There they ruléd, and thence they wasted all the flourishing territory,  
 Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted Britoness—  
 Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted, inexorable.  
 Shout Icenian, Catieuchlanian, shout Coritanian, Trinobant,  
 Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously  
 Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a hurricane whirl'd.  
 Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of Cúnobelíne ?  
 There they drank in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony lay,  
 Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy.  
 There they dwelt and there they rioted ; there—there—they dwell no more.  
 Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works of the statuary,  
 Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it abominable,  
 Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness,  
 Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd and humiliated,  
 Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the brains of the little one out,  
 Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chargers, trample them under us.”

So the Queen Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted,  
 Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like,  
 Yelled and shrieked between her daughters in her fierce volubility,  
 Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,  
 Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous lineäments,  
 Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,  
 Roar'd as when the rolling breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,  
 Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory.  
 So the silent colony hearing her tumultuous adversaries  
 Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid unanimous hand,  
 Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless avarice,  
 Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,  
 Then her pulses at the clamoring of her enemy fainted away.  
 Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds.  
 Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies.  
 Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a valorous legionary.  
 Fell the colony, city and citadel, London, Verulam, Cámulodúne

## IN QUANTITY.

MILTON.

*Alcaics.*

O MIGHTY-MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,  
 O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,  
 God-gifted organ-voice of England,  
 Milton, a name to resound for ages  
 Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,  
 Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,  
 Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean  
 Rings to the roar of an angel onset—  
 Me rather all that bowery loneliness,  
 The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,  
 And bloom profuse and cedar arches  
 Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,  
 Where some refulgent sunset of India  
 Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,  
 And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods  
 Whisper in odorous heights of even.

*Hendecasyllabics.*

O you chorus of indolent reviewers,  
 Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,  
 Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem  
 All composed in a metre of Catullus,  
 All in quantity, careful of my motion,  
 Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,  
 Lest I fall unawares before the people,  
 Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.  
 Should I flounder awhile without a tumble  
 Thro' this metrification of Catullus,  
 They should speak to me not without a welcome,  
 All that chorus of indolent reviewers.  
 Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,  
 So fantastical is the dainty metre.  
 Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me  
 Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.  
 O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—  
 Since I blush to belaud myself a moment  
 As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost  
 Horticultural art, or half coquette-like  
 Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.



SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN  
BLANK VERSE.

So Hector said, and sea-like roar'd his host ;  
Then loosed their sweating horses from the yoke  
And each beside his chariot bound his own ;  
And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep  
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted wine  
And bread from out the houses brought, and heap'd  
Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain  
Roll'd the rich vapor far into the heaven.  
And these all night upon the \* bridge of war  
Sat glorying ; many a fire before them blazed :  
As when in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his heart :  
So many a fire between the ships and stream  
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of Troy,  
A thousand on the plain ; and close by each  
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire ;  
And champing golden grain, the horses stood  
Hard by their chariots, waiting for the dawn.†

*Iliad VIII. 542-561.*

\* Or, ridge.

† Or more literally,—

And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds  
Stood by their cars, waiting the thronéd morn.

## THE HOLY GRAIL

## AND OTHER POEMS.

## THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

LEODOGRAN, the King of Cameliard,  
Had one fair daughter, and none other  
child;  
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,  
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many, a petty king ere Arthur  
came  
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war  
Each upon other, wasted all the land;  
And still from time to time the heathen  
host  
Swarm'd overseas, and harried what  
was left.  
And so there grew great tracts of wil-  
derness,  
Wherein the beast was ever more and  
more,  
But man was less and less, till Arthur  
came.  
For first Aurelius lived and fought and  
died,  
And after him King Uther fought and  
died,  
But either fail'd to make the kingdom  
one.  
And after these King Arthur for a space,  
And thro' the puissance of his Table  
Round,  
Drew all their petty principdoms under  
him,  
Their king and head, and made a realm,  
and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was  
waste,  
Thick with wet woods, and many a  
beast therein,

And none or few to scare or chase the  
beast;

So that wild dog, and wolf and boar and  
bear

Came night and day, and rooted in the  
fields,

And wallow'd in the gardens of the king.  
And ever and anon the wolf would steal  
The children and devour, but now and  
then,

Her own brood lost or dead, lent her  
fierce teat

To human sucklings; and the children,  
housed

In her foul den, there at their meat  
would growl,

And mock their foster-mother on four  
feet,

Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolf-  
like men,

Worse than the wolves. And King  
Leodogran

Groan'd for the Roman legions here  
again,

And Cæsar's eagle: then his brother  
Rience, assail'd him: last a heathen  
horde,

Reddening the sun with smoke and earth  
with blood,

And on the spike that split the mother's  
heart

Spitting the child, brake on him, till,  
amazed,

He knew not whither he should turn  
for aid.

But—for he heard of Arthur newly  
crown'd,  
Tho' not without an uproar made by  
those

Who cried, "He is not Uther's son"—  
the king  
Sent to him, saying, "Arise, and help  
us thou!  
For here between the man and beast we  
die."

And Arthur yet had done no deed of  
arms,  
But heard the call, and came: and  
Guinevere  
Stood by the castle walls to watch him  
pass;  
But since he neither wore on helm or  
shield  
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,  
But rode a simple knight among his  
knights,  
And many of these in richer arms than  
he,  
She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she  
saw,  
One among many, tho' his face was bare.  
But Arthur, looking downward as he  
past,  
Felt the light of her eyes into his life  
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and  
pitch'd  
His tents beside the forest. And he  
drave  
The heathen, and he slew the beast, and  
fell'd  
The forest, and let in the sun, and made  
Broad pathways for the hunter and the  
knight;  
And so return'd.

For while he linger'd there,  
A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the  
hearts  
Of those great Lords and Barons of his  
realm  
Flash'd forth and into war: for most of  
these  
Made head against him, crying, "Who  
is he  
That he should rule us? who hath  
proven him  
King Uther's son? for lo! we look at  
him,  
And find nor face nor bearing, limbs  
nor voice,

Are like to those of Uther whom we  
knew.

This is the son of Gorlois, not the king;  
This is the son of Anton, not the king."

And Arthur, passing thence to battle,  
felt  
Travail, and throes and agonies of the  
life,  
Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere;  
And thinking as he rode, "Her father  
said  
That there between the man and beast  
they die.  
Shall I not lift her from this land of  
beasts  
Up to my throne, and side by side with  
me?

What happiness to reign a lonely king,  
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,  
O earth that soundest hollow under me,  
Vext with waste dreams? for saving I  
be join'd

To her that is fairest under heaven,  
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,  
And cannot will my will, nor work my  
work [realm

Wholly, nor make myself in mine own  
Victor and lord. But were I join'd  
with her,

Then might we live together as one life,  
And reigning with one will in every-  
thing

Have power on this dark land to lighten  
it,

And power on this dead world to make  
it live."

And Arthur from the field of battle  
sent

Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,  
His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,  
Saying, "If I in aught have served thee  
well,  
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to  
wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in  
heart  
Debating—"How should I that am a  
king,



However much he help me at my need,  
Give my one daughter saving to a king,  
And a king's son"—lifted his voice, and  
call'd

A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom  
He trusted all things, and of him re-  
quired

His counsel; "Knowest thou aught of  
Arthur's birth?"

Then spake the hoary chamberlain  
and said,

"Sir king, there be but two old men  
that know:

And each is twice as old as I; and one  
Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served  
King Uther thro' his magic art: and  
one

Is Merlin's master (so they call him)  
Bleys,

Who taught him magic; but the scholar  
ran

Before the master, and so far, that  
Bleys

Laid magic by, and sat him down, and  
wrote

All things and whatsoever Merlin did  
In one great annal-book, where after-  
years

Will learn the secret of our Arthur's  
birth."

To whom the King Leodogran re-  
plied,

"O friend, had I been holpen half as  
well

By this King Arthur as by thee to-day,  
Then beast and man had had their  
share of me:

But summon here before us yet once  
more

Ulfus, and Brastias, and Bedivere."

Then, when they came before him,  
the king said,

"I have seen the cuckoo chased by  
lesser fowl,

And reason in the chase: but wherefore  
now

Do these your lords stir up the heat of  
war,

Some calling Arthur born of Gorlois,

Others of Anton? Tell me, ye your-  
selves,  
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's  
son?"

And Ulfus and Brastias answer'd,  
"Ay.

Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights  
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning,  
spake—

For bold in heart and act and word was  
he,

Whenever slander breathed against the  
king—

"Sir, there be many rumors on this  
head;

For there be those who hate him in  
their hearts,

Call him baseborn, and since his ways  
are sweet,

And theirs are bestial, hold him less  
than man,

And there be some who deem him more  
than man,

And dream he dropt from heaven: but  
my belief

In all this matter—so ye care to learn—  
Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's  
time

The prince and warrior Gorlois, he that  
held

Tintagel castle by the Cornish sea,  
Was wedded with a winsome wife,

Ygerne:

And daughters had she borne him,—  
one whereof

Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Belli-  
cent,

Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved  
To Arthur,—but a son she had not

borne.

And Uther cast upon her eyes of love:  
But she, a stainless wife to Gorlois,

So loathed the bright dishonor of his  
love,

That Gorlois and King Uther went to  
war:

And overthrown was Gorlois and slain.  
Then Uther in his wrath and heat be-  
sieged

Ygerne within Tintagel, where her men,

Seeing the mighty swarm about their walls,  
Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd in,  
And there was none to call to but himself.

So, compass'd by the power of the king,  
Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,

And with a shameful swiftness: afterward,

Not many moons, King Uther died himself

Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule  
After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.

And that same night, the night of the new year,

By reason of the bitterness and grief  
That vexed his mother, all before his time

Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born

Deliver'd at a secret postern-gate  
To Merlin, to be holden far apart  
Until his hour should come; because the lords

Of that fierce day were as the lords of this,

Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child

Piecemeal among them, had they known; for each

But sought to rule for his own self and hand,

And many hated Uther for the sake  
Of Gorlois. Wherefore Merlin took the child,

And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight

And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife

Nursed the young prince, and rear'd him with her own;

And no man knew. And ever since the lords

Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,

So that the realm has gone to wrack: but now,

This year, when Merlin (for his hour had come)

Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,

Proclaiming, 'Here is Uther's heir, your king,'

A hundred voices cried, 'Away with him!

No king of ours! a son of Gorlois he, Or else the child of Anton, and no

king,

Or else baseborn.' Yet Merlin thro' his craft,

And while the people clamor'd for a

king,

Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great lords

Banded, and so brake out in open war."

Then while the king debated with himself

If Arthur were the child of shameful-ness,

Or born the son of Gorlois, after death,

Or Uther's son, and born before his time,

Or whether there were truth in anything

Said by these three, there came to Cameliard,

With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,

Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bel-licent;

Whom as he could, not as he would, the king

Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat,

"A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas—

Ye come from Arthur's court: think ye this king—

So few his knights, however brave they be—

Hath body enow to beat his foemen down?"

"O king," she cried, "and I will tell thee: few,

Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;

For I was near him when the savage  
 yells  
 Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur  
 sat  
 Crown'd on the daïs, and his warriors  
 cried,  
 'Be thou the king, and we will work  
 thy will  
 Who love thee.' Then the king in  
 low, deep tones,  
 And simple words of great authority,  
 Bound them by so strait vows to his  
 own self,  
 That when they rose, knighted from  
 kneeling, some  
 Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,  
 Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one  
 who wakes  
 Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheer'd his  
 Table Round  
 With large divine and comfortable  
 words  
 Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I be-  
 held  
 From eye to eye thro' all their Order  
 flash  
 A momentary likeness of the king:  
 And ere it left their faces, thro' the  
 cross  
 And those around it and the Crucified,  
 Down from the casement, over Arthur,  
 smote  
 Flame-color, vert and azure, in three  
 rays,  
 One falling upon each of three fair  
 queens,  
 Who stood in silence near his throne,  
 the friends  
 Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with  
 bright  
 Sweet faces, who will help him at his  
 need.

"And there I saw mage Merlin  
 whose vast wit  
 And hundred winters are but as the  
 hands  
 Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

"And near him stood the Lady of  
 the Lake,  
 Who knows a subtler magic than his  
 own—  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-  
 derful.  
 She gave the king his huge cross  
 hilted sword,  
 Whereby to drive the heathen out: a  
 mist [face  
 Of incense curl'd about her, and her  
 Wellnigh was hidden in the minster  
 gloom;  
 But there was heard among the holy  
 hymns [dwells  
 A voice as of the waters, for she  
 Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever  
 storms  
 May shake the world, and when the  
 surface rolls,  
 Hath power to walk the waters like  
 our Lord.

"There likewise I beheld Excalibur  
 Before him at his crowning borne, the  
 sword  
 That rose from out the bosom of the  
 lake,  
 And Arthur row'd across and took it—  
 rich  
 With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,  
 Bewildering heart and eye—the blade  
 so bright  
 That men are blinded by it—on one  
 side,  
 Graven in the oldest tongue of all this  
 world,  
 'Take me,' but turn the blade and you  
 shall see,  
 And written in the speech ye speak  
 yourself,  
 'Cast me away!' and sad was Arthur's  
 face  
 Taking it, but old Merlin counsell'd  
 him,  
 'Take thou and strike! the time to  
 cast away  
 Is yet far-off.' So this great brand the  
 king  
 Took, and by this will beat his foemen  
 down."



Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but thought  
 To sift his doubtings to the last, and ask'd,  
 Fixing full eyes of question on her face,  
 "The swallow and the swift are near akin,  
 But thou art closer to this noble prince,  
 Being his own dear sister;" and she said,  
 "Daughter of Gorlois and Ygerne am I;"  
 "And therefore Arthur's sister," asked the King.  
 She answer'd, "These be secret things," and sign'd  
 To those two sons to pass and let them be.  
 And Gawain went and breaking into song  
 Sprang out, and follow'd by his flying hair,  
 Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he [saw:  
 But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,  
 And there half heard; the same that afterward  
 Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.

And then the Queen made answer,  
 "What know I?  
 For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,  
 And dark in hair and eyes am I; and dark  
 Was Gorlois, yea and dark was Uther too,  
 Wellnigh to blackness; but this king is fair  
 Beyond the race of Britons and of men.  
 Moreover always in my mind I hear  
 A cry from out the dawning of my life,  
 A mother weeping, and I hear her say,  
 'O that ye had some brother, pretty one,  
 To guard thee on the rough ways of the world.'"

"Ay," said the King, "and hear ye such a cry?  
 But when did Arthur chance upon thee first?"

"Oh king!" she cried, "and I will tell thee true:  
 He found me first when yet a little maid:  
 Beaten I had been for a little fault  
 Whereof I was not guilty; and out I ran  
 And flung myself down on a bank of heath,  
 And hated this fair world and all therein,  
 And wept, and wish'd that I were dead, and he—  
 I know not whether of himself he came,  
 Or brought by Merlin, who, they say, can walk  
 Unseen at pleasure—he was at my side,  
 And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,  
 And dried my tears, being a child with me.  
 And many a time he came, and evermore  
 As I grew greater grew with me; and sad  
 At times he seem'd, and sad with him was I,  
 Stern too at times, and then I loved him not,  
 But sweet again, and then I loved him well.  
 And now of late I see him less and less,  
 But those first days had golden hours for me,  
 For then I surely thought he would be king.

"But let me tell thee now another tale:  
 For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,  
 Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,

To hear him speak before he left his life.  
 Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage,  
 And when I enter'd told me that himself  
 And Merlin ever served about the king, [night  
 Uther, before he died, and on the  
 When Uther in Tintagel past away  
 Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two  
 Left the still king, and passing forth  
 to breathe,  
 Then from the castle gateway by the chasm  
 Descending thro' the dismal night—a night  
 In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—  
 Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps  
 It seem'd in heav'n, a ship, the shape thereof  
 A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern  
 Bright with a shining people on the decks,  
 And gone as soon as seen: and then the two  
 Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,  
 Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,  
 Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep  
 And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged  
 Roaring, and all the waves was in a flame:  
 And down the wave and in the flame was borne  
 A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,  
 Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried, 'The King!  
 Here is an heir for Uther!' and the fringe  
 Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,  
 Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,

And all at once all round him rose in fire,  
 So that the child and he were clothed in fire.  
 And presently thereafter follow'd calm,  
 Free sky and stars: 'And this same child,' he said,  
 'Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace  
 Till this were told.' And saying this the seer  
 Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,  
 Not ever to be question'd any more  
 Save on the further side; but when I met  
 Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth—  
 The shining dragon and the naked child  
 Descending in the glory of the seas—  
 He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me  
 In riddling triplets of old time, and said:  
 "Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!  
 A young man will be wiser by and by;  
 An old man's wit may wander ere he die.  
 Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea!  
 And truth is this to me, and that to thee;  
 And truth or clothed or naked let it be.  
 Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:  
 Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?  
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'  
 "So Merlin riddling anger'd me; but thou  
 Fear not to give this king thine only child,  
 Guinevere: so great bards of him will sing  
 Hereafter; and dark sayings from of old

Ranging and ringing thro' the minds  
 of men,  
 And echo'd by old folk beside their  
 fires  
 For comfort after their wage-work is  
 done,  
 Speak of the king; and Merlin in our  
 time  
 Hath spoken also, not in jest, and  
 sworn  
 Tho' men may wound him that he will  
 not die,  
 But pass, again to come; and then or  
 now  
 Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,  
 Till these and all men hail him for  
 their king.'

She spake and King Leodogran re-  
 joiced,  
 But musing "Shall I answer yea or  
 nay?"  
 Doubted and drowsed, nodded and  
 slept, and saw,  
 Dreaming, a slope of land that ever  
 grew,  
 Field after field, up to a height, the  
 peak [king,  
 Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom  
 Now looming, and now lost; and on  
 the slope  
 The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd  
 was driven,  
 Fire glimpsed; and all the land from  
 roof and rick,  
 In drifts of smoke before a rolling  
 wind,  
 Stream'd to the peak, and mingled  
 with the haze  
 And made it thicker; while the phan-  
 tom king  
 Sent out at times a voice; and here or  
 there  
 Stood one who pointed toward the  
 voice, the rest  
 Slew on and burnt, crying, "No king  
 of ours,  
 No son of Uther, and no king of  
 ours;"  
 Till with a wink his dream was  
 changed, the haze

Descended, and the solid earth became  
 As nothing, and the king stood out in  
 heaven,  
 Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and  
 sent  
 Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,  
 Back to the court of Arthur answering  
 yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrior  
 whom he loved  
 And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to  
 ride forth  
 And bring the Queen;—and watch'd  
 him from the gates:  
 And Lancelot past away among the  
 flowers,  
 (For then was latter April) and re-  
 turn'd  
 Among the flowers, in May, with Gui-  
 nevere.  
 To whom arrived, by Dubric the high  
 saint,  
 Chief of the church in Britain, and  
 before  
 The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the  
 king  
 That morn was married, while in stain-  
 less white,  
 The fair beginners of a nobler time,  
 And glorying in their vows and him,  
 his knights  
 Stood round him, and rejoicing in his  
 joy.  
 And holy Dubric spread his hands and  
 spake,  
 "Reign ye, and live and love, and  
 make the world  
 Other, and may thy Queen be one with  
 thee,  
 And all this Order of thy Table Round  
 Fulfil the boundless purpose of their  
 king."

Then at the marriage feast came in  
 from Rome,  
 The slowly-fading mistress of the  
 world,  
 Great lords, who claim'd the tribute  
 as of yore.  
 But Arthur spake, "Behold, for these  
 have sworn



To fight my wars, and worship me  
 their king;  
 The old order changeth, yielding place  
 to new;  
 And we that fight for our fair father  
 Christ,  
 Seeing that ye be grown too weak and  
 old  
 'To drive the heathen from your Roman  
 wall,  
 No tribute will we pay:" so those  
 great lords  
 Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove  
 with Rome

And Arthur and his knighthood for  
 a space  
 Were all one will, and thro' that  
 strength the king  
 Drew in the petty princedoms under  
 him,  
 Fought, and in twelve great battles  
 overcame  
 The heathen hordes, and made a realm  
 and reign'd.

### THE HOLY GRAIL.

FROM noiseful arms, and acts of  
 prowess done  
 In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale,  
 Whom Arthur and his knighthood  
 call'd The Pure,  
 Had pass'd into the silent life of  
 prayer,  
 Praise, fast, and alms; and leaving for  
 the cowl  
 The helmet in an abbey far away  
 From Camelot, there, and not long  
 after, died.

And one, a fellow-monk among the  
 rest,  
 Ambrosius, loved him much beyond  
 the rest,  
 And honor'd him, and wrought into his  
 heart  
 A way by love that waken'd love with-  
 in,

To answer that which came: and as  
 they sat  
 Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darken-  
 ing half  
 The cloisters, on a gustful April morn  
 That puff'd the swaying branches into  
 smoke  
 Above them, ere the summer when he  
 died,  
 The monk Ambrosius question'd Per-  
 civale:

"O brother, I have seen this yew-  
 tree smoke,  
 Spring after spring, for half a hundred  
 years:  
 For never have I known the world  
 without,  
 Nor ever stray'd beyond the pale: but  
 thee,  
 When first thou camest—such a cour-  
 tesy  
 Spake thro' the limbs and in the voice  
 —I knew  
 For one of those who eat in Arthur's  
 hall;  
 For good ye are and bad, and like to  
 coins,  
 Some true, some light, but every one  
 of you  
 Stamp'd with the image of the King;  
 and now  
 Tell me, what drove thee from the  
 Table Round,  
 My brothe? was it earthly passion  
 crost?

"Nay," said the knight; "for no  
 such passion mine.  
 But the sweet vision of the Holy Grail  
 Drove me from all vainglories, rival-  
 ries,  
 And earthly heats that spring and  
 sparkle out  
 Among us in the jousts, while women  
 watch  
 Who wins, who falls; and waste the  
 spiritual strength  
 Within us, better offer'd up to  
 Heaven."

To whom the monk: "The Holy  
Grail!—I trust  
We are green in Heaven's eyes; but  
here too much  
We moulder—as to things without I  
mean—  
Yet one of your own knights, a guest  
of ours,  
Told us of this in our refectory,  
But spake with such a sadness and so  
low  
We heard not half of what he said.  
What is it?  
The phantom of a cup that comes and  
goes?"

"Nay, monk! what phantom?" an-  
swer'd Percivale,  
"The cup, the cup itself, from which  
our Lord  
Drank at the last sad supper with his  
own.  
This, from the blessed land of  
Aromat—  
After the day of darkness, when the  
dead  
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the  
good saint,  
Arimathæan Joseph, journeying  
brought  
To Glastonbury, where the winter  
thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our  
Lord.  
And there awhile it bode; and if a  
man  
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd  
at once,  
By faith, of all his ills. But then the  
times  
Grew to such evil that the holy cup  
Was caught away to Heaven, and dis-  
appear'd."

To whom the monk: "From our  
old books I know  
That Joseph came of old to Glaston-  
bury,  
And there the heathen Prince, Arvi-  
ragus,  
Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to  
build ;

And there he built with wattles from  
the marsh  
A little lonely church in days of yore,  
For so they say, these books of ours,  
but seem  
Mute of this miracle, far as I have  
read.  
But who first saw the holy thing to-  
day?"

"A woman," answer'd Percivale, a  
nun,  
And one no further off in blood from  
me  
Than sister; and if ever holy maid  
With knees of adoration wore the  
stone,  
A holy maid; tho' never maiden  
glow'd,  
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,  
With such a fervent flame of human  
love,  
Which being rudely blunted, glanced  
and shot  
Only to holy things: to prayer and  
praise  
She gave herself, to fast and alms.  
And yet,  
Nun as she was, the scandal of the  
Court,  
Sin against Arthur and the Table  
Round,  
And the strange sound of an adulter-  
ous race,  
Across the iron grating of her cell  
Beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the  
more.

"And he to whom she told her sins,  
or what  
Her all but utter whiteness held for  
sin,  
A man wellnigh a hundred winters old,  
Spake often with her of the Holy  
Grail,  
A legend handed down thro' five or  
six,  
And each of these a hundred winters  
old,  
From our Lord's time. And when  
King Arthur made

His Table Round, and all men's hearts  
 became  
 Clean for a season, surely he had  
 thought  
 That now the Holy Grail would come  
 again;  
 But sin broke out. Ah, Christ, that it  
 would come,  
 And heal the world of all their wicked-  
 ness!  
 'O Father!' asked the maiden, 'might  
 it come  
 To me by prayer and fasting?' 'Nay,'  
 said he,  
 'I know not, for thy heart is pure as  
 snow.'  
 And so she pray'd and fasted, till the  
 sun  
 Shone, and the wind blew, thro' her,  
 and I thought  
 She might have risen and floated when  
 I saw her.

"For on a day she sent to speak  
 with me.  
 And when she came to speak, behold  
 her eyes  
 Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,  
 Beyond all knowing of them, wonder-  
 ful,  
 Beautiful in the light of holiness.  
 And 'O my brother, Percivale,' she  
 said, [Grail:  
 'Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy  
 For, waked at dead of night, I heard a  
 sound  
 As of a silver horn from o'er the hills  
 Blown, and I thought, "It is not  
 Arthur's use  
 To hunt by moonlight;" and the slen-  
 der sound  
 As from a distance beyond distance  
 grew  
 Coming upon me—O never harp nor  
 horn,  
 Nor aught we blow with breath, or  
 touch with hand,  
 Was like that music as it came; and  
 then  
 Stream'd thro' my cell a cold and sil-  
 ver beam,

And down the long beam stole the  
 Holy Grail,  
 Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,  
 Till all the white walls of my cell were  
 dyed  
 With rosy colors leaping on the wall;  
 And then the music faded, and the  
 Grail  
 Pass'd, and the beam decay'd, and  
 from the walls  
 The rosy quiverings died into the night.  
 So now the Holy Thing is here again  
 Among us, brother, fast thou too and  
 pray,  
 And tell thy brother knights to fast  
 and pray, [seen  
 That so perchance the vision may be  
 By thee and those, and all the world  
 be heal'd.'

"Then leaving the pale nun, I spake  
 of this  
 To all men; and myself fasted and  
 pray'd  
 Always, and many among us many a  
 week [most  
 Fasted and pray'd even to the utter-  
 Expectant of the wonder that would  
 be.

"And one there was among us, ever  
 moved  
 Among us in white armor, Galahad.  
 'God make thee good as thou art  
 beautiful,'  
 Said Arthur, when he dubb'd him  
 knight; and none,  
 In so young youth, was ever made a  
 knight  
 Till Galahad; and this Galahad, when  
 he heard  
 My sister's vision, fill'd me with  
 amaze;  
 His eyes became so like her own, they  
 seem'd  
 Hers, and himself her brother more  
 than I.

"Sister or brother none had he; but  
 some  
 Call'd him a son of Lancelot, and some  
 said



Begotten by enchantment—chatterers  
they,  
Like birds of passage piping up and  
down,  
That gape for flies—we know not  
whence they come ;  
For when was Lancelot wanderingly  
lewd

“But she, the wan sweet maiden  
shore away  
Clean from her forehead all that wealth  
of hair  
Which made a silken mat-work for her  
feet ;  
And out of this she plaited broad and  
long  
A strong sword-belt, and wove with  
silver thread  
And crimson in the belt a strange  
device,  
A crimson grail within a silver beam ;  
And saw the bright boy-knight, and  
bound it on him,  
Saying, ‘My knight, my love, my knight  
of heaven,  
O thou, my love, whose love is one with  
mine,  
I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind  
my belt.  
Go forth, for thou shalt see what I  
have seen,  
And break thro’ all, till one will crown  
thee king  
Far in the spiritual city :’ and as she  
spake  
She sent the deathless passion in her  
eyes  
Thro’ him, and made him hers, and laid  
her mind  
On him, and he believed in her be-  
lief.

“Then came a year of miracle : O  
brother,  
In our great hall there stood a vacant  
chair,  
Fashion’d by Merlin ere he past away,  
And carven with strange figures ; and  
in and out  
The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll

Of letters in a tongue no man could  
read.  
And Merlin call’d it ‘The Siege  
perilous,’  
Perilous for good and ill ; ‘for there,’  
he said,  
‘No man could sit but he should lose  
himself :’  
And once by misadventure Merlin sat  
In his own chair, and so was lost ; but  
he,  
Galahad, when he heard of Merlin’s  
doom,  
Cried, ‘If I lose myself I save myself !’

“Then on a summer night it came to  
pass,  
While the great banquet lay along the  
hall,  
That Galahad would sit down in Mer-  
lin’s chair.

“And all at once, as there we sat,  
we heard  
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,  
And rending, and a blast, and over-  
head  
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.  
And in the blast there smote along the  
hall  
A beam of light seven times more clear  
than day :  
And down the long beam stole the  
Holy Grail  
All over cover’d with a luminous cloud,  
And none might see who bare it, and it  
past.  
But every knight beheld his fellow’s  
face  
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,  
And staring each at other like dumb  
men  
Stood, till I found a voice and swore a  
vow.

“I swear a vow before them all,  
that I,  
Because I had not seen the Grail, would  
ride  
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,  
Until I found and saw it, as the nun

My sister saw it; and Galahad sware  
the vow,  
And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's  
cousin, sware,  
And Lancelot sware, and many among  
the knights,  
And Gawain sware, and louder than the  
rest."

Then spake the monk Ambrosius,  
asking him,  
"What said the king? Did Arthur take  
the vow?"

"Nay, my lord," said Percivale,  
"the King  
Was not in hall: for early that same  
day,  
'Scaped thro' a cavern from a bandit  
hold,  
An outraged maiden sprang into the  
hall  
Crying on help: for all her shining hair  
Was smear'd with earth, and either  
milky arm  
Red-rent with hooks of bramble, and  
all she wore  
Torn as a sail that leaves the rope is  
torn  
In tempest: so the King arose and went  
To smoke the scandalous hive of those  
wild bees  
That made such honey in his realm.  
Howbeit  
Some little of this marvel he too saw,  
Returning o'er the plain that then  
began  
To darken under Camelot: whence the  
King  
Look'd up, calling aloud, 'Lo there!  
the roofs  
Of our great Hall are rolled in thunder-  
smoke!  
Pray Heaven, they be not smitten by  
the bolt.'  
For dear to Arthur was that hall of  
ours,  
As having there so oft with all his  
knights  
Feasted, and as the stateliest under  
heaven.

"O brother, had you known our  
mighty hall,  
Which Merlin built for Arthur long  
ago!  
For all the sacred mount of Camelot,  
And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,  
Tower after tower, spire beyond spire,  
By grove, and garden-lawn, and rushing  
brook,  
Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin  
built.  
And four great zones of sculpture, set  
betwixt  
With many a mystic symbol, gird the  
hall:  
And in the lowest beasts are slaying  
men,  
And in the second men are slaying  
beasts,  
And on the third are warriors, perfect  
men,  
And on the fourth are men with grow-  
ing wings,  
And over all one statue in the mould  
Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a  
crown,  
And peak'd wings pointed to the Nor-  
thern Star.  
And eastward fronts the statue, and  
the crown  
And both the wings are made of gold,  
and flame  
At sunrise till the people in far fields,  
Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,  
Behold it, crying, 'We have still a  
king.'

"And, brother, had you known our  
hall within,  
Broader and higher than any in all the  
lands!  
Where twelve great windows blazon  
Arthur's wars,  
And all the light that falls upon the  
board  
Streams thro' the twelve great battles  
of our King.  
Nay, one there is, and at the eastern  
end,  
Wealthy with wandering lines of mount  
and mere,

Where Arthur finds the brand, Excalibur,  
And also one to the west, and counter  
to it,  
And blank: and who shall blazon it?  
when and how?—  
O there, perchance, when all our wars  
are done,  
The brand Excalibur will be cast away.

“So to this hall full quickly rode the  
King,  
In horror lest the work by Merlin  
wrought,  
Dreamlike, should on the sudden van-  
ish, wrapt  
In unremorseful folds of rolling fire.  
And in he rode, and up I glanced, and  
saw  
The golden dragon sparkling over all:  
And many of those who burnt the hold,  
their arms  
Hack’d, and their foreheads grimed  
with smoke, and sear’d,  
Follow’d, and in among bright faces,  
ours,  
Full of the vision, prest: and then the  
King  
Spake to me, being nearest, ‘Percivale,  
(Because the hall was all in tumult—  
some  
Vowing, and some protesting), ‘what is  
this?’

“O brother, when I told him what  
had chanced,  
My sister’s vision, and the rest, his face  
Darken’d, as I have seen it more than  
once,  
When some brave deed seem’d to be  
done in vain,  
Darken; and ‘Woe is me, my  
knights!’ he cried,  
‘Had I been here, ye had not sworn the  
vow.’  
Bold was mine answer, ‘Had thyself  
been here,  
My King, thou wouldst have sworn.’  
‘Yea, yea,’ said he,  
‘Art thou so bold and hast not seen the  
Grail?’

“‘Nay, Lord, I heard the sound, I  
saw the light,  
But since I did not see the Holy Thing,  
I swear a vow to follow it till I saw.’

“Then when he asked us, knight by  
knight, if any  
Had seen it, all their answers were as  
one:

‘Nay, Lord, and therefore have we  
sworn our vows.’

“‘Lo now,’ said Arthur, have ye  
seen a cloud?  
What go ye into the wilderness to see?’

“Then Galahad on the sudden, and  
in a voice  
Shrilling along the hall to Arthur,  
call’d,  
‘But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,  
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—  
O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.’

“‘Ah, Galahad, Galahad,’ said the  
King, ‘for such  
As thou art is the vision, not for these.  
Thy holy nun and thou have seen a  
sign—  
Holier is none, my Percivale, than  
she—  
A sign to maim this Order which I  
made.  
But you, that follow but the leader’s  
bell,’  
(Brother, the king was hard upon his  
knights),  
‘Taliessin is our fullest throat of song,  
And one hath sung and all the dumb  
will sing.  
Lancelot is Lancelot, and hath over-  
borne  
Five knights at once, and every younger  
knight,  
Unproven, holds himself as Lancelot,  
Till overborne by one, he learns—and  
ye,  
What are ye? Galahads?—no, nor  
Percivales’  
(For thus it pleased the King to range  
my close



After Sir Galahad); 'nay,' said he,  
'but men

With strength and will to right the  
wrong'd, of power

To lay the sudden head of violence flat,  
Knights that in twelve great battles  
splash'd and dyed

The strong White Horse in his own  
heathen blood—

But one hath seen, and all the blind  
will see.

Go, since your vows are sacred being  
made:

Yet—for ye know the cries of all my  
realm,

Pass thro' this hall,—how often, O my  
knights,

Your places being vacant at my side,  
This chance of noble deeds will come  
and go

Unchallenged, while you follow wan-  
dering fires

Lost in the quagmire? many of you,  
yea most,

Return no more: ye think I show my-  
self

Too dark a prophet: come now, let us  
meet

The morrow morn once more in one  
full field [king,

Of gracious pastime, that once more the  
Before you leave him for this Quest,  
may count

The yet-unbroken strength of all his  
knights,

Rejoicing in that Order which he  
made.'

"So when the sun broke next from  
underground,

All the great table of our Arthur closed  
And clash'd in such a tourney and so  
full,

So many lances broken—never yet  
Had Camelot seen the like, since

Arthur came;  
And I myself and Galahad, for a  
strength

Was in us from the vision, overthrew  
So many knights that all the people  
cried,

And almost burst the barriers in their  
heat,  
Shouting, 'Sir Galahad and Sir Perci-  
vale!'

"But when the next day brake from  
underground—

O brother, had you known our Came-  
lot,

Built by old kings, age after age, so old  
The king himself had fears tha it would  
fall,

So strange, and rich, and dim: for  
where the roofs

Totter'd toward each other in the sky,  
Met foreheads all along the street of  
those

Who watch'd us pass; and lower, and  
where the long

Rich galleries, lady-laden, weigh'd the  
necks

Of dragons clinging to the crazy walls,  
Thicker than drops from thunder,  
showers of flowers

Fell as we past; and men and boys  
astride

On wyvern, lion, dragon, griffin, swan,  
At all the corners, named us each by  
name,

Calling 'God speed!' but in the street  
below

The knights and ladies wept, and rich  
and poor

Wept, and the King himself could  
hardly speak

For grief, and in the middle street the  
Queen,

Who rode by Lancelot, wail'd and  
shriek'd aloud,

'This madness has come on us for our  
sins.'

And then we reach'd the weirdly  
sculptured gate,

Where Arthur's wars were render'd  
mystically,

And thence departed every one his  
way.

"And I was lifted up in heart, and  
thought

Of all my late-shown prowess in the  
lists,

How my strong lance had beaten down  
the knights,  
So many and famous names; and  
never yet  
Had heaven appear'd so blue, nor  
earth so green,  
For all my blood danced in me, and I  
knew  
That I should light upon the Holy  
Grail.

"Thereafter, the dark warning of  
our King,  
That most of us would follow wander-  
ing fires,  
Came like a driving gloom across my  
mind. [once,  
Then every evil word I had spoken  
And every evil thought I had thought  
of old,  
And every evil deed I ever did,  
Awoke and cried, 'This Quest is not  
for thee.'  
And lifting up mine eyes, I found my-  
self  
Alone, and in a land of sand and  
thorns,  
And I was thirsty even unto death;  
And I, too, cried, 'This Quest is not  
for thee.'

"And on I rode, and when I thought  
my thirst  
Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and  
then a brook,  
With one sharp rapid, where the crisp-  
ing white  
Play'd ever back upon the sloping wave,  
And took both ear and eye; and o'er  
the brook  
Were apple-trees, and apples by the  
brook  
Fallen, and on the lawns, 'I will rest  
here,'  
I said, 'I am not worthy of the Quest;  
But even while I drank the brook, and  
ate  
The goodly apples, all these things at  
once  
Fell into dust, and I was left alone,  
And thirsting, in a land of sand and  
thorns.

"And then behold a woman at a  
door  
Spinning; and fair the house whereby  
she sat,  
And kind the woman's eyes and inno-  
cent,  
And all her bearing gracious; and she  
rose  
Opening her arms to meet me, as who  
should say,  
'Rest here;' but when I touch'd her,  
lo! she, too,  
Fell into dust and nothing, and the  
house  
Became no better than a broken shed,  
And in it a dead babe; and also this  
Fell into dust, and I was left alone.

"And on I rode, and greater was  
my thirst.  
Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the  
world,  
And where it smote the ploughshare  
in the field,  
The ploughman left his ploughing, and  
fell down  
Before it; where it glitter'd on her  
pail,  
The milkmaid left her milking, and fell  
down  
Before it, and I knew not why, but  
thought [risen.  
'The sun is rising,' tho' the sun had  
Then was I ware of one that on me  
moved  
In golden armor with a crown of gold  
About a casque all jewels; and his  
horse  
In golden armor jewell'd everywhere:  
And on the splendor came, flashing me  
blind;  
And seem'd to me the Lord of all the  
world,  
Being so huge. But when I thought  
he meant  
To crush me, moving on me, lo! he,  
too,  
Opened his arms to embrace me as he  
came,  
And up I went and touch'd him, and  
he, too,

Fell into dust, and I was left alone  
And wearying in a land of sand and  
thorns.

“And I rode on and found a mighty  
hill,  
And on the top, a city wall'd : the  
spires  
Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into  
heaven.  
And by the gateway stirr'd a crowd;  
and these  
Cried to me climbing, ‘Welcome, Per-  
civale!  
Thou mightiest and thou purest  
among men!’  
And glad was I and clomb, but found  
at top  
No man, nor any voice. And thence  
I past  
Far thro' a ruinous city, and I saw  
That man had once dwelt there; but  
there I found  
Only one man of an exceeding age.  
‘Where is that goodly company,’ said I,  
‘That so cried out upon me?’ and he  
had  
Scarce any voice to answer, and yet  
gasp'd  
‘Whence and what art thou?’ and  
even as he spoke  
Fell into dust, and disappear'd, and I  
Was left alone once more, and cried in  
grief,  
‘Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself  
And touch it, it will crumble into  
dust.’

“And thence I dropt into a lowly  
vale,  
Low as the hill was high, and where  
the vale  
Was lowest, found a chapel and there-  
by  
A holy hermit in a hermitage,  
To whom I told my phantoms, and he  
said :

“‘O son, thou hast not true humility,  
The highest virtue, mother of them  
all;

For when the Lord of all things made  
Himself  
Naked of glory for His mortal change,  
“Take thou my robe,” she said, “for  
all is thine.”  
And all her form shone forth with  
sudden light  
So that the angels were amazed, and  
she  
Follow'd him down, and like a flying  
star  
Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the  
east;  
But her thou hast not known: for  
what is this  
Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and  
thy sins?  
Thou hast not lost thyself to save thy-  
self  
As Galahad.’ When the hermit made  
an end,  
In silver armor suddenly Galahad  
shone  
Before us, and against the chapel door  
Laid lance, and enter'd, and we knelt  
in prayer.  
And there the hermit slaked my burn-  
ing thirst,  
And at the sacrificing of the mass I saw  
The holy elements alone; but he:  
‘Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw  
the Grail,  
The Holy Grail, descend upon the  
shrine :  
I saw the fiery face as of a child  
That smote itself into the bread, and  
went;  
And hither am I come; and never  
yet  
Hath what thy sister taught me first to  
see,  
This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side,  
nor come  
Cover'd, but moving with me night  
and day,  
Fainter by day, but always in the  
night  
Blood-red, and sliding down the black-  
en'd marsh  
Blood-red, and on the naked mountain  
top



Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere  
 below  
 Blood-red. And in the strength of  
 this I rode,  
 Shattering all evil customs everywhere,  
 And past thro' Pagan realms, and  
 made them mine,  
 And clashed with Pagan hordes, and  
 bore them down,  
 And broke thro' all, and in the strength  
 of this  
 Come victor. But my time is hard at  
 hand,  
 And hence I go; and one will crown  
 me king  
 Far in the spiritual city; and come  
 thou, too,  
 For thou shalt see the vision when  
 I go.'

"While thus he spake, his eye,  
 dwelling on mine,  
 Drew me, with power upon me, till I  
 grew  
 One with him, to believe as he be-  
 lieved.  
 Then, when the day began to wane, we  
 went.

"There rose a hill that none but  
 man could climb,  
 Scarr'd with a hundred wintry water-  
 courses—  
 Storm at the top, and when we gain'd  
 it, storm  
 Round us and death; for every mo-  
 ment glanced  
 His silver arms and gloom'd: so quick  
 and thick  
 The lightnings here and there to left  
 and right  
 Struck, till the dry old trunks about us,  
 dead,  
 Yea, rotten with a hundred years of  
 death,  
 Sprang into fire: and at the base we  
 found  
 On either hand, as far as eye could  
 see,  
 A great black swamp and of an evil  
 smell,

Part black, part whiten'd with the  
 bones of men,  
 Not to be crost, save that some ancient  
 king  
 Had built a way, where, link'd with  
 many a bridge,  
 A thousand piers ran into the great  
 Sea.  
 And Galahad fled along them bridge  
 by bridge,  
 And every bridge as quickly as he  
 crost  
 Sprang into fire and vanish'd, tho' I  
 yearn'd  
 To follow; and thrice above him all  
 the heavens  
 Open'd and blaz'd with thunder such  
 as seem'd  
 Shoutings of all the sons of God: and  
 first [Sea,  
 At once I saw him far on the great  
 In silver-shining armor starry-clear;  
 And o'er his head the holy vessel hung  
 Clothed in white samite or a luminous  
 cloud.  
 And with exceeding swiftness ran the  
 boat  
 If boat it were—I saw not whence it  
 came.  
 And when the heavens open'd and  
 blazed again  
 Roaring, I saw him like a silver star—  
 And had he set the sail, or had the  
 boat  
 Become a living creature clad with  
 wings?  
 And o'er his head the holy vessel hung  
 Redder than any rose, a joy to me,  
 For now I knew the veil had been  
 withdrawn.  
 Then in a moment when they blazed  
 again  
 Opening, I saw the least of little stars  
 Down on the waste, and straight be-  
 yond the star  
 I saw the spiritual city and all her  
 spires  
 And gateways in a glory like one  
 pearl—  
 No larger, tho' the goal of all the  
 saints—

Strike from the sea; and from the star  
 there shot  
 A rose-red sparkle to the city, and  
 there  
 Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy  
 Grail, [see.  
 Which never eyes on earth again shall  
 Then fell the floods of heaven drown-  
 ing the deep.  
 And how my feet recross'd the death-  
 ful ridge  
 No memory in me lives; but that I  
 touch'd  
 The chapel-doors at dawn I know; and  
 thence  
 Taking my war-horse from the holy  
 man,  
 Glad that no phantom vexed me more,  
 return'd  
 To whence I came, the gate of Arthur's  
 war

"O brother," ask'd Ambrosius,—  
 "for in sooth  
 These ancient books—and they would  
 win thee—teem,  
 Only I find not there this Holy Grail,  
 With miracles and marvels like to  
 these,  
 Not all unlike; which oftentime I  
 read,  
 Who read but on my breviary with  
 ease,  
 Till my head swims; and then go  
 forth and pass  
 Down to the little thorpe that lies so  
 close,  
 And almost plaster'd like a martin's  
 nest  
 To these old walls—and mingle with  
 our folk;  
 And knowing every honest face of  
 theirs,  
 As well as ever shepherd knew his  
 sheep,  
 And every homely secret in their  
 hearts,  
 Delight myself with gossip and old  
 wives,  
 And ills and aches, and teethings,  
 lyings-in,

And mirthful sayings, children of the  
 place,  
 That have no meaning half a league  
 away:  
 Or lulling random squabbles when  
 they rise,  
 Chafferings and chatterings at the  
 market-cross,  
 Rejoice, small man, in this small world  
 of mine, [eggs,—  
 Yea, even in their hens and in their  
 O brother, saving this Sir Galahad  
 Came ye on none but phantoms in your  
 quest,  
 No man, no woman?"

Then, Sir Percivale:  
 "All men, to one so bound by such a  
 vow,  
 And women were as phantoms. O my  
 brother,  
 Why wilt thou shame me to confess to  
 thee  
 How ar I falter'd from my quest and  
 vow?  
 For after I had lain so many nights  
 A bedmate of the snail and eft and  
 snake,  
 In grass and burdock, I was changed  
 to wan  
 And meagre, and the vision had not  
 come,  
 And then I chanced upon a goodly  
 town  
 With one great dwelling in the middle  
 of it;  
 Thither I made, and there was I dis-  
 arm'd  
 By maidens each as fair as any flower:  
 But when they led me into hall, behold  
 The Princess of that castle was the one,  
 Brother, and that one only, who had  
 ever  
 Made my heart leap; for when I moved  
 of old  
 A slender page about her father's hall,  
 And she a slender maiden, all my heart  
 Went after her with longing: yet we  
 twain  
 Had never kiss'd a kiss, or vow'd a vow.  
 And now I came upon her once again,

And one had wedded her, and he was dead,  
And all his land and wealth and state were hers.

And while I tarried, every day she set  
A banquet richer than the day before  
By me ; for all her longing and her will  
Was toward me as of old ; till one fair morn,

I walking to and fro beside a stream  
That flash'd across her orchard underneath

Her castle-walls, she stole upon my walk,

And calling me the greatest of all knights,

Embraced me, and so kiss'd me the first time,

And gave herself and all her wealth to me.

Then I remember'd Arthur's warning word,

That most of us would follow wandering fires,

And the Quest faded in my heart.  
Anon,

The heads of all her people drew to me.  
With supplication both of knees and tongue.

' We have heard of thee : thou art our greatest knight :

Our Lady says it, and we well believe :  
Wed thou our Lady, and rule over us,  
And thou shalt be as Arthur in our land.'

O me, my brother ! but one night my vow

Burnt me within, so that I rose and fled,

But wail'd and wept, and hated mine own self,

And ev'n the Holy Quest, and all but her ;

Then after I was join'd with Galahad  
Cared not for her, nor anything upon earth."

Then said the monk, " Poor men,  
when yule is cold,  
Must be content to sit by little fires.  
And this am I, so that ye care for me

Ever so little ; yea, and blest be Heaven

That brought thee here to this poor house of ours,

Where all the brethren are so hard, to warm

My cold heart with a friend ; and O the pity

To find thine own first love once more—to hold,

Hold her a wealthy bride within thine arms,

Or all but hold, and then—cast her aside,

Foregoing all her sweetness, like a weed.

For we that want the warmth of double life,

We that are plagued with dreams of something sweet

Beyond all sweetness in a life so rich,—

Ah, blessed Lord, I speak too earthly-wise,

Seeing I never stray'd beyond the cell,  
But live like an old badger in his earth,

With earth about him everywhere, despite

All fast and penance. Saw ye none beside,

None of your knights ? "

' Yea so," said Percivale :

' One night my pathway swerving east,  
I saw

The pelican on the casque of our Sir Bors

All in the middle of the rising moon :  
And toward him spurr'd and hail'd him,

and he me,  
And each made joy of either ; than he ask'd.

' Where is he ? hast thou seen him—Lancelot ? Once,'

Said good Sir Bors, ' he dash'd across me—mad,

And maddening what he rode : and when I cried,

" Ridest thou then so hotly on a quest  
So holy ? " Lancelot shouted, " Stay

me not !



I have been the sluggard, and I ride  
apace,  
For now there is a lion in the way."  
So vanish'd.'

"Then Sir Bors had ridden on  
Softly, and sorrowing for our Lancelot,  
Because his former madness, once the  
talk

And scandal of our table, had return'd;  
For Lancelot's kith and kin so worship  
him

That ill to him is ill to them; to Bors  
Beyond the rest: he well had been  
content

Not to have seen, so Lancelot might  
have seen,

The Holy Cup of healing; and, indeed,  
Being so clouded with his grief and  
love,

Small heart was his after the Holy  
Quest:

If God would send the vision, well: if  
not,

The Quest and he were in the hands of  
Heaven.

"And then, with small adventure  
met, Sir Bors

Rode to the lonest tract of all the realm,  
And found a people there among their  
craggs,

Our race and blood, a remnant that  
were left

Paynim amid their circles, and the  
stones

They pitch up straight to heaven: and  
their wise men

Were strong in that old magic which  
can trace

The wandering of the stars, and scoff'd  
at him,

And this high Quest as at a simple  
thing;

Told him he follow'd—almost Arthur's  
words—

A mocking fire: 'what other fire than  
he,

Whereby the blood beats, and the  
blossom blows,

And the sea rolls, and all the world is  
warm'd?'

And when his answer chafed them, the  
rough crowd,

Hearing he had a difference with their  
priests,

Seized him, and bound and plunged  
him into a cell

Of great piled stones; and lying  
bounden there

In darkness thro' innumerable hours  
He heard the hollow-ringing heavens  
sweep

Over him, till by miracle—what else?  
Heavy as it was, a great stone slipt and  
fell,

Such as no wind could move: and thro'  
the gap

Glimmer'd the streaming scud: then  
came a night

Still as the day was loud; and thro'  
the gap

The seven clear stars of Arthur's  
Table Round—

For, brother, so one night, because they  
roll

Thro' such a round in heaven, we  
named the stars,

Rejoicing in ourselves and in our king—  
And these, like bright eyes of familiar  
friends,

In on him shone, 'And then to me, to  
me,'

Said good Sir Bors, 'beyond all hopes  
of mine,

Who scarce had pray'd or ask'd it for  
myself—

Across the seven clear stars—O grace  
to me—

In color like the fingers of a hand  
Before a burning taper, the sweet Grail  
Glided and past, and close upon it  
peal'd

A sharp quick thunder.' Afterwards  
a maid,

Who kept our holy faith among her kin  
In secret, entering loosed and let him  
go."

To whom the monk: "And I re-  
member now

That pelican on the casque: Sir Bors  
it was

Who spake so low and sadly at our board ;  
 And mighty reverent at our grace was he :  
 A square-set man and honest : and his eyes,  
 An out-door sign of all the warmth within,  
 Smiled with his lips—a smile beneath a cloud,  
 But Heaven had meant it for a sunny one :  
 Ay, ay, Sir Bors, who else ? But when ye reach'd  
 The city, found ye all your knights return'd,  
 Or was there sooth in Arthur's prophecy,  
 Tell me, and what said each, and what the King ?

Then answer'd Percivale : “ And that can I,  
 Brother, and truly : since the living words  
 Of so great men as Lancelot and our King  
 Pass not from door to door and out again,  
 But sit within the house. O, when we reach'd  
 The city, our horses stumbling as they trode  
 On heaps of ruin, hornless unicorns,  
 Crack'd basilisks, and splinter'd cockatrices,  
 And shatter'd talbots, which had left the stones  
 Raw, that they fell from, brought us to the hall.

“ And there sat Arthur on the dais-throne,  
 And those that had gone out upon the Quest,  
 Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them,  
 And those that had not, stood before the King.  
 Who, when he saw me, rose, and bade me hail.

Saying, ‘ A welfare in thine eye re-proves  
 Our fear of some disastrous chance for thee  
 On hill, or plain, at sea, or flooding ford.  
 So fierce a gale made havoc here of late  
 Among the strange devices of our kings ;  
 Yea, shook this newer, stronger hall of ours,  
 And from the statue Merlin moulded for us  
 Half wrench'd a golden wing ; but now—the quest,  
 This vision—hast thou seen the Holy Cup,  
 That Joseph brought of old to Glas-tonbury ? ’

“ So when I told him all thyself hast heard,  
 Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve  
 To pass away into the quiet life,  
 He answer'd not, but, sharply turning, ask'd  
 Of Gawain, ‘ Gawain, was this Quest for thee ? ’

“ ‘ Nay, lord,’ said Gawain, ‘ not for such as I.  
 Therefore I communed with a saintly man,  
 Who made me sure the Quest was not for me.  
 For I was much aweared of the Quest ;  
 But found a silk pavilion in a field,  
 And merry maidens in it ; and then this gale  
 Tore my pavilion from the tenting-pin,  
 And blew my merry maidens all about  
 With all discomfort ; yea, and but for this,  
 My twelvemonth and a day were pleasant to me.’

“ He ceased ; and Arthur turn'd to whom at first  
 He saw not, for Sir Bors, on entering, push'd

Athwart the throng to Lancelot, caught  
 his hand,  
 Held it, and there, half hidden by him,  
 stood,  
 Until the King espied him, saying to  
 him,  
 'Hail, Bors ! if ever loyal man and  
 true  
 Could see it, thou hast seen the Grail ;'  
 and Bors,  
 'Ask me not, for I may not speak of it,  
 I saw it : ' and the tears were in his  
 eyes—

"Then there remain'd but Lancelot,  
 for the rest  
 Spake but of sundry perils in the  
 storm ;  
 Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy  
 Writ,  
 Our Arthur kept his best until the last.  
 'Thou, too, my Lancelot,' ask'd the  
 King, 'my friend,  
 Our mightiest, hath this Quest avail'd  
 for thee ?'

" 'Our mightiest ! ' answer'd Lancelot,  
 with a groan ;  
 'O King ! '—and when he paused, me-  
 thought I spied  
 A dying fire of madness in his eyes,—  
 'O King, my friend, if friend of thine  
 I be,  
 Happier are those that welter in their  
 sin,  
 Swine in the mud, that cannot see  
 for slime,  
 Slime of the ditch : but in me lived a  
 sin  
 So strange, of such a kind, that all of  
 pure,  
 Noble, and knightly in me twined and  
 clung  
 Round that one sin, until the whole-  
 some flower  
 And poisonous grew together, each as  
 each,  
 Not to be pluck'd asunder ; and when  
 thy knights  
 Sware, I swear with them only in the  
 hope

That could I touch or see the Holy  
 Grail  
 They might be pluck'd asunder : then  
 I spake  
 To one most holy saint, who wept and  
 said,  
 That save they could be pluck'd  
 asunder, all  
 My quest were but in vain ; to whom I  
 vow'd  
 That I would work according as he  
 will'd.  
 And forth I went, and while I yearn'd  
 and strove  
 To tear the twain asunder in my heart,  
 My madness came upon me as of old,  
 And whipt me into waste fields far  
 away ;  
 There was I beaten down by little  
 men,  
 Mean knights, to whom the moving of  
 my sword  
 And shadow of my spear had been  
 enow  
 To scare them from me once ; and then  
 I came  
 All in my folly to the naked shore,  
 Wide flats, where nothing but coarse  
 grasses grew ;  
 But such a blast, my King, began to  
 blow,  
 So loud a blast along the shore and  
 sea, " [blast,  
 Ye could not hear the waters for the  
 Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all  
 the sea  
 Drove like a cataract, and all the sand  
 Swept like a river, and the clouded  
 heavens  
 Were shaken with the motion and the  
 sound.  
 And blackening in the sea-foam sway'd  
 a boat,  
 Half swallow'd in it, anchor'd with a  
 chain ;  
 And in my madness to myself I said,  
 "I will embark and I will lose myself,  
 And in the great sea wash away my  
 sin."  
 I burst the chain, I sprang into the  
 boat.



Seven days I drove along the weary  
 deep,  
 And with me drove the moon and all  
 the stars;  
 And the wind fell, and on the seventh  
 night  
 I heard the shingle grinding in the  
 surge,  
 And felt the boat shock earth, and  
 looking up,  
 Behold, the enchanted towers of Car-  
 bonek,  
 A castle like a rock upon a rock,  
 With chasm-like portals open to the  
 sea,  
 And steps that met the breaker ! there  
 was none  
 Stood near it but a lion on each side  
 That kept the entry, and the moon was  
 full.  
 Then from the boat I leapt, and up  
 the stairs.  
 There drew my sword. With sudden-  
 flaring manes  
 Those two great beasts rose upright  
 like a man,  
 Each gript a shoulder, and I stood be-  
 tween;  
 And when I would have smitten them,  
 heard a voice,  
 "Doubt not, go forward; if thou  
 doubt, the beasts  
 Will tear thee piecemeal;" then with  
 violence  
 The sword was dash'd from out my  
 hand, and fell.  
 And up into the sounding hall I past;  
 But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,  
 No bench nor table, painting on the  
 wall  
 Or shield of knight; only the rounded  
 moon  
 Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.  
 But always in the quiet house I heard,  
 Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,  
 A sweet voice singing in the topmost  
 tower  
 To the eastward: up I climb'd a thou-  
 sand steps  
 With pain: as in a dream I seem'd to  
 climb

Forever: at the last I reach'd a door,  
 A light was in the crannies, and I  
 heard,  
 "Glory and joy and honor to our Lord,  
 And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail."  
 Then in my madness I essay'd the  
 door;  
 It gave, and thro' a stormy glare, a  
 heat  
 As from a seventimes-heated furnace,  
 I,  
 Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I  
 was,  
 With such a fierceness that I swoon'd  
 away—  
 O, yet methought I saw the Holy  
 Grail,  
 All pall'd in crimson samite, and  
 around  
 Great angels, awful shapes, and wings  
 and eyes.  
 And but for all my madness and my  
 sin, [saw  
 And then my swooning, I had sworn I  
 That which I saw; but what I saw was  
 veil'd  
 And cover'd; and this quest was not  
 for me.'

"So speaking, and here ceasing  
 Lancelot left  
 The hall long silent, till Sir Gawain  
 —nay,  
 Brother, I need not tell thee foolish  
 words,—  
 A reckless and irreverent knight was  
 he,  
 Now bolden'd by the silence of his  
 King.  
 Well, I will tell thee: 'O king, my  
 liege,' he said,  
 'Hath Gawain fail'd in any quest of  
 thine?  
 When have I stinted stroke in foughten  
 field?  
 But as for thine, my good friend, Per-  
 civale,  
 Thy holy nun and thou have driven  
 men mad,  
 Yea, made our mightiest madder than  
 our least.

But by mine eyes and by mine ears I  
swear,  
I will be deafer than the blue-eyed cat,  
And thrice as blind as any noonday  
owl,  
To holy virgins in their ecstasies,  
Henceforward.'

" 'Deafer,' said the blameless King,  
'Gawsin, and blinder unto holy things  
Hope not to make thyself by idle vows,  
Being too blind to have desire to see.  
But if indeed there came a sign from  
heaven,  
Blessed are Bors, Lancelot, and Perci-  
vale,  
For these have seen according to their  
sight.  
For every fiery prophet in old times,  
And all the sacred madness of the  
bard,  
When God made music thro' them,  
could but speak  
His music by the framework and the  
chord;  
And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth.

" 'Nay—but thou errest, Lancelot :  
never yet  
Could all of true and noble in knight  
and man  
Twine round one sin, whatever it might  
be,  
With such a closeness, but apart there  
grew,  
Save that he were the swine thou  
spakest of,  
Some root of knighthood and pure  
nobleness ;  
Whereto see thou, that it may bear its  
flower.

" 'And spake I not too truly, O my  
knights?  
Was I too dark a prophet when I said  
To those who went upon the Holy  
Quest,  
That most of them would follow wand-  
ering fires,  
Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me and  
gone,  
And left me gazing at a barren board,

And a lean Order—scarce return'd a  
tithe—  
And out of those to whom the vision  
came  
My greatest hardly will believe he saw ;  
Another hath beheld it afar off,  
And leaving human wrongs to right  
themselves,  
Cares but to pass into the silent life.  
And one hath had the vision face to  
face,  
And now his chair desires him here in  
vain,  
However they may crown him other-  
where.

" 'And some among you held, that  
if the King  
Had seen the sight he would have  
sworn the vow :  
Not easily, seeing that the King must  
guard  
That which he rules, and is but as the  
hind,  
To whom a space of land is given to  
plough,  
Who may not wander from the allotted  
field  
Before his work be done ; but, being  
done,  
Let visions of the night or of the day  
Come, as they will ; and many a time  
they come,  
Until this earth he walks on seems not  
earth,  
This light that strikes his eyeball is  
not light,  
This air that smites his forehead is not  
air  
But vision—yea, his very hands and  
feet—  
In moments when he feels he cannot  
die,  
And knows himself no vision to him-  
self,  
Nor the high God a vision, nor that  
One  
Who rose again : ye have seen what ye  
have seen.'

"So spake the king : I knew not all  
he meant."

## PELLEAS AND ETTARRE.

KING ARTHUR made new knights to  
fill the gap  
Left by the Holy Quest; and as he  
sat  
In hall at old Caerleon, the high doors  
Were softly sunder'd, and thro' those  
a youth,  
Pelleas, and the sweet smell of the fields  
Past, and the sunshine came along  
with him.

"Make me thy knight, because I  
know, Sir King,  
All that belongs to knighthood, and I  
love."  
Such was his cry; for having heard the  
King  
Had let proclaim a tournament—the  
prize  
A golden circlet and a knightly sword,  
Full fain had Pelleas for his lady won  
The golden circlet, for himself the  
sword:  
And there were those who knew him  
near the King  
And promised for him: and Arthur  
made him knight.

And this new knight, Sir Pelleas of  
the isles—  
But lately come to his inheritance,  
And lord of many a barren isle was  
he—  
Riding at noon, a day or twain before,  
Across the forest call'd of Dean, to  
find  
Caerleon and the King, had felt the  
sun  
Beat like a strong knight on his helm,  
and reel'd  
Almost to falling from his horse; but  
saw  
Near him a mound of even-sloping  
side,  
Whereon a hundred stately beeches  
grew,  
And here and there great hollies under  
them.  
But for a mile all round was open  
space,

And fern and heath: and slowly Pel-  
leas drew  
To that dim day, then binding his good  
horse  
To a tree, cast himself down; and as  
he lay  
At random looking over the brown  
earth  
Thro' that green-glooming twilight of  
the grove,  
It seem'd to Pelleas that the fern with-  
out  
Burnt as a living fire of emeralds,  
So that his eyes were dazzled looking  
at it.  
Then o'er it crost the dimness of a  
cloud  
Floating, and once the shadow of a bird  
Flying, and then a fawn; and his eyes  
closed.  
And since he loved all maidens, but  
no maid  
In special, half awake he whisper'd,  
"Where?  
O where? I love thee, tho' I know  
thee not.  
For fair thou art and pure as Guine-  
vere,  
And I will make thee with my spear  
and sword  
As famous—O my queen, my Guine-  
vere,  
For I, will be thine Arthur when we  
meet."  
Suddenly waken'd with a sound of  
talk  
And laughter at the limit of the wood,  
And glancing thro' the hoary boles, he  
saw,  
Strange as to some old prophet might  
have seem'd  
A vision hovering on a sea of fire,  
Damsels in divers colors like the cloud  
Of sunset and sunrise, and all of them  
On horses, and the horses richly trapt  
Breast-high in that bright line of  
bracken stood:  
And all the damsels talk'd confusedly,  
And one was pointing this way, and  
one that,  
Because the way was lost.



And Pelleas rose,  
And loosed his horse, and led him to  
the light.  
There she that seem'd the chief among  
them said,  
"In happy time behold our pilot-star !  
Youth, we are damsels-errant, and we  
ride,  
Arm'd as ye see, to tilt against the  
knights  
There at Caerleon, but have lost our  
way :  
right ? to left ? straight forward ?  
back again ?  
Which ? tell us quickly."

And Pelleas gazing thought,  
"Is Guinevere herself so beautiful ?"  
For large her violet eyes look'd, and  
her bloom  
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless  
heavens,  
And round her limbs, mature in woman-  
hood,  
And slender was her hand and small  
her shape,  
And but for those large eyes, the  
haunts of scorn,  
She might have seem'd a toy to trifle  
with,  
And pass and care no more. But  
while he gazed  
The beauty of her flesh abash'd the  
boy,  
As tho' it were the beauty of her soul :  
For as the base man, judging of the  
good,  
Puts his own baseness in him by de-  
fault  
Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend  
All the young beauty of his own soul  
to hers,  
Believing her ; and when she spake to  
him,  
Stammer'd, and could not make her a  
reply.  
For out of the waste islands had he  
come,  
Where saving his own sisters he had  
known  
Scarce any but the women of his isles,

Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd  
against the gulls,  
Makers of nets, and living from the  
sea.

Then with a slow smile turn'd the  
lady round  
And look'd upon her people ; and as  
when  
A stone is flung into some sleeping  
tarn,  
The circle widens till it lip the marge,  
Spread the slow smile thro' all her  
company.  
Three knights were thereamong ; and  
they too smiled,  
Scorning him ; for the lady was Et-  
tarre,  
And she was a great lady in her land.

Again she said, "O wild and of the  
woods,  
Knowest thou not the fashion of our  
speech ?  
Or have the Heavens but given thee a  
fair face,  
Lacking a tongue ?"

"O damsel," answer'd he,  
"I woke from dreams ; and comin,  
out of gloom  
Was dazzled by the sudden light, and  
crave  
Pardon : but will ye to Caerleon ? I  
Go likewise : shall I lead you to the  
King ?"

"Lead then," she said ; and thro' the  
woods they went.  
And while they rode, the meaning in  
his eyes,  
His tenderness of manner, and chaste  
awe,  
His broken utterances and bashful-  
ness,  
Were all a burden to her, and in her  
heart  
She mutter'd, "I have lighted on a  
fool,  
Raw, yet so stale !" but since her mind  
was bent

On hearing, after trumpet blown, her  
 name  
 And title, "Queen of Beauty," in the  
 lists  
 Cried—and beholding him so strong,  
 she thought  
 That peradventure he will fight for  
 me,  
 And win the circlet: therefore flatter'd  
 him,  
 Being so gracious, that he wellnigh  
 deem'd  
 His wish by hers was echo'd; and her  
 knights  
 And all her damsels too were gracious  
 to him,  
 For she was a great lady.

And when they reach'd  
 Carleton, ere they past to lodging, she,  
 Taking his hand, "O the strong hand,"  
 she said,  
 "See! look at mine! but wilt thou  
 fight for me,  
 And win me this fine circlet, Pelleas,  
 That I may love thee?"

Then his helpless heart  
 Leapt, and he cried, "Ay! wilt thou if  
 I win?"

"Ay, that will I," she answer'd, and  
 she laugh'd,  
 And straitly nipt the hand, and flung it  
 from her;  
 Then glanced askew at those three  
 knights of hers,  
 Till all her ladies laugh'd along with  
 her.

"O happy world," thought Pelleas,  
 "all, meseems,  
 Are happy; I the happiest of them  
 all."  
 Nor slept that night for pleasure in  
 his blood,  
 And green wood-ways and eyes among  
 the leaves;  
 Then being on the morrow knighted,  
 sware  
 To love one only, and as he came,  
 away,

The men who met him rounded on  
 their heels  
 And wonder'd after him, because his  
 face  
 Shone like the countenance of a priest  
 of old  
 Against the flame about a sacrifice  
 Kindled by fire from heaven: so glad  
 was he.

Then Arthur made vast banquets,  
 and strange knights  
 From the four winds came in and  
 each one sat,  
 Tho' served with choice from air, land,  
 stream, and sea,  
 Oft in mid-banquet measuring with his  
 eyes  
 His neighbor's make and might: and  
 Pelleas look'd  
 Noble among the noble, for he dream'd  
 His lady loved him, and he knew him-  
 self  
 Loved of the King: and him his new-  
 made knight  
 Worshipt, whose lightest whisper  
 moved him more  
 Than all the ranged reasons of the  
 world.

Then blush'd and brake the morning  
 of the jousts,  
 And this was call'd "The Tournament  
 of Youth:"  
 For Arthur, loving his young knight,  
 withheld  
 His older and his mightier from the  
 lists,  
 That Pelleas might obtain his lady's  
 love,  
 According to her promise, and remain  
 Lord of the tourney. And Arthur had  
 the jousts  
 Down in the flat field by the shore of  
 Usk  
 Holden: the gilded parapets were  
 crown'd  
 With faces, and the great tower fill'd  
 with eyes  
 Up to the summit, and the trumpets  
 blew.

There all day long Sir Pelleas kept the  
field  
With honor: so by that strong hand  
of his  
The sword and golden circlet were  
achieved.

Then rang the shout his lady loved:  
the heat  
Of pride and glory fired her face; her  
eye  
Sparkled; she caught the circlet from  
his lance,  
And there before the people crown'd  
herself:  
So for the last time she was gracious  
to him.

Then at Caerleon for a space—her  
look  
Bright for all others, cloudier on her  
knight—  
Linger'd Ettarre: and seeing Pelleas  
droop,  
Said Guinevere, "We marvel at thee  
much,  
O damsel, wearing this unsunny face  
To him who won thee glory!" and she  
said,  
"Had ye not held your Lancelot in  
your bower,  
My Queen, he had not won." Whereat  
the Queen,  
As one whose foot is bitten by an ant,  
Glanced down upon her, turn'd and  
went her way.

But after, when her damsels, and  
herself,  
And those three knights all set their  
faces home,  
Sir Pelleas follow'd. She that saw  
him cried,  
"Damsels—and yet I should be shamed  
to say it—  
I cannot bide Sir Baby. Keep him  
back  
Among yourselves. Would rather that  
we had  
Some rough old knight who knew the  
worldly way,

Albeit grizzlier than a bear, to ride  
And jest with: take him to you, keep  
him off,  
And pamper him with papmeat, if ye  
will,  
Old milky fables of the wolf and  
sheep,  
Such as the wholesome mothers tell  
their boys.  
Nay, should ye try him with a merry  
one  
To find his mettle, good: and if he fly  
us,  
Small matter! let him." This the  
damsels heard,  
And mindful of her small and cruel  
hand,  
They, closing round him thro' the  
journey home,  
Acted her hest, and always from her  
side  
[vice,  
Restrain'd him with all manner of de-  
So that he could not come to speech  
with her.  
And when she gain'd her castle, up-  
sprang the bridge,  
Down rang the grate of iron thro' the  
groove,  
And he was left alone in open field.

"These be the ways of ladies," Pel  
leas thought,  
"To those who love them, trials of  
our faith.  
Yea, let her prove me to the utter-  
most,  
For loyal to the uttermost am I."  
So made his moan; and, darkness fall-  
ing, sought  
A priory not far off, there lodged, but  
rose  
With morning every day, and moist or  
dry  
Full-arm'd upon his charger all day  
long  
Sat by the walls, and no one open'd to  
him.

And this persistence turn'd her scorn  
to wrath.  
Then calling her three knights, she  
charged them, "Out!



And drive him from the walls." And  
out they came,  
But Pelleas overthrew them as they  
dash'd  
Against him one by one; and these re-  
turn'd,  
But still he kept his watch beneath the  
wall.

Thereon her wrath became a hate;  
and once,  
A week beyond, while walking on the  
walls  
With her three knights, she pointed  
downward, "Look,  
He haunts me—I cannot breathe—be-  
siegues me;  
Down! strike him! put my hate into  
your strokes,  
And drive him from my walls." And  
down they went,  
And Pelleas overthrew them one by  
one;  
And from the tower above him cried  
Ettarre,  
"Bind him, and bring him in."

He heard her voice;  
Then let the strong hand, which had  
overthrown  
Her minion-knights, by those he over-  
threw  
Be bounden straight, and so they  
brought him in.

Then when he came before Ettarre,  
the sight  
Of her rich beauty made him at one  
glance  
More bondsman in his heart than in  
his bonds.  
Yet with good cheer he spake, "Be-  
hold me, Lady,  
A prisoner, and the vassal of thy will;  
And if thou keep me in thy donjon  
here,  
Content am I so that I see thy face  
But once a day: for I have sworn my  
vows,  
And thou hast given thy promise, and  
I know

That all these pains are trials of my  
faith,  
And that thyself when thou hast seen  
me strain'd  
And sifted to the utmost, wilt at  
length  
Yield me thy love and know me for  
thy knight."

Then she began to rail so bitterly,  
With all her damsels, he was stricken  
mute;  
But when she mock'd his vows and the  
great King,  
Lighted on words: "For pity of thine  
own self,  
Peace, Lady, peace: is he not thine and  
mine "  
"Thou fool," she said, "I never heard  
his voice  
But long'd to break away. Unbind  
him now,  
And thrust him out of doors; for save  
he be  
Fool to the midmost marrow of his  
bones,  
He will return no more." And those,  
her three,  
Laugh'd, and unbound, and thrust him  
from the gate.

And after this, a week beyond, again  
She call'd them, saying, "There he  
watches yet,  
There like a dog before his master's  
door!  
Kick'd, he returns: do ye not hate him,  
ye?  
Ye know yourselves: how can ye bide  
at peace,  
Affronted with his fulsome innocence?  
Are ye but creatures of the board and  
bed,  
No men to strike? fall on him all at  
once,  
And if ye slay him I reckon not: if ye fail  
Give ye the slave mine order to be  
bound,  
Bind him as heretofore, and bring him  
in:  
It may be ye shall slay him in his  
bonds."

She spake; and at her will they  
 couch'd their spears,  
 Three against one: and Gawain passing  
 by,  
 Bound upon solitary adventure, saw  
 Low down beneath the shadow of those  
 towers  
 A villany, three to one: and thro' his  
 heart  
 The fire of honor and all noble deeds  
 Flash'd, and he call'd, "I strike upon  
 thy side—  
 The caitiffs!" "Nay," said Pelleas,  
 "but forbear;  
 He needs no aid who doth his lady's  
 will."

So Gawain, looking at the villany  
 done,  
 Forbore, but in his heat and eagerness  
 Trembled and quiver'd, as the dog,  
 withheld  
 A moment from the vermin that he sees  
 Before him shivers, ere he springs and  
 kills.

And Pelleas overthrew them, one to  
 three;  
 And they rose up, and bound, and  
 brought him in.  
 Then first her anger, leaving Pelleas,  
 burn'd  
 Full on her knights in many an evil  
 name  
 Of craven, weakling, and thrice-beaten  
 hound:  
 "Yet, take him, ye that scarce are fit to  
 touch,  
 Far less to bind, your victor, and thrust  
 him out,  
 And let who will release him from his  
 bonds.  
 And if he comes again"—there she  
 brake short;  
 And Pelleas answer'd, "Lady, for in-  
 deed  
 I loved you and I deem'd you beauti-  
 ful,  
 I cannot brook to see your beauty  
 marr'd  
 Thro' evil spite: and if ye love me not,

I cannot bear to dream you so forsworn:  
 I had liefer ye were worthy of my love,  
 Than to be loved again of you—fare-  
 well;  
 And tho' ye kill my hope, not yet my  
 love,  
 Vex not yourself: ye will not see me  
 more."

While thus he spake, she gazed upon  
 the man  
 Of princely bearing, tho' in bonds, and  
 thought,  
 "Why have I push'd him from me?  
 this man loves,  
 If love there be: yet him I loved not.  
 Why?  
 I deem'd him fool? yea, so? or that in  
 him  
 A something—was it nobler than my-  
 self?—  
 Seem'd my reproach? He is not of my  
 kind.  
 He could not love me, did he know me  
 well.  
 Nay, let him go—and quickly." And  
 her knights  
 Laugh'd not, but thrust him bounden  
 out of door.

Forth sprang Gawain, and loosed him  
 from his bonds,  
 And flung them o'er the walls; and  
 afterward  
 Shaking his hands, as from a lazar's  
 rag,  
 "Faith of my body," he said, "and art  
 thou not—  
 Yea, thou art he, whom late our Arthur  
 made  
 Knight of his table; yea and he that  
 won  
 The circlet? wherefore hast thou so de-  
 famed  
 Thy brotherhood in me and all the rest,  
 As let these caitiffs on thee work their  
 will?"

And Pelleas answer'd, "O, their  
 wills are hers  
 For whom I won the circlet; and mine,  
 hers.

Thus to be bounden, so to see her face,  
 Marr'd tho' it be with spite and mock-  
 ery now,  
 Other than when I found her in the  
 woods;  
 And tho' she hath me bounden but in  
 spite,  
 And all to flout me, when they bring  
 me in,  
 Let me be bounden, I shall see her  
 face;  
 Else must I die thro' mine unhappi-  
 ness."

And Gawain answer'd kindly tho' in  
 scorn,  
 "Why, let my lady bind me if she will,  
 And let my lady beat me if she will:  
 But an she send her delegate to thrall  
 These fighting hands of mine—Christ  
 kill me then

But I will slice him handless by the  
 wrist,  
 And let my lady sear the stump for him,  
 Howl as he may. But hold me for your  
 friend:

Come, ye know nothing : here I pledge  
 my troth,

Yea, by the honor of the Table Round,  
 I will be leal to thee and work thy work,  
 And tame thy jailing princess to thine  
 hand.

Lend me thine horse and arms, and I  
 will say

That I have slain thee. She will let  
 me in

To hear the manner of thy fight and  
 fall;

Then, when I come within her counsels,  
 then

From prime to vespers will I chant thy  
 praise

As prowtest knight and truest lover,  
 more

Than any have sung the living, till she  
 long

To have thee back in lusty life again,  
 Not to be bound, save by white bonds  
 and warm,

Dearer than freedom. Wherefore now  
 thy horse

And armor : let me go : be comforted,  
 Give me three days to melt her fancy,  
 and hope

The third night hence will bring thee  
 news of gold."

Then Pelleas lent his horse and all his  
 arms,

Saving the goodly sword, his prize, and  
 took

Gawain's, and said, "Betray me not,  
 but help—

Art thou not he whom men call light-of-  
 love?"

"Ay," said Gawain, "for women be  
 so light."

Then bounded forward to the castle  
 walls,

And raised a bugle hanging from his  
 neck,

And winded it, and that so musically  
 That all the old echoes hidden in the  
 wall

Rang out like hollow woods at hunting  
 tide.

Up ran a score of damsels to the  
 tower;

"Avaunt," they cried, "our lady loves  
 thee not."

But Gawain lifting up his visor said,  
 "Gawain am I, Gawain of Arthur's  
 court,

And I have slain this Pelleas whom ye  
 hate :

Behold his horse and armor. Open  
 gate,

And I will make you merry."

And down they ran,  
 Her damsels, crying to their lady, "Lo !  
 Pelleas is dead—he told us, he that  
 hath

His horse and armor : will ye let him  
 in?

He slew him ! Gawain, Gawain of the  
 court,

Sir Gawain—there he waits below the  
 wall,

Blowing his bugle as who should say  
 him nay."



And so, leave given, straight on thro'  
open door  
Rode Gawain, whom she greeted cour-  
teously.  
"Dead, is it so?" she ask'd. "Ay,  
ay," said he,  
"And oft in dying cried upon your  
name."  
"Pity on him," she answer'd, "a good  
knight,  
But never let me bide one hour at  
peace."  
"Ay," thought Gawain, "and ye be fair  
enow:  
But I to your dead man have given my  
troth,  
That whom ye loathe him will I make  
you love."

So these three days, aimless about  
the land,  
Lost in a doubt, Pelleas wandering  
Waited, until the third night brought a  
moon,  
With promise of large light on woods  
and ways.

The night was hot: he could not rest,  
but rode  
Ere midnight to her walls, and bound  
his horse  
Hard by the gates. Wide open were  
the gates,  
And no watch kept; and in thro' these  
he past,  
And heard but his own steps, and his  
own heart [self,  
Beating, for nothing moved but his own  
And his own shadow. Then he crost  
the court,  
And saw the postern portal also wide  
Yawning; and up a slope of garden, all  
Of roses white and red, and wild ones  
mixt  
And overgrowing them, went on, and  
found,  
Here too, all hush'd below the mellow  
moon,  
Save that one rivulet from a tiny cave  
Came lightning downward, and so spilt  
itself  
Among the roses, and was lost again.

Then was he ware that white pavil-  
ions rose,  
Three from the bushes, gilden-peakt:  
in one,  
Red after revel, droned her lurdan  
knights  
Slumbering, and their three squires  
across their feet:  
In one, their malice on the placid lip  
Froz'n by sweet sleep, four of her dam-  
sels lay:  
And in the third, the circlet of the  
jousts  
Bound on her brow, were Gawain and  
Etтарre.

Back, as a hand that pushes thro' the  
leaf  
To find a nest and feels a snake, he  
drew:  
Back, as a coward slinks from what he  
fears  
To cope with, or a traitor proven, or  
hound  
Beaten, did Pelleas in an utter shame  
Creep with his shadow thro' the court  
again,  
Fingering at his sword handle until he  
stood  
There on the castle-bridge once more,  
and thought,  
"I will go back, and slay them where  
they lie."

And so went back, and seeing them  
yet in sleep  
Said, "Ye, that so dishallow the holy  
sleep,  
Your sleep is death," and drew the  
sword, and thought,  
"What! slay a sleeping knight? the  
King hath bound  
And sworn me to this brotherhood;"  
again,  
"Alas that ever a knight should be so  
false."  
Then turn'd, and so return'd, and groan-  
ing laid  
The naked sword athwart their naked  
throats,  
There left it, and them sleeping; and  
she lay,

The circlet of the tourney round her  
brows,  
And the sword of the tourney across her  
throat.

And forth he past, and mounting on  
his horse  
Stared at her towers that, larger than  
themselves  
In their own darkness, throng'd into  
the moon.  
Then crush'd the saddle with his thighs,  
and clench'd  
His hands, and madden'd with himself  
and moan'd :

"Would they have risen against me  
in their blood  
At the last day? I might have answer'd  
them  
Even before high God. O towers so  
strong,  
So solid, would that even while I gaze  
The crack of earthquake shivering to  
your base  
Split you, and Hell burst up your har-  
lot roofs  
Bellowing, and charr'd you thro' and  
thro' within,  
Black as the harlot's heart—hollow as  
a skull!  
Let the fierce east scream thro' your  
eyelet-holes,  
And whirl the dust of harlots round  
and round  
In dung and nettles! hiss, snake—I  
saw him there—  
Let the fox bark, let the wolf yell. Who  
yells  
Here in the still sweet summer night,  
but I—  
I, the poor Pelleas whom she call'd  
her fool?  
Fool, beast—he, she, or I? myself  
most fool;  
Beast too, as lacking human wit—dis-  
graced,  
Dishonor'd all for trial of true love—  
Love?—we be all alike: only the  
king  
Hath made us fools and liars. O  
noble vows!

O great and sane and simple race of  
brutes  
That own no lust because they have  
no law!  
For why should I have loved her to  
my shame?  
I loathe her, as I loved her to my  
shame.  
I never loved her, I but lusted for  
her—  
Away—"

He dash'd the rowel into his horse,  
And bounded forth and vanish'd thro'  
the night.

Then she, that felt the cold touch on  
her throat,  
Awaking knew the sword, and turn'd  
herself  
To Gawain: "Liar, for thou hast not  
slain  
This Pelleas! here he stood and might  
have slain  
Me and thyself." And he that tells  
the tale  
Says that her ever-veering fancy turn'd  
To Pelleas, as the one true knight on  
earth,  
And only lover; and thro' her love her  
life  
Wasted and pined, desiring him in  
vain.

But he by wild and way, for half the  
night,  
And over hard and soft, striking the  
sod  
From out the soft, the spark from off  
the hard,  
Rode till the star above the wakening  
sun,  
Beside that tower where Percivale was  
cowl'd,  
Glanced from the rosy forehead of the  
dawn.  
For so the words were flash'd into his  
heart  
He knew not whence or wherefore:  
"O sweet star,  
Pure on the virgin forehead of the  
dawn."

And there he would have wept, but  
 felt his eyes  
 Harder and drier than a fountain bed  
 In summer: thither came the village  
 girls  
 And linger'd talking, and they come no  
 more  
 Till the sweet heavens have fill'd it  
 from the heights  
 Again with living waters in the change  
 Of seasons: hard his eyes; harder his  
 heart  
 Seem'd; but so weary were his limbs,  
 that he,  
 Gasping, "Of Arthur's hall am I, but  
 here,  
 Here let me rest and die," cast himself  
 down,  
 And gulf'd his griefs in inmost sleep;  
 so lay,  
 Till shaken by a dream, that Gawain  
 fired  
 The hall of Merlin, and the morning  
 star  
 Reel'd in the smoke, brake into flame,  
 and fell.

He woke, and being ware of some  
 one nigh,  
 Set hands upon him, as to tear him,  
 crying  
 "False! and I held thee pure as Gui-  
 nevere."

But Percivale stood near him and  
 replied,  
 "Am I but false as Guinevere is pure?  
 Or art thou mazed with dreams? or  
 being one  
 Of our free-spoken Table hast not  
 heard  
 That Lancelot"—there he check'd him-  
 self and paused.

Then fared it with Sir Pelleas as  
 with one  
 Who gets a wound in battle, and the  
 sword  
 That made it plunges thro' the wound  
 again  
 And pricks it deeper: and he shrank  
 and wail'd,

"Is the Queen false?" and Percivale  
 was mute.  
 "Have any of our Round Table held  
 their vows?"  
 And Percivale made answer not a  
 word.  
 "Is the king true?" "The king!"  
 said Percivale.  
 "Why then let men couple at once  
 with wolves.  
 What! art thou mad?"

But Pelleas, leaping up,  
 Ran thro' the doors and vaulted on  
 his horse  
 And fled: small pity upon his horse  
 had he,  
 Or on himself, or any, and when he  
 met  
 A cripple; one that held a hand for  
 alms—  
 Hunch'd as he was, and like an old  
 dwarf elm  
 That turns its back on the salt blast,  
 the boy  
 Paused not but overrode him, shouting,  
 "False,  
 And false with Gawain!" and so left  
 him bruised  
 And batter'd, and fled on, and hill and  
 wood  
 Went ever streaming by him till the  
 gloom,  
 That follows on the turning of the  
 world,  
 Darken'd the common path: he  
 twitch'd the reins,  
 And made his beast that better knew  
 it, swerve  
 Now off it and now on; but when he  
 saw  
 High up in heaven the hall that Merlin  
 built,  
 Blackening against the dead-green  
 stripes of Even,  
 "Black nest of rats," he groan'd, "ye  
 build too high."

Not long thereafter from the city  
 gates  
 Issued Sir Lancelot riding airily,



Warm with a gracious parting from  
the Queen,  
Peace at his heart, and gazing at a  
star  
And marvelling what it was: on whom  
the boy, [grass  
Across the silent seeded meadow-  
Borne, clash'd: and Lancelot, saying,  
"What name hast thou  
That ridest here so blindly and so  
hard?"  
"I have no name," he shouted, "a  
scourge am I,  
To lash the treasons of the Table  
Round."  
"Yea, but thy name?" "I have many  
names," he cried;  
"I am wrath and shame and hate and  
evil fame, [blast  
And like a poisonous wind I pass to  
And blaze the crime of Lancelot and  
the Queen."  
"First over me," said Lancelot, "shalt  
thou pass."  
"Fight, therefore," yell'd the other,  
and either knight  
Drew back a space, and when they  
closed, at once  
The weary steed of Pelleas floundering  
flung  
His rider, who called out from the  
dark field.  
"Thou art false as Hell: slay me: I  
have no sword."  
Then Lancelot, "Yea, between thy  
lips—and sharp;  
But here will I disedge it by thy  
death."  
"Slay then," he shriek'd, "my will is  
to be slain."  
And Lancelot, with his heel upon the  
fall'n,  
Rolling his eyes, a moment stood, then  
spake:  
"Rise, weakling; I am Lancelot; say  
thy say."

And Lancelot slowly rode his war-  
horse back  
To Camelot, and Sir Pelleas in brief  
while

Caught his unbroken limbs from the  
dark field,  
And follow'd to the city. It chanced  
that both  
Brake into hall together, worn and  
pale.  
There with her knights and dames was  
Guinevere.  
Full wonderingly she gazed on Lan-  
celot  
So soon return'd, and then on Pelleas,  
Him who had not greeted her, but cast  
himself  
Down on a bench, hard-breathing.  
"Have ye fought?"  
She ask'd of Lancelot. "Ay, my  
Queen," he said.  
"And thou hast overthrown him?"  
"Ay, my Queen."  
Then she, turning to Pelleas, "O young  
knight,  
Hath the great heart of knighthood in  
thee fail'd  
So far thou canst not bide, unfrowardly,  
A fall from him?" Then, for he an-  
swer'd not,  
"Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the  
Queen,  
May help them, loose thy tongue, and  
let me know."  
But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce  
She quail'd; and he, hissing "I have  
no sword,"  
Sprang from the door into the dark.  
The Queen  
Look'd hard upon her lover, he on  
her;  
And each foresaw the dolorous day to  
be:  
And all talk died, as in a grove all  
song  
Beneath the shadow of some bird of  
prey,  
Then a long silence came upon the  
hall,  
And Modred thought, "The time is  
hard at hand."

## THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

THAT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,  
First made and latest left of all the  
knights,  
Told, when the man was no more than  
a voice  
In the white winter of his age, to those  
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other  
minds.

Before that last weird battle in the  
west  
There came on Arthur sleeping,  
Gawain kill'd  
In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain  
blown  
Along a wandering wind, and past his  
ear  
Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all  
delight!  
Hail, king! to-morrow thou shalt pass  
away.  
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for  
thee.  
And I am blown along a wandering  
wind,  
And hollow, hollow, hollow all de-  
light."  
And fainter onward like wild birds  
that change [way  
Their season in the night and wail their  
From cloud to cloud, down the long  
wind the dream  
Shrill'd; but in going mingled with  
dim cries  
Far in the moonlit haze among the  
hills,  
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,  
When all is lost, and wife and child  
with wail  
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke  
and call'd,  
"Who spake? A dream. O light  
upon the wind,  
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are  
these dim cries  
Thine? or doth all that haunts the  
waste and wild  
Mourn, knowing it will go along with  
me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere  
and spake:  
"O me, my king, let pass whatever  
will,  
Elves, and the harmless glamour of  
the field;  
But in their stead thy name and glory  
cling  
To all high places like a golden cloud  
Forever: but as yet thou shalt not  
pass.  
Light was Gawain in life, and light in  
death  
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the  
man;  
And care not thou for dreams from  
him, but rise—  
I hear the steps of Modred in the west,  
And with him many of thy people, and  
knights  
Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but  
grosser grown  
Than heathen, spitting at their vows  
and thee.  
Right well in heart they know thee for  
the King.  
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Be-  
divere:  
"Far other is this battle in the west  
Whereto we move, than when we strove  
in youth,  
And thrust the heathen from the  
Roman wall,  
And shook him thro' the north. Ill  
doom is mine  
To war against my people and my  
knights.  
The king who fights his people fights  
himself.  
And they my knights, who loved me  
once, the stroke  
That strikes them dead is as my death  
to me.  
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a  
way  
Thro' this blind haze, which ever since  
I saw  
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,  
Hath folded in the passes of the world."

Then rose the King and moved his  
 host by night,  
 And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by  
 league,  
 Back to the sunset bound of Lyon-  
 nesse—  
 A land of old upheaven from the abyss  
 By fire, to sink into the abyss again ;  
 Where fragments of forgotten peoples  
 dwelt,  
 And the long mountains ended in a  
 coast  
 Of ever-shifting sand, and far away  
 The phantom circle of a moaning sea.  
 There the pursuer could pursue no  
 more,  
 And he that fled no further fly the  
 king ;  
 And there, that day when the great  
 light of heaven  
 Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,  
 On the waste sand by the waste sea  
 they closed.  
 Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight  
 Like this last, dim, weird battle of the  
 west. [sea :  
 A deathwhite mist slept over sand and  
 Whereof the chill, to him who breathed  
 it, drew  
 Down with his blood, till all his heart  
 was cold  
 With formless fear ; and ev'n on  
 Arthur fell  
 Confusion, since he saw not whom he  
 fought,  
 For friend and foe were shadows in the  
 mist,  
 And friend slew friend not knowing  
 whom he slew :  
 And some had visions out of golden  
 youth,  
 And some beheld the faces of old  
 ghosts  
 Look in upon the battle ; and in the  
 mist  
 Was many a noble deed, many a base,  
 And chance and craft and strength in  
 single fights,  
 And ever and anon with host to host  
 Shocks, and the splintering spear, the  
 hard mail hewn,

Shield-breakings, and the clash of  
 brands, the crash  
 Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and  
 shrieks  
 After the Christ, of those who falling  
 down  
 Looked up for heaven, and only saw  
 the mist ;  
 And shouts of heathen and the traitor  
 knights,  
 Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous  
 blasphemies,  
 Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of  
 the lungs  
 In that close mist, and cryings for the  
 light,  
 Moans of the dying, and voices of the  
 dead.

Last, as by some one death-bed after  
 wail  
 Of suffering, silence follows, or thro'  
 death  
 Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that  
 shore,  
 Save for some whisper of the seething  
 seas,  
 A dead hush fell ; but when the dolor-  
 ous day  
 Grew drearier toward twilight falling,  
 came  
 A bitter wind, clear from the North,  
 and blew  
 The mist aside, and with that wind the  
 tide  
 Rose, and the pale king glanced across  
 the field  
 Of battle : but no man was moving  
 there ;  
 Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,  
 Nor yet of heathen ; only the wan wave  
 Break in among dead faces, to and fro  
 Swaying the helpless hands, and up and  
 down  
 Tumbling the hollow helmets, of the  
 fallen,  
 And shiver'd brands that once had  
 fought with Rome.  
 And rolling far along the gloomy shores  
 The voice of days of old and days to be



Then spake King Arthur to Sir  
Bedivere,  
And whiter than the mist that all day  
long  
Had held the field of battle was the  
King:

"Hearest thou this great voice that  
shakes the world,  
And wastes the narrow realm whereon  
we move,  
And beats upon the faces of the dead,  
My dead, as tho' they had not died for  
me?—  
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n  
Confusion, till I know not what I am,  
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be  
king.  
Behold, I seem but king among the  
dead."

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere:  
"My King,  
King everywhere! and so the dead  
have kings,  
There also will I worship thee as king.  
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I  
live  
Who love thee; but who hates thee, he  
that brought  
The heathen back among us, yonder  
stands,  
Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine  
house."

Then spake the king: "My house  
hath been my doom.  
But call not thou this traitor of my  
house  
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof  
with me.  
My house are rather they who sware  
my vows,  
Yea, even while they brake them,  
own'd me king.  
And well for thee, saying in my dark  
hour,  
When all the purport of my throne  
hath fail'd,  
That quick or dead thou holdest me  
for king.

King am I, whatsoever be their cry;  
And one last act of knighthood shalt  
thou see  
Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this  
the king  
Made at the man: then Moored smote  
his liege  
Hard on that heim, which many a  
heathen sword  
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one  
blow,  
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,  
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he  
fell.

So all day long the noise of battle  
roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter  
sea;  
Until King Arthur's Table, man by  
man,  
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their  
lord,  
King Arthur. Then, because his  
wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the  
field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren  
land:  
On one side lay the ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was  
full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir  
Bedivere:  
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous  
knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such  
a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved. I think  
that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly  
deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the  
halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made,—

Tho' Merlin sware that I should come  
again  
To rule once more; but let what will  
be, be.  
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
That without help I cannot last till  
morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excali-  
bur,  
Which was my pride: for thou remem-  
berest how  
In those old days, one summer noon,  
an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the  
lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-  
derful,  
Holding the sword—and how I row'd  
across [king;  
And took it, and have worn it, like a  
And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
In after time, this also shall be known;  
But now delay not: take Excalibur,  
And fling him far into the middle mere:  
Watch what thou seest, and lightly  
bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedi-  
vere:  
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee  
thus,  
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the  
helm—  
A little thing may harm a wounded  
man;  
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
Watch what I see, and lightly bring  
thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he  
stept,  
And in the moon athwart the place of  
tombs,  
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient  
men,  
Old knights, and over them the sea-  
wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He,  
stepping down  
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed  
rock,  
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Ex-  
calibur,  
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter  
moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,  
ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against  
the hilt:  
For all the haft twinkled with diamond  
sparks,  
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-  
work  
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long  
That both his eyes were dazzled as he  
stood,  
This way and that dividing the swift  
mind,  
In act to throw: but at the last it  
seem'd  
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
That whistled stiff and dry about the  
marge.  
So strode he back slow to the wounded  
King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir  
Bedivere:  
"Hast thou performed my mission  
which I gave?  
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast  
heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir  
Bedivere:  
"I heard the ripple washing in the  
reeds,  
And the wild water lapping on the  
crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint  
and pale:  
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and  
thy name,  
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd  
Thy féalty, nor like a noble knight:  
For surer sign had follow'd, either  
hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go  
again,

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring  
me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,

How curiously and strangely chased, he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost forever from the earth,

Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.

What good should follow this, if this were done?

What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey.

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The King is sick and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord  
Should be to after time, but empty breath

And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,

Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the aftertime

To all the people, winning reverence.  
But now much honor and much fame  
were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,

And hid Excalibur the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,

And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue, Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!

Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights

In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;

Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
And the third time prosper, get thee hence:

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly,  
plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,



And strongly wheel'd and threw it.  
 The great brand  
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the  
 moon,  
 And flashing round and round, and  
 whirl'd in an arch,  
 Shot like a streamer of the northern  
 morn,  
 Seen where the moving isles of winter  
 shock  
 By night, with noises of the northern  
 sea.  
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excali-  
 bur : [arm  
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-  
 derful,  
 And caught him by the hilt, and brand-  
 ish'd him  
 Three times, and drew him under in  
 the mere.  
 And lightly went the other to the  
 King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing  
 thicker breath :  
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is  
 done.  
 Speak out : what is it thou hast heard  
 or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedi-  
 vere :  
 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest  
 the gems  
 Should blind my purpose, for I never  
 saw,  
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I  
 die,  
 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal  
 men,  
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
 Then with both hands I flung him,  
 wheeling him ;  
 But when I look'd again, behold an  
 arm,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, won-  
 derful,  
 That caught him by the hilt, and  
 brandish'd him  
 Three times, and drew him under in  
 the mere."

And answer made King Arthur,  
 breathing hard :  
 "My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I  
 were gone.  
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive  
 my weight,  
 And bear me to the margin ; yet I  
 fear  
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall  
 die."

So saying, from the pavement he  
 half rose,  
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his  
 arm,  
 And looking wistfully with wide blue  
 eyes  
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
 And would have spoken, but he found  
 not words ;  
 Then took with care, and kneeling on  
 one knee,  
 O'er both his shoulders drew the lan-  
 guid hands,  
 And rising bore him thro' the place of  
 tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur  
 panted hard,  
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his  
 bed  
 When all the house is mute. So  
 sigh'd the King,  
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear,  
 "Quick, quick!  
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."  
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge  
 to ridge,  
 Clothed with his breath, and looking,  
 as he walk'd,  
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
 He heard the deep behind him, and a  
 cry  
 Before. His own thought drove him  
 like a goad.  
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy  
 caves  
 And barren chasms, and all to left and  
 right

The bare black cliff clang'd round him,  
 as he based  
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that  
 rang  
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed  
 heels—  
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
 And the long glories of the winter  
 moon.

Then saw they how there hove a  
 dusky barge,  
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to  
 stern,  
 Beneath them; and descending they  
 were ware  
 That all the decks were dense with  
 stately forms,  
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a  
 dream—by these  
 Three Queens with crowns of gold:  
 and from them rose  
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling  
 stars,  
 And, as it were one voice, an agony  
 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills  
 All night in a waste land, where no one  
 comes,  
 Or hath come, since the making of the  
 world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me  
 in the barge;"  
 So to the barge they came. There  
 rose three Queens  
 Put forth their hands, and took the  
 King, and wept.  
 But she, that rose the tallest of them  
 all  
 And fairest, laid his head upon her  
 lap,  
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and  
 chafed his hands,  
 And call'd him by his name, complain-  
 ing loud,  
 And dropping bitter tears against his  
 brow  
 Striped with dark blood: for all his  
 face was white  
 And colorless, and like the wither'd  
 moon

Smote by the fresh beam of the spring-  
 ing east;  
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd  
 with drops  
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous  
 curls—  
 That made his forehead like a rising  
 sun  
 High from the dais-throne — were  
 parch'd with dust;  
 Or, clotted into points and hanging  
 loose,  
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that  
 fringed his lips.  
 So like a shatter'd column lay the  
 King;  
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance  
 in rest,  
 From spur to plume a star of tourna-  
 ment,  
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and  
 charged  
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedi-  
 vere:  
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall  
 I go?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and  
 my eyes?  
 For now I see the true old times are  
 dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble  
 chance,  
 And every chance brought out a noble  
 knight.  
 Such times have been not since the  
 the light that led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of  
 myrrh.  
 But now the whole Round Table is  
 dissolved  
 Which was an image of the mighty  
 world;  
 And I, the last, go forth companion  
 less,  
 And the days darken round me, and  
 years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other  
 minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :  
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within himself make pure! but thou, [again,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats [brain,  
 That nourish a blind life within the If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. [way  
 But now farewell. I am going a long  
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—  
 To the island-valley of Avilion;  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
 Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

At length he groan'd, and turning slowly clomb  
 The last hard footstep of that iron crag;  
 Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,  
 "He passes to be king among the dead,  
 And after healing of his grievous wound  
 He comes again; but—if he come no more—  
 O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,  
 Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed  
 On that high day, when, clothed with living light,  
 They stood before his throne in silence, friends  
 Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint  
 As from beyond the limit of the world,  
 Like the last echo born of a great cry,  
 Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice  
 Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb  
 E'en to the highest he could climb, and saw,



Straining his eyes beneath an arch of  
hand,  
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare  
the king,  
Down that long water opening on the  
deep

Somewhere far off, pass on and on,  
and go  
From less to less and vanish into  
light.  
And the new sun rose bringing the  
new year.

## MISCELLANEOUS

## NORTHERN FARMER.

## NEW STYLE.

## I.

DOSN'T thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as  
they canters awaäy?  
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's  
what I 'ears 'em saäy.  
Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam,  
thou's an ass for thy paaäns:  
Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs  
nor in all thy braaäns.

## II.

Woä—theer's a craw to pluck wi' tha,  
Sam: yon 's parson's 'ouse—  
Dosh't thou know that a man mun be  
eäther a man or a mouse?  
Time to think on it then; for thou 'll  
be twenty to weeäk.\*  
Proputty, proputty—woä then woä—  
let ma 'ear mysén speäk.

## III.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-  
talkin' o' thee;  
Thou's been talkin' to muther, an' she  
beän a tellin' it me.  
Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's  
sweet upo' parson's lass—  
Noä—thou'll marry for luvv—an' we  
boäth on us thinks tha an ass.

## IV.

Seeä'd her todaäy goä by—Saäint's-  
daäy—they was ringing the bells.  
She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is  
scoors o' gells,

\* This week.

Them as 'as munny an' all—wot 's a  
beauty?—the flower as blows.  
But proputty, proputty sticks, an' pro-  
putty, proputty graws.

## V.

Do'ant be stunt: \* taäke time: I knaws  
what maäkes tha sa mad.  
Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén  
when I wur a lad?  
But I know'd a Quaäker feller as often  
'as tow'd ma this:  
“Doant thou marry for munny, but goä  
wheer munny is!”

## VI.

An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy  
mother coom to 'and,  
Wi' lots o' munny laaäb by, an' a nice-  
tish bit o' land.  
Maäybe she warn't a beauty:—I niver  
give it a thowt—  
But warn't she as good to cuddle an'  
kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt?

## VII.

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt  
'a nowt when 'e 's deäb,  
Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and  
addle † her breäb:  
Why? fur 'e 's nobbut a curate, ar  
weänt niver git naw 'igher;  
An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor  
'e coom'd to the shire.

\* Obstinate.

† Earn.

## VIII.

And thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi'  
lots o' 'Varsity debt,  
Stook to his taail they did, an' 'e 'ant  
got shut on 'em yet.  
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi'  
noän to lend 'im a shove,  
Woorse nor a far-welter'd\* yowe : fur  
Sammy, 'e married fur luvv.

## IX.

Luvv ? What's luvv ? thou can luvv  
thy lass an' 'er munny too,  
Maakin' 'em goä together as they've  
good right to do.  
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o'  
'er munny laid by ?  
Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight  
moor fur it : reäson why.

## X.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to  
marry the lass,  
Cooms of a gentleman burn : an' we  
boäth on us thinks tha an ass.  
Woä then, propuppy, wiltha ?—an ass  
as near as mays nowt †—  
Woä then, wiltha ? dangtha !—the bees  
is as fell as owt, ‡

## XI.

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd,  
lad, out o' the fence !  
Gentleman burn ! what 's gentleman  
burn : is it shillins an' pence ?  
Propuppy, propuppy 's ivrything 'ere, an',  
Sammy, I'm blest  
If it is'nt the saäme oop yonder, fur  
them as 'as it 's the best.

## XII.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into  
'ouses an' steäls,  
Them as 'as coats to their backs an'  
taäkes their regular meäls.

\* Or fow-welter'd—said of a sheep lying on  
its back in a furrow.

† Makes nothing.

‡ The flies are as fierce as anything.

Noä, but it's them as niver knows  
wheer a meäl 's to be 'ad.  
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor  
in a loomp is bad.

## XIII.

Them or thir feythurs, tha sees, mun 'a  
beän a laäzy lot,  
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin'  
whiniver munny was got.  
Feyther 'ad ammost nowt ; leästwaays  
'is munny was 'id  
But 'e tued an' moil'd issén deäd, an' 'e  
died a good un, 'e did.

## XIV.

Loook thou theer wheer Wigglesby  
beck comes out by the 'ill !  
Feyther run up to the farm, an' I runs  
up to the mill ;  
An' I'll run up to the brig, an' that  
thou'll live to see ;  
And if thou marries a good un I'll  
leäve the land to thee.

## XV.

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby  
I means to stick ;  
But if thou marries a bad un, I 'll leäve  
the land to Dick.—  
Coom oop, propuppy, propuppy—that's  
what I 'ears 'im saäy—  
Propuppy, propuppy, propuppy—canter  
an' canter awaäy.

## THE VICTIM.

## I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,  
A famine after laid them low,  
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,  
For on them brake the sudden foe ;  
So thick they died the people cried,  
"The Gods are moved against the  
land."  
The Priest in horror about his altar  
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand :

"Help us from famine  
And plague and strife!  
What would you have of us?  
Human life?  
Were it our nearest,  
Were it our dearest,  
(Answer, O answer)  
We give you his life."

## II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,  
And cattle died, and deer in wood,  
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd  
And whiten'd all the rolling flood;  
And dead men lay all over the way,  
Or down in a furrow scathed with  
flame:  
And ever and aye the Priesthood  
moan'd  
Till at last it seem'd that an answer  
came:  
"The King is happy  
In child and wife;  
Take you his dearest,  
Give us a life."

## III.

The Priest went out by heath and hill;  
The King was hunting in the wild;  
They found the mother sitting still;  
She cast her arms about the child.  
The child was only eight summers old,  
His beauty still with his years in-  
creased.  
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,  
He seem'd a victim due to the priest.  
The Priest beheld him,  
And cried with joy,  
"The Gods have answer'd:  
We give them the boy."

## IV.

The King return'd from out the wild,  
He bore but little game in hand;  
The mother said: "They have taken  
the child  
To spill his blood and heal the land:  
The land is sick, the people diseased,  
And blight and famine on all the lea:  
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,  
So I pray you tell the truth to me."

They have taken our son,  
They will have his life.  
Is *he* your dearest?  
Or I the wife?"

## V.

The King bent low, with hand on brow,  
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:  
"O wife, what use to answer now?  
For now the Priest has judged for  
me."  
The King was shaken with holy fear;  
"The Gods," he said, "would have  
chosen well;  
Yet both are near, and both are dear,  
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"  
But the Priest was happy,  
His victim won:  
"We have his dearest,  
His only son!"

## VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,  
The knife uprising toward the blow,  
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,  
"Me, not my darling, no!"  
He caught her away with a sudden cry:  
Suddenly from him brake his wife,  
And shrieking, "I am his dearest, I—  
I am his dearest!" rush'd on the  
knife.  
And the Priest was happy,  
"O Father Odin.  
We give you a life.  
Which was his nearest?  
Who was his dearest?  
The Gods have answer'd;  
We give them the wife!"

## WAGES.

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory  
of song,  
Paid with a voice flying to be lost on  
an endless sea—  
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle,  
to right the wrong—  
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no  
lover of glory she:  
Give her the glory of going on, and  
still to be,



The wages of sin is death : if the wages  
 of Virtue be dust,  
 Would she have heart to endure for  
 the life of the worm and the fly ?  
 She desires no isles of the blest, no  
 quiet seats of the just,  
 To rest in a golden grove, or to bask  
 in a summer sky :  
 Give her the wages of going on, and  
 not to die.

### THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

THE sun, the moon, the Stars, the seas,  
 the hills and the plains—  
 Are not these, O Soul, the vision of  
 Him who reigns ?

Is not the Vision He ? tho' He be not  
 that which he seems ?  
 Dreams are true while they last, and  
 do we not live in dreams ?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of  
 body and limb,  
 And they not sign and symbol of thy  
 division from Him ?

Dark is the world to thee : thyself art  
 the reason why ?  
 For is He not all but thou, that hast  
 power to feel "I am I ?"

Glory about thee, without thee ; and  
 thou fulfillest thy doom,  
 Making Him broken gleams, and a  
 stifled splendor and gloom.

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and  
 Spirit with Spirit can meet—  
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer  
 than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise ; O Soul, and  
 let us rejoice,  
 For if He thunder by law the thunder  
 is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some : no God at all,  
 says the fool ;  
 For all we have power to see is a  
 straight staff bent in a pool ;

And the ear of man cannot hear and  
 the eye of man cannot see ;  
 But if we could see and hear, this  
 Vision—were it not He ?

FLOWER in the crannied wall,  
 I pluck you out of the crannies ;—  
 Hold you here, root and all, in my  
 hand,  
 Little flower—but if I could under-  
 stand  
 What you are, root and all, and all in  
 all,  
 I should know what God and man is.

### LUCRETIUS.

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found  
 Her master cold ; for when the morn-  
 ing flush  
 Of passion and the first embrace had  
 died  
 Between them, tho' he loved her none  
 the less,  
 Yet often when the women heard his  
 foot  
 Return from pacings in the field, and  
 ran  
 To greet him with a kiss, the master  
 took  
 Small notice, or austere, for—his  
 mind  
 Half buried in some weightier argu-  
 ment,  
 Or fancy-borne perhaps upon the rise  
 And long roll of the Hexameter— he  
 past  
 To turn and ponder those three hun-  
 dred scrolls  
 Left by the Teacher whom he held  
 divine.  
 She brook'd it not ; but wrathful, petu-  
 lant,  
 Dreaming some rival, sought and found  
 a witch  
 Who brew'd the philtre which had  
 power, they said,  
 To lead an errant passion home again

And this, at times, she mingled with  
his drink,  
And this destroy'd him; for the wicked  
broth  
Confused the chemic labor of the blood,  
And tickling the brute brain within  
the man's,  
Made havoc among those tender cells,  
and check'd  
His power to shape: he loath'd him-  
self; and once  
After a tempest woke upon a morn  
That mock'd him with returning calm,  
and cried:

"Storm in the night! for thrice I  
heard the rain  
Rushing; and once the flash of a thun-  
derbolt—  
Methought I never saw so fierce a  
fork—  
Struck out the streaming mountain-  
side, and show'd  
A riotous confluence of watercourses  
Blanching and billowing in a hollow  
of it,  
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

"Storm, and what dreams, ye holy  
Gods, what dreams!  
For thrice I waken'd after dreams. Per-  
chance  
We do but recollect the dreams that  
come  
Just ere the waking: terrible! for it  
seem'd  
A void was made in nature; all her  
bonds  
Crack'd; and I saw the flaring atom-  
streams  
And torrents of her myriad universe,  
Ruining along the illimitable inane,  
Fly on to clash together again, and  
make  
Another and another frame of things  
Forever: that was mine, my dream, I  
knew it  
Of and belonging to me, as the dog  
With inward yelp and restless forefoot  
plies  
His function of the woodland; but the  
next!

I thought that all the blood by Sylla  
shed  
Came driving rainlike down again on  
earth,  
And where it dash'd the reddening  
meadow, sprang  
No dragon warriors from Cadmean  
teeth,  
For these I thought my dream would  
show to me,  
But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,  
Hired animalisms, vile as those that  
made  
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies  
worse  
Than aught they fable of the quiet  
Gods.  
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and  
round me drove  
In narrowing circles till I yell'd again,  
Half suffocated, and sprang up, and  
saw—  
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

"Then, then, from utter gloom stood  
out the breasts,  
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a  
sword  
Now over and now under, now direct,  
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down  
shamed  
At all that beauty; and as I stared, a  
fire,  
The fire that left a roofless Ilium,  
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that  
I woke

"Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus,  
thine,  
Because I would not one of thine own,  
doves,  
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee?  
thine,  
Forgetful how my rich proœmion  
makes  
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,  
In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

"Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My  
tongue  
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which  
of these

Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?

Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof

From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,

Live the great life which all our greatest fain

Would follow, centr'd in eternal calm.

"Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like ourselves

Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to thee

To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms

Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood

That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.

"Ay but I meant not thee; I meant not her,

Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see

Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt

The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;

Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept

Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;

Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter Decided fairest: Rather, O ye Gods,

Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called Calliope to grace his golden verse—

Ay, and this Kypris also—did I take That popular name of thine to shadow forth

The all-generating powers and genial heat

Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick blood

Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad

Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird

Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:

Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

"The Gods! and if I go *my* work is left

Unfinish'd—if I go. The Gods, who haunt

The lucid interspace of world and world.

Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,

Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,

Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans, Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar

Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,

Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm, Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain

Letting his own life go. The Gods, the Gods!

If all be atoms, how then should the Gods

Being atomic not be dissoluble, Not follow the great law? My master held

That Gods there are, for all men so believe.

I prest my footsteps into his, and meant Surely to lead my Memmius in a train

Of flowery clauses onward to the proof That Gods there are, and deathless.

Meant? I meant?

I have forgotten what I meant: my mind

Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.

"Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,

Apollo, Delius, or of older use All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—

Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,

Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man,

That he would only shine among the dead

Hereafter; tales! for never yet on earth

Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox



Moan round the spit—nor knows he  
what he sees ;

King of the East altho' he seem, and  
girt

With song and flame and fragrance,  
slowly lifts

His golden feet on `those empurpled  
stairs

That climb into the windy halls of  
heaven :

And here he glances on an eye new-  
born,

And gets for greeting but a wail of  
pain :

And here he stays upon a freezing orb  
That fain would gaze upon him to the  
last ;

And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n  
And closed by those who mourn a  
friend in vain,

Not thankful that his troubles are no  
more.

And me, altho' his fire is on my face  
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can  
tell

Whether I mean this day to end my-  
self,

Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,  
That men like soldiers may not quit  
the post

Allotted by the Gods : but he that  
holds

The Gods are careless, wherefore need  
he care

Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at  
once,

Being troubled, wholly out of sight,  
and sink

Past earthquake—ay, and gout and  
stone, that break

Body toward death, and palsy, death-  
in-life, [ of all,

And wretched age—and worst disease  
These prodigies of myriad nakednesses,

And twisted shapes of lust, unspeak-  
able,

Abominable, strangers at my hearth  
Not welcome, harpies miring every  
dish,

The phantom husks of something foully  
one,

And fleeting thro' the boundless uni-  
verse,

And blasting the long quiet of my  
breast

With animal heat and dire insanity ?

“ How should the mind, except it  
loved them, clasp

These idols to herself ? or do they fly  
Now thinner, and now thicker, like the  
flakes

In a fall of snow, and so press in, per-  
force

Of multitude, as crowds that in an  
hour

Of civic tumult jam the doors, and  
bear

The keepers down, and throng, their  
rags and they,

The basest, far into that council-hall  
Where sit the best and stateliest of  
the land ?

“ Can I not fling this horror off me  
again,

Seeing with how great ease Nature can  
smile,

Balmier and nobler from her bath of  
storm,

At random ravage ? and how easily  
The mountain there has cast his cloudy  
slough,

Now towering o'er him in serenest air,  
A mountain o'er a mountain,—ay, and  
within

All hollow as the hopes and fears of  
men.

“ But who was he, that in the garden  
snared

Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods ? a tale  
To laugh at—more to laugh at in my-  
self—

For look ! what is it ? there ? yon ar-  
butus

Totters ; a noiseless riot underneath  
Strikes through the wood, sets all the  
tops quivering—

The mountain quickens into Nymph  
and Faun ;

And here an Oread—how the sun do  
ghts

To glance and shift about her slippery  
sides,  
And rosy knees and supple rounded-  
ness,  
And budded bosom-peaks.—who this  
way runs  
Before the rest—A satyr, a satyr, see,  
Follows; but him I proved impossi-  
ble;  
Twy-natured is no nature: yet he  
draws  
Nearer and nearer, and I scan him  
now  
Beastlier than any phantom of his  
kind  
That ever butted his rough brother-  
brute  
For lust or lusty blood or provender:  
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and  
she  
Loathes him as well; such a precipi-  
tate heel,  
Fledged as it were with Mercury's an-  
kle-wing,  
Whirls her to me: but will she fling  
herself,  
Shameless upon me? Catch her,  
goatfoot: nay,  
Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wil-  
derness,  
And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide!  
do I wish—  
What?—that the bush were leafless?  
or to overwhelm  
All of them in one massacre? O ye  
Gods,  
I know you careless, yet, behold, to  
you  
From childly wont and ancient use I  
call—  
I thought I lived securely as your-  
selves—  
No lewdness, narrowing-envy, monkey-  
spite,  
No madness of ambition, avarice,  
none:  
No larger feast than under plane or  
pine  
With neighbors laid along the grass, to  
take  
Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,

Affirming each his own philosophy—  
Nothing to mar the sober majesties  
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life.  
But now it seems some unseen monster  
lays  
His vast and filthy hands upon my  
will,  
Wrenching it backward into his: and  
spoils  
My bliss in being; and it was not  
great;  
For save when shutting reasons up in  
rhythm,  
Or Heliconian honey in living words,  
To make a truth less harsh, I often  
grew  
Tired of so much within our little life,  
Or of so little in our little life—  
Poor little life that toddles half an  
hour  
Crown'd with a flower or two, and  
there an end—  
And since the nobler pleasure seems  
to fade,  
Why should I, beastlike as I find my-  
self,  
Not manlike end myself?—our privi-  
lege—  
What beast has heart to do it? And  
what man,  
What Roman would be dragg'd in  
triumph thus?  
Not I; not he, who bears one name  
with her,  
Whose death-blow struck the dateless  
doom of kings,  
When brooking not the Tarquin in her  
veins,  
She made her blood in sight of Colla-  
tine  
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless  
air,  
Spout from the maiden fountain in her  
heart.  
And from it sprang the Common-  
wealth, which breaks  
As I am breaking now!

“And therefore now  
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of  
all,

Great Nature, take, and forcing far  
 apart  
 Those blind beginnings that have made  
 me man  
 Dash them anew together at her will  
 Through all her cycles—into man once  
 more,  
 Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent  
 flower :  
 But till this cosmic order everywhere  
 Shatter'd into one earthquake in one  
 day  
 Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour  
 perhaps  
 Is not so far when momentary man  
 Shall seem no more a something to  
 himself,  
 But he, his hopes and hates, his homes  
 and fanes,  
 And even his bones long laid within  
 the grave,  
 The very sides of the grave itself shall  
 pass,  
 Vanishing, atom and void, atom and  
 void,  
 Into the unseen forever,—till that  
 hour,  
 My golden work in which I told a  
 truth  
 That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,  
 And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake,  
 and plucks  
 The mortal soul from out immortal  
 hell, [last  
 Shall stand: ay, surely: then it fails at  
 And perishes as I must; for O Thou,  
 Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,  
 Yearn'd after by the wisest of the  
 wise,  
 Who fail'd to find thee, being as thou  
 art  
 Without one pleasure and without one  
 pain,  
 Howbeit I know thou surely must be  
 mine  
 Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus  
 I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not  
 How roughly men may woo thee so  
 they win—  
 Thus—thus: the soul flies out and  
 dies in the air.”

With that he drove the knife into  
 his side :  
 She heard him raging, heard him fall ;  
 ran in,  
 Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon  
 herself  
 As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd  
 That she but meant to win him back,  
 fell on him,  
 Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd: he answer'd,  
 “Care not thou !  
 Thy duty ? What is duty ? Fare thee  
 well !”

## THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

[This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio.

A young lover, Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel of it. He speaks of having been haunted in delirium by visions and the sound of bells, sometimes tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage: but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.]

\* \* \* \* \*

HE flies the event: he leaves the event  
 to me :  
 Poor Julian—how he rush'd away; the  
 bells,  
 Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear  
 and heart—  
 But cast a parting glance at me, you  
 saw,  
 As who should say “continue.” Well,  
 he had  
 One golden hour—of triumph shall I  
 say ?  
 Solace at least—before he left his  
 home.

Would you had seen him in that  
 hour of his !  
 He moved thro' all of it majestically—  
 Restrain'd himself quite to the close—  
 but now—

Whether they were his lady's mar-  
 riage-bells,  
 Or prophets of them in his fantasy,



I never ask'd: but Lionel and the  
girl  
Were wedded, and our Julian came  
again  
Back to his mother's house among the  
pines.  
But there, their gloom, the mountains  
and the Bay,  
The whole land weigh'd him down as  
Ætna does  
The Giant of Mythology: he would  
go,  
Would leave the land forever, and had  
gone [yet,"  
Surely, but for a whisper "Go not  
Some warning, and divinely as it  
seem'd  
By that which follow'd—but of this I  
deem  
As of the visions that he told—the  
event [life,  
Glanced back upon them in his after  
And partly made them—tho' he knew  
it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not  
look at her—  
No not for months: but, when the  
eleventh moon  
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,  
Heard yet once more the tolling bell,  
and said,  
Would you could toll me out of life,  
but found—  
All softly as his mother broke it to  
him—  
A crueller reason than a crazy ear,  
For that low knell tolling his lady  
dead—  
Dead—and had lain three days with-  
out a pulse:  
All that look'd on her had pronounced  
her dead.  
And so they bore her (for in Julian's  
land  
They never nail a dumb head up in  
elm),  
Bore her free-faced to the free airs of  
heaven,  
And laid her in the vault of her own  
kin.

What did he then? not die: he is  
here and hale—  
Not plunge headforemost from the  
mountain there,  
And leave the name of Lover's Leap:  
not he:  
He knew the meaning of the whisper  
now,  
Thought that he knew it. "This, I  
stay'd for this;  
O love, I have not seen you for so  
long.  
Now, now, will I go down into the  
grave,  
I will be all alone, with all I love,  
And kiss her on the lips. She is his  
no more:  
The dead returns to me, and I go  
down  
To kiss the dead."

The fancy stirr'd him so  
He rose and went, and entering the  
dim vault,  
And, making there a sudden light be-  
held  
All round about him that which all will  
be.  
The light was but a flash, and went  
again.  
Then at the far end of the vault he  
saw  
His lady with the moonlight on her  
face;  
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars  
Of black and bands of silver, which  
the moon  
Struck from an open grating overhead  
High in the wall, and all the rest of  
her  
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of  
the vault.

"It was my wish," he said, "to pass,  
to sleep,  
To rest, to be with her—till the great  
day  
Peal'd on us with that music which  
rights all,  
And raised us hand in hand." And  
kneeling there

Down in the dreadful dust that once  
 was man,  
 Dust, as he said, that once was loving  
 hearts,  
 Hearts that had beat with such a love  
 as mine—  
 Not such as mine, no, nor for such as  
 her—  
 He softly put his arm about her  
 neck  
 And kiss'd her more than once, till  
 helpless death  
 And silence made him bold—nay, but  
 I wrong him,  
 He revered his dear lady even in  
 death;  
 But, placing his true hand upon her  
 heart,  
 "O, you warm heart," he moan'd, "not  
 even death  
 Can chill you all at once:" then start-  
 ing, thought  
 His dreams had come again. "Do I  
 wake or sleep?  
 Or am I made immortal, or my love  
 Mortal once more?" It beat—the  
 heart—it beat:  
 Faint—but it beat: at which his own  
 began  
 To pulse with such a vehemence that  
 it drown'd  
 The feebler motion underneath his  
 hand.  
 But when at last his doubts were satis-  
 fied,  
 He raised her softly from the sep-  
 ulchre,  
 And, wrapping her all over with the  
 cloak  
 He came in, and now striding fast, and  
 now  
 Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore  
 Holding his golden burthen in his  
 arms,  
 So bore her thro' the solitary land  
 Back to the mother's house where she  
 was born.

There the good mother's kindly min-  
 istering,  
 With half a night's appliances, recall'd

Her fluttering life: she raised an eye  
 that ask'd  
 "Where?" till the things familiar to  
 her youth  
 Had made a silent answer: then she  
 spoke,  
 "Here! and how came I here?" and  
 learning it  
 (They told her somewhat rashly as I  
 think)  
 At once began to wander and to wail,  
 "Ay, but you know that you must give  
 me back:  
 Send! bid him come;" but Lionel was  
 away,  
 Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none  
 knew where.  
 "He casts me out," she wept, "and  
 goes"—a wail  
 That seeming something, yet was noth-  
 ing, born  
 Not from believing mind, but shatter'd  
 nerve,  
 Yet haunting Julian, as her own re-  
 proof  
 At some precipitance in her burial.  
 Then, when her own true spirit had  
 return'd,  
 "O yes, and you," she said, "and  
 none but you.  
 For you have given me life and love  
 again,  
 And none but you yourself shall tell  
 him of it,  
 And you shall give me back when he  
 returns."  
 "Stay then a little," answer'd Julian,  
 "here,  
 And keep yourself, none knowing, to  
 yourself;  
 And I will do your will. I may not  
 stay,  
 No, not an hour; but send me notice  
 of him [turn,  
 When he returns, and then will I re-  
 And I will make a solemn offering of  
 you  
 To him you love." And faintly she  
 replied,  
 "And I will do *your* will, and none  
 shall know."

Not know? with such a secret to  
be known.  
But all their house was old and loved  
them both,  
And all the house had known the loves  
of both;  
Had died almost to serve them any  
way,  
And all the land was waste and soli-  
tary:  
And then he rode away; but after this,  
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came  
Upon her, and that day a boy was  
born,  
Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

And thus our lonely lover rode  
away,  
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,  
There fever seized upon him: myself  
was then  
Travelling that land, and meant to rest  
an hour;  
And sitting down to such a base re-  
past,  
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—  
I heard a groaning overhead, and  
climb'd  
The moulder'd stairs (for everything  
was vile)  
And in a loft, with none to wait on  
him,  
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,  
Raving of dead men's dust and beating  
hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,  
A flat malarian world of reed and  
rush!  
But there from fever and my care of  
him  
Sprang up a friendship that may help  
us yet,  
For while we roam'd along the dreary  
coast,  
And waited for her message, piece by  
piece  
I learnt the drearier story of his life;  
And, tho' he loved and honor'd Lionel,  
Found that the sudden wail his lady  
made

Dwelt in his fancy: did he know her  
worth,  
Her beauty even? should he not be  
taught,  
Ev'n by the price that others set upon  
it,  
The value of that jewel he had to  
guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we  
past,  
I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind,  
the soul:  
*That* makes the sequel pure; tho'  
some of us  
Beginning at the sequel know no more.  
Not such am I: and yet I say, the  
bird  
That will not hear my call, however  
sweet,  
But if my neighbor whistle answers  
him—  
What matter? there are others in the  
wood.  
Yet when I saw her (and I thought  
him crazed,  
Tho' not with such a craziness as  
needs  
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of  
hers—  
Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes  
alone,  
But all from these to where she touch'd  
on earth,  
For such a craziness as Julian's seem'd  
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she  
came  
To greet us, her young hero in her  
arms!  
"Kiss him," she said. "You gave  
me life again.  
He, but for you, had never seen it  
once.  
His other father you! Kiss him, and  
then  
Forgive him, if his name be Julian  
too."



Talk of lost hopes and broken heart !  
 his own  
 Sent such a flame into his face, I  
 knew  
 Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him  
 there.

But he was all the more resolved to  
 go,  
 And sent at once to Lionel, praying  
 him  
 By that great love they both had borne  
 the dead,  
 To come and revel for one hour with  
 him  
 Before he left the land forevermore ;  
 And then to friends—they were not  
 many—who lived  
 Scatteringly about that lonely land of  
 his,  
 And bade them to a banquet of fare-  
 wells.

And Julian made a solemn feast ; I  
 never  
 Sat at a costlier ; for all round his hall  
 From column on to column, as in a  
 wood,  
 Not such as here—an equatorial one,  
 Great garlands swung and blossom'd ;  
 and beneath,  
 Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of  
 Art,  
 Chalice and salver, wines that, Heaven  
 knows when,  
 Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten  
 sun,  
 And kept it thro' a hundred years of  
 gloom,  
 Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups  
 Where nymph and god ran ever round  
 in gold—  
 Others of glass as costly—some with  
 gems  
 Movable and resettable at will,  
 And trebling all the rest in value—Ah  
 heavens !  
 Why need I tell you all ?—suffice to  
 say  
 That whatsoever such a house as his,  
 And his was old, has in it rare or fair

Was brought before the guest : and  
 they, the guests,  
 Wonder'd at some strange light in  
 Julian's eyes  
 (I told you that he had his golden  
 hour),  
 And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd  
 To such a time, to Lionel's loss and  
 his,  
 And that resolved self-exile from a  
 land  
 He never would revisit, such a feast  
 So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n  
 than rich,  
 But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the  
 hall  
 Two great funereal curtains, looping  
 down,  
 Parted a little ere they met the floor,  
 About a picture of his lady, taken  
 Some years before, and falling hid the  
 frame.  
 And just above the parting was a  
 lamp :  
 So the sweet figure folded round with  
 night  
 Seem'd stepping out of darkness with  
 a smile.

Well then—our solemn feast—we  
 ate and drank,  
 And might—the wines being of such  
 nobleness—  
 Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,  
 And something weird and wild about  
 it all :  
 What was it ? for our lover seldom  
 spoke,  
 Scarce touch'd the meats ; but ever  
 and anon  
 A priceless goblet with a priceless  
 wine  
 Arising, show'd he drank beyond his  
 use :  
 And when the feast was near an end,  
 he said :

"There is a custom in the Orient,  
 friends—  
 I read of it in Persia—when a man

Will honor those who feast with him,  
 he brings  
 And shows them whatsoever he ac-  
 counts  
 Of all his treasures the most beautiful,  
 Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may  
 be.  
 This custom—"

Pausing here a moment, all  
 The guests broke in upon him with  
 meeting hands  
 And cries about the banquet—" Beau-  
 tiful !  
 Who could desire more beaut- at a  
 feast ? "

The lover answer'd, " There is more  
 than one  
 Here sitting who desires it. Laud me  
 not  
 Before my time, but hear me to the  
 close.  
 This custom steps yet further when  
 the guest  
 Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.  
 For after he has shown him gems or  
 gold,  
 He brings and sets before him in rich  
 guise  
 That which is thrice as beautiful as  
 these,  
 The beauty that is dearest to his  
 heart—  
 ' O my heart's lord, would I could  
 show you,' he says.  
 ' Ev'n my heart too.' And I propose  
 to-night  
 To show you what is dearest to my  
 heart,  
 And my heart too.

" But solve me first a doubt  
 I knew a man, nor many years ago ;  
 He had a faithful servant, one who  
 loved  
 His master more than all on earth  
 beside.  
 He falling sick, and seeming close on  
 death,  
 His master would not wait until he  
 died,

But bade his menials bear him from  
 the door,  
 And leave him in the public way to die.  
 I knew another, not so long ago,  
 Who found the dying servant, took him  
 home,  
 And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved  
 his life.  
 I ask you now, should this first master  
 claim  
 His service, whom does it belong to ?  
 him  
 Who thrust him out, or him who saved  
 his life ? "

This question, so flung down before  
 the guests,  
 And balanced either way by each, at  
 length  
 When some were doubtful how the law  
 would hold,  
 Was handed over by consent of all  
 To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of  
 phrase.  
 And he beginning languidly—his loss  
 Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as  
 he went,  
 Glanced at the point of law, to pass it  
 by,  
 Affirming that as long as either lived,  
 By all the laws of love and gratefulness,  
 The service of the one so saved was  
 due  
 All to the saver—adding, with a smile,  
 The first for many weeks—a semi-smile  
 As at a strong conclusion—" body and  
 soul  
 And life and limbs, all his to work his  
 will."

Then Julian made a secret sign to  
 me  
 To bring Camilla down before them all  
 And crossing her own picture as she  
 came,  
 And looking as much lovelier as her-  
 self  
 Is lovelier than all others—on her  
 head  
 A diamond circlet and from under this

A veil, that seem'd no more than gilded  
 air,  
 Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern  
 gauze  
 With seeds of gold—so, with that grace  
 of hers,  
 Slow-moving as a wave against the  
 wind,  
 That flings a mist behind it in the sun—  
 And bearing high in arms the mighty  
 babe,  
 The younger Julian, who himself was  
 crown'd  
 With roses, none so rosy as himself—  
 And over all her babe and her the  
 jewels  
 Of many generations of his house  
 Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked  
 them out  
 As for a solemn sacrifice of love—  
 So she came in :—I am long in telling  
 it,  
 I never yet beheld a thing so strange,  
 Sad, sweet, and strange together—  
 floated in,—  
 While all the guests in mute amaze-  
 ment rose,—  
 And slowly pacing to the middle hall,  
 Before the board, there paused and  
 stood, her breast  
 Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her  
 feet,  
 Not daring yet to glance at Lionel  
 But him she carried, him nor lights nor  
 feast  
 Dazed or amaz'd, nor eyes of men ;  
 who cared  
 Only to use his own, and staring wide  
 And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd  
 world  
 About him, look'd, as he is like to  
 prove,  
 When Julian goes, the lord of all he  
 saw.

“My guests,” said Julian : “you  
 are honor'd now  
 Ev'n to the uttermost : in her behold  
 Of all my treasures the most beautiful,  
 Of all things upon earth the dearest to  
 me.”

Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,  
 Led his dear lady to a chair of state.  
 And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face  
 Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again  
 Thrice in a second, felt him tremble  
 too,  
 And heard him muttering, “So like, so  
 like :  
 She never had a sister. I knew none.  
 Some cousin of his and hers—O God,  
 so like !”  
 And then he suddenly ask'd her if she  
 were.  
 She shook, and cast her eyes down, and  
 was dumb.  
 And then some other question'd if she  
 came  
 From foreign lands, and still she did  
 not speak.  
 Another, if the boy were hers : but she  
 To all their queries answer'd not a  
 word,  
 Which made the amazement more, till  
 one of them  
 Said, shuddering, “Her spectre !” But  
 his friend  
 Replied, in half a whisper, “Not at  
 least  
 The spectre that will speak if spoken  
 to.  
 Terrible pity, if one so beautiful  
 Prove, as I almost dread to find her,  
 dumb !”

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd  
 all :  
 “She is but dumb, because in her you  
 see  
 That faithful servant whom we spoke  
 about,  
 Obedient to her second master now ;  
 Which will not last. I have here to-  
 night a guest  
 So bound to me by common love and  
 loss—  
 What ! shall I bind him more ? in his  
 behalf,  
 Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him  
 That which of all things is the dearest  
 to me,



Not only showing ? and he himself pronounced  
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

“ Now all be dumb, and promise all of you

Not to break in on what I say by word  
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart.”

And then began the story of his love  
As here to-day, but not so wordily—  
The passionate moment would not suffer that—

Past thro’ his visions to the burial;  
thence

Down to this last strange hour in his own hall ;

And then rose up, and with him all his guests [he,

Once more as by enchantment ; all but Lionel, who fain had risen, but fell again,

And sat as if in chains—to whom he said :

“ Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife :

And were it only for the giver’s sake,  
And tho’ she seems so like the one you lost,

Yet cast her not away so suddenly.  
Lest there be none left here to bring,  
her back :

I leave this land forever.” Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,

And bearing on one arm the noble babe,

He slowly brought them both to Lionel.  
And there the widower husband and dead wife

Rush’d each at each with a cry, that rather seem’d

For some new death than for a life renew’d ;

At this the very babe began to wail ;  
At once they turn’d, and caught and brought him in

To their charm’d circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him closed and claspt again.

But Lionel, when at last he freed himself

From wife and child, and lifted up a face

All over glowing with the sun of life,  
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this

So frightened our good friend, that turning to me

And saying, “ It is over : let us go ”—  
There were our horses ready at the doors—

We bade them no farewell, but mounting these

He past forever from his native land ;  
And I with him, my Julian back to mine.

## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

NOTE.—The Poems which follow include all those which have been omitted by the author from his latest revised editions, or never acknowledged by him. They are here printed, because, although unsanctioned by Mr. Tennyson, they have recently been collected from various sources, and printed in *America*.

### TIMBUCTOO.\*

"Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies  
A mystic city, goal of high emprise."

—CHAPMAN.

I STOOD upon the Mountain which  
o'erlooks

The narrow seas, whose rapid interval  
Parts Afric from green Europe, when  
the Sun

Had fall'n below th' Atlantic, and  
above

The silent heavens were blench'd with  
fairy light,

Uncertain whether fairy light or cloud,  
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of  
deep, deep blue

Slumber'd unfathomable, and the stars  
Were flooded over with clear glory  
and pale.

I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,  
There where the Giant of old Time  
infix'd

The limits of his prowess, pillars high  
Long time erased from earth: even as  
the Sea

When weary of wild inroad buildeth  
up

Huge mounds whereby to stay his  
yeasty waves.

And much I mused on legends quaint  
and old

Which whilome won the hearts of all  
on earth

Towards their brightness, ev'n as flame  
draws air; [man

But had their being in the heart o'  
As air is th' life of flame: and thou  
wert then

A centred glory-circled memory,  
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves  
Have buried deep, and thou of later  
name,

Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold:  
Shadows to which, despite all shocks  
of change,

All on-set of capricious accident,  
Men clung with yearning hope which  
would not die.

As when in some great city where the  
walls

Shake, and the streets with ghastly  
faces thronged,

Do utter forth a subterranean voice,  
Among the inner columns far retired  
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,  
Before the awful genius of the place  
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith,  
the while

Above her head the weak lamp dips  
and winks

Unto the fearful summoning without:  
Nathless she ever clasps the marble  
knees,

Bathes the cold hand with tears, and  
gazeth on

Those eyes which wear no light but  
that wherewith

Her fantasy informs them.

\* A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, MDCCCXXIX. By A. Tennyson, of Trinity College.

Where are ye,  
 Thrones of the Western wave, fair  
 Islands green?  
 Where are your moonlight halls, your  
 cedarn glooms,  
 The blossoming abysses of your hills?  
 Your flowering capes, and your gold-  
 sanded bays  
 Blown round with happy airs of odor-  
 ous winds?  
 Where are the infinite ways, which,  
 seraph-trod,  
 Wound through your great Elysian  
 solitudes,  
 Whose lowest depths were, as with  
 visible love,  
 Filled with Divine effulgence, circum-  
 fused,  
 Flowing between the clear and pol-  
 ished stems,  
 And ever circling round their emerald  
 cones  
 In coronals and glories, such as gird  
 The unfading foreheads of the Saints  
 in Heaven?  
 For nothing visible, they say, had  
 birth  
 In that blest ground, but it was played  
 about  
 With its peculiar glory. Then I  
 raised  
 My voice and cried, "Wide Afric, doth  
 thy Sun  
 Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair  
 As those which starred the night o' the  
 elder world?  
 Or is the rumor of thy Timbuctoo  
 A dream as frail as those of ancient  
 time?"  
 A curve of whitening, flashing, ebb-  
 ing light!  
 A rustling of white wings! the bright  
 descent  
 Of a young Seraph! and he stood be-  
 side me  
 There on the ridge, and looked into  
 my face  
 With his unutterable, shining orbs,  
 So that with hasty motion I did veil  
 My vision with both hands, and saw  
 before me

Such colored spots as dance athwart  
 the eyes  
 Of those that gaze upon the noonday  
 Sun.  
 Girt with a zone of flashing gold be-  
 neath  
 His breast, and compassed round about  
 his brow  
 With triple arch of everchanging  
 bows,  
 And circled with the glory of living  
 light  
 And alternation of all hues, he stood.  
 "O child of man, why muse you  
 here alone  
 Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of  
 old  
 Which filled the earth with passing  
 loveliness,  
 Which flung strange music on the  
 howling winds,  
 And odors rapt from remote Paradise?  
 Thy sense is clogged with dull mor-  
 tality:  
 Open thine eyes and see."  
 I looked, but not  
 Upon his face, for it was wonderful  
 With its exceeding brightness, and the  
 light  
 Of the great Angel Mind which looked  
 from out  
 The starry glowing of his restless eyes.  
 I felt my soul grow mighty, and my  
 spirit  
 With supernatural excitation bound  
 Within me, and my mental eye grew  
 large  
 With such a vast circumference of  
 thought,  
 That in my vanity I seemed to stand  
 Upon the outward verge and bound  
 alone  
 Of full beatitude. Each failing sense,  
 As with a momentary flash of light,  
 Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I  
 saw  
 The smallest grain that dappled the  
 dark earth,  
 The indistinctest atom in deep air,  
 The Moon's white cities, and the opa'  
 width



Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights  
 Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,  
 And the unsounded, undescended depth  
 Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy  
 Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful,  
 Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,  
 Blaze within blaze, an unimagined depth  
 And harmony of planet-girded suns  
 And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,  
 Arched the wan sapphire. Nay—the hum of men,  
 Or other things talking in unknown tongues,  
 And notes of busy life in distant worlds [ear.  
 Beat like a far wave on my anxious  
 A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,  
 Involving and embracing each with each,  
 Rapid as fire, inextricably linked,  
 Expanding momentarily with every sight  
 And sound which struck the palpitating sense,  
 The issue of strong impulse, hurried through  
 The riven rapt brain; as when in some large lake  
 From pressure of descendent crags, which lapse  
 Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope  
 At slender interval, the level calm  
 Is ridged with restless and increasing spheres  
 Which break upon each other, each th' effect  
 Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong  
 Than its precursor, till the eye in vain  
 Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade  
 Dappled with hollow and alternate rise  
 Of interpenetrated arc, would scan  
 Definite round.

I know not if I shape  
 These things with accurate similitude  
 From visible objects, for but dimly now,  
 Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,  
 The memory of that mental excellence  
 Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine  
 The indecision of my present mind  
 With its past clearness, yet it seems to me  
 As even then the torrent of quick thought  
 Absorbed me from the nature of itself  
 With its own fleetness. Where is he, that borne  
 Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,  
 Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,  
 And muse midway with philosophic calm  
 Upon the wondrous laws which regulate  
 The fierceness of the bounding element?  
 My thoughts which long had grovelled in the slime  
 Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house  
 Beneath unshaken waters, but at once  
 Upon some earth-awakening day of Spring  
 Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft  
 Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides  
 Double display of star-lit wings, which burn  
 Fan-like and fibred with intensest bloom;  
 Even so my thoughts erewhile so low, now felt  
 Unutterable buoyancy and strength  
 To bear them upward through the trackless fields  
 Of undefined existence far and free.  
 Then first within the South me-thought I saw  
 A wilderness of spires, and crystal pile  
 Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,

Illimitable range of battlement  
On battlement, and the Imperial height  
Of canopy o'ercanopied.

Behind

In diamond light upspring the daz-  
zling peaks

Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's  
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each  
aloft

Upon his narrowed eminence bore  
globes

Of wheeling suns, or stars, or sem-  
blances

Of either, showering circular abyss  
Of radiance. But the glory of the  
place

Stood out a pillared front of burnished  
gold,

Interminably high, if gold it were  
Or metal more ethereal, and beneath  
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where  
no gaze

Might rest, stood open, and the eye  
could scan,

Through lengths of porch and valve  
and boundless hall,

Part of a throne of fiery flame, where-  
from

The snowy skirting of a garment hung,  
And glimpse of multitude of multi-  
tudes

That ministered around it—if I saw  
These things distinctly, for my human  
brain

Staggered beneath the vision, and thick  
night

Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.  
With ministering hand he raised me  
up :

Then with a mournful and ineffable  
smile,

Which but to look on for a moment  
filled

My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,  
In accents of majestic melody,

Like a swoln river's gushings in still  
night

Mingled with floating music, thus he  
spake :

"There is no mightier Spirit than I  
to sway

The heart of man: and teach him to  
attain

By shadowing forth the Unattainable ;  
And step by step to scale that mighty  
stair

Whose landing-place is wrapt about  
with clouds

Of glory of heaven.\* With earliest  
light of Spring,

And in the glow of fallow Summertime,  
And in red Autumn when the winds are  
wild

With gambols, and when full-voiced  
Winter roofs

The headlands with inviolate white  
snow,

I play about his heart a thousand ways,  
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears  
With harmonies of wind and wave and  
wood,

—Of winds which tells of waters, and  
of waters

Betraying the close kisses of the wind—  
And win him unto me : and few there  
be

So gross of heart who have not felt and  
known

A higher than they see : they with dim  
eyes

Behold me darkling. Lo ! I have given  
thee

To understand my presence, and to feel  
My fulness : I have filled thy lips with  
power.

I have raised thee nigher to the spheres  
of heaven,

Man's first, last home : and thou with  
ravished sense

Listenest the lordly music flowing from  
The illimitable years. I am the Spirit,  
The permeating life which courseth  
through

All th' intricate and labyrinthine veins  
Of the great vine of Fable, which, out-  
spread

With growth of shadowing leaf and  
clusters rare,

Reacheth to every corner under heaven,

\* "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in  
heaven is perfect,"

Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth ;  
 So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in  
 The fragrance of its complicated glooms,  
 And cool impeachéd twilights. Child of man,  
 Seest thou yon river, whose translucent wave,  
 Forth issuing from the darkness, wind-eth through  
 The argent streets o' the city, imaging  
 The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,  
 Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,  
 Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,  
 Her obelisks of rangéd chrysolite,  
 Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by,  
 And gulfs himself in sands, as not enduring  
 To carry through the world those waves, which bore

The reflex of my city in their depth.  
 O city! O latest throne! where I was raised  
 To be a mystery of loveliness  
 Unto all eyes, the time is wellnigh come  
 When I must render up this glorious home  
 To keen Discovery ; soon yon brilliant towers  
 Shall darken with the waving of her wand ;  
 Darken and shrink and shiver into huts.  
 Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,  
 Low-built, -mud-walled, barbarian settlements.  
 How changed from this fair city !"  
 Thus far the spirit :  
 Then parted heavenward on the wing :  
 and I  
 Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon  
 Had fallen from the night, and all was dark !

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POEMS PUBLISHED IN THE EDITION OF 1830,  
 AND OMITTED IN LATER EDITIONS.

ELEGIACS.

LOW-FLOWING breezes are roaming the  
 broad valley dimmed in the gloam-  
 ing :  
 Thro' the black-stemmed pines only  
 the far river shines.  
 Creeping through blossomy rushes and  
 bowers of rose-blowing bushes,  
 Down by the poplar tall rivulets bab-  
 ble and fall.  
 Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerily ;  
 the grasshopper carolleteth clearly ;  
 Deeply the turtle cooes ; shrilly the  
 owlet halloo ;  
 Winds creep : dews fall chilly : in her  
 first sleep earth breathes stilly :

Over the pools in the burn water gnat  
 murmur and mourn.  
 Sadly the far kine loweth : the glim-  
 mering water outfloweth :  
 Twin peaks shadowed with pine slope  
 to the dark hyaline.  
 Low-throned Hesper is stayéd betw  
 the two peaks ; but the Naiad  
 Throbbing in wild unrest holds him be-  
 neath in her breast.  
 The ancient poetess singeth that Hes-  
 perus all things bringeth,  
 Smoothing the wearied mind : bring  
 me my love, Rosalind.  
 Thou comest morning and even ; she  
 cometh not morning or even.  
 False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is  
 my sweet Rosalind ?



## THE "HOW" AND THE "WHY."

?

I AM any man's suitor,  
 If any will be my tutor:  
 Some say this life is pleasant,  
 Some think it speedeth fast,  
 In time there is no present,  
 In eternity no future,  
 In eternity no past.  
 We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,  
 Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The bulrush nods unto its brother.  
 The wheatears whisper to each other:  
 What is it they say? what do they  
 there?

Why two and two make four? why  
 round is not square?

Why the rock stands still, and the light  
 clouds fly?

Why the heavy oak groans, and the  
 white willows sigh?

Why deep is not high, and high is not  
 deep?

Whether we wake or whether we  
 sleep?

Whether we sleep, or whether we die?  
 How you are you? why I am I?

Who will riddle me the *how* and the  
*why*?

The world is somewhat; it goes on  
 somehow:

But what is the meaning of *then* and  
*now*?

I feel there is something; but how  
 and what?

I know there is somewhat: but what  
 and why?

I cannot tell if that somewhat be I.  
 The little bird pipeth—"why?  
 why?"

In the summer woods when the sun  
 falls low,

And the great bird sits on the opposite  
 bough,

And stares in his face and shouts  
 "how? how?"

And the black owl scuds down the  
 mellow twilight,  
 And chants "how? how?" the whole  
 of the night.

Why the life goes out when the blood  
 is spilt?

What the life is? where the soul may  
 lie?

Why a church is with a steeple built:  
 And a house with a chimney-pot?

Who will riddle me the how and the  
 what?

Who will riddle me the what and  
 the why?

## SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND  
 NOT IN UNITY WITH ITSELF

O GOD! my God! have mercy now.  
 I faint, I fall. Men say that thou  
 Didst die for me, for such as *me*,  
 Patient of ill, and death, and scorn,  
 And that my sin was as a thorn  
 Among the thorns that girt thy brow,  
 Wounding thy soul.—That even now,  
 In this extremest misery  
 Of ignorance, I should require  
 A sign! and if a bolt of fire  
 Would rive the slumberous summer  
 noon

While I do pray to thee alone,  
 Think my belief would stronger grow!  
 Is not my human pride brought low?  
 The boastings of my spirit still?  
 The joy I had in my free will  
 All cold, and dead, and corpse-like  
 grown?

And what is left to me, but thou,  
 And faith in thee? Men pass me by,  
 Christians with happy countenances—  
 And children all seem full of thee!  
 And women smile with saintlike  
 glances

Like thine own mother's when she  
 bowed

Above thee, on that happy morn  
 When angels spake to men aloud,

And thou and peace to earth were born.  
 Goodwill to me as well as all—  
 —I one of them: my brothers they;  
 Brothers in ~~Christ~~—a world of peace,  
 A confidence, day after day;  
 And trust and hope till things should  
 cease,  
 And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith!  
 To hold a common scorn of death!  
 And at a burial to hear  
 The creaking cords which wound and  
 eat

Into my human heart, whene'er  
 Earth goes to earth, with grief, not fear,  
 With hopeful grief, were passing  
 sweet!

A grief not uninformed, and dull,  
 Hearted with hope, of hope as full  
 As is the blood with life, or night  
 And a dark cloud with rich moonlight.  
 To stand beside a grave, and see  
 The red small atoms wherewith we  
 Are built, and smile in calm, and  
 say—

“These little motes and grains shall be  
 Clothed on with immortality  
 More glorious than the noon of day.

All that is pass'd into the flowers,  
 And into beasts and other men,  
 And all the Norland whirlwind shsower  
 From open vaults, and all the sea  
 O'erwashes with sharp salts, again  
 Shall fleet together all, and be  
 Indued with immortality.

Thrice happy state again to be  
 The trustful infant on the knee!  
 Who lets his waxen fingers play  
 About his mother's neck, and knows  
 Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.  
 They comfort him by night and day,  
 They light his little life alway;  
 He hath no thought of coming woes  
 He hath no care of life or death,  
 Scarce outward signs of joy arise,  
 Because the Spirit of happiness  
 And perfect rest so inward is;  
 And loveth so his innocent heart,  
 Her temple and her place of birth,  
 Where she would ever wish to dwell

Life of the fountain there, beneath  
 Its salient springs, and far apart,  
 Hating to wander out on earth,  
 Or breathe into the hollow air,  
 Whose chillness would make visible  
 Her subtle, warm, and golden breath,  
 Which mixing with the infant's blood,  
 Full fills him with beatitude.  
 Oh! sure it is a special care  
 Of God, to fortify from doubt,  
 To arm in proof, and guard about  
 With triple mailéd trust, and clear  
 Delight, the infant's dawning year.  
 Would that my gloomed fancy were  
 As thine, my mother, when with brows  
 Propped on thy knees, my hands up-  
 held

In thine, I listened to thy vows,  
 For me outpoured in holiest prayer—  
 For me unworthy!—and beheld  
 The mild deep eyes upraised, that knew  
 The beauty and repose of faith,  
 And the clear spirit shining through.  
 Oh! wherefore do we grow awry  
 From roots which strike so deep? why  
 dare

Paths in the desert? Could not I  
 Bow myself down, where thou hast  
 knelt,

To th' earth—until the ice would melt  
 Here, and I feel as thou hast felt?  
 What Devil had the heart to scathe  
 Flowers thou hadst reared—to brush  
 the dew

From thine own lily, when thy grave  
 Was deep, my mother, in the clay?  
 Myself? Is it thus? Myself? Had I  
 So little love for thee? But why  
 Prevailed not thy pure prayers? Why  
 pray

To one who heeds not, who can save  
 But will not? Great in faith, and strong  
 Against the grief of circumstance  
 Wert thou, and yet unheard? What if  
 Thou pleadest still, and seest me drive  
 Through utter dark a full-sailed skiff,  
 Unpiloted i' the echoing dance  
 Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low  
 Unto the death, not sunk! I know  
 At matins and at evensong,  
 That thou, if thou wert yet alive,

In deep and daily prayers wouldst  
strive

To reconcile me with thy God.

Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold  
At heart, thou wouldst murmur still  
"Bring this lamb back into thy fold,  
My Lord, if so it be thy will."

Wouldst tell me I must brook the rod,  
And chastisement of human pride :  
That pride, the sin of devils, stood  
Betwixt me and the light of God !  
That hitherto I had defied,  
And had rejected God—that Grace  
Would drop from his o'erbrimming  
love,

As manna on my wilderness,  
If I would pray—that God would move  
And strike the hard, hard rock, and  
thence,

Sweet in their utmost bitterness,  
Would issue tears of penitence  
Which would keep green hope's life.

Alas !

I think that pride hath now no place  
Or sojourn in me. I am void,  
Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then ? Why not yet  
Anchor thy frailty there, where man  
Hath moored and rested ? Ask the sea  
At midnight, when the crisp slope  
waves

After a tempest, rib and fret  
The broad-imbaséd beach, why he  
Slumbers not like a mountain tarn ?  
Wherefore his ridges are not curls  
And ripples of an inland meer ?  
Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can  
Draw down into his vexéd pools  
All that blue heaven which hues and  
paves

The other ? I am too forlorn,  
Too shaken : my own weakness fools  
My judgment, and my spirit whirls,  
Moved from beneath with doubt and  
fear.

"Yet," said I, in my morn of youth,  
The unsunned freshness of my strength  
When I went forth in quest of truth,  
"It is man's privilege to doubt,

If so be that from doubt at length,  
Truth may stand forth unmoved of  
change,

An image with profulgent brows,  
And perfect limbs, as from the storm  
Of running fires and fluid range  
Of lawless airs at last stood out  
This excellence and solid form  
Of constant beauty. For the Ox  
Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills  
The hornéd valleys all about,  
And hollows of the fringed hills  
In summer heats, with placid lows  
Unfearing, till his own blood flows  
About his hoof. And in the flocks  
The lamb rejoiceth in the year,  
And raceth freely with his fere,  
And answers to his mother's calls  
From the flowered furrow. In a time,  
Of which he wots not, run short pains  
Through his warm heart : and then,  
from whence

He knows not, on his light there falls  
A shadow ; and his native slope  
Where he was wont to leap and climb,  
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,  
And something in the darkness draws  
His forehead earthward, and he dies.  
Shall man live thus, in joy and hope  
As a young lamb, who cannot dre  
Living, but that he shall live on ?  
Shall we not look into the laws  
Of life and death, and things that seem,  
And things that be, and analyze  
Our double nature, and compare  
All creeds till we have found the one,  
If one there be ?" Ay me ! I fear  
All may not doubt, but everywhere  
Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God  
Whom call I Idol ? Let thy dove  
Shadow me over, and my sins  
Be unremembered, and thy love  
Enlighten me. O teach me yet  
Somewhat before the heavy clod  
Weighs on me, and the busy fret  
Of that sharp-headed worm begins  
In the gross blackness underneath.

O weary life ! O weary death !  
O spirit and heart made desolate !  
O damnéd vacillating state !



## THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

His eyes in eclipse,  
 Pale-cold his lips,  
 The light of his hopes unfed,  
 Mute his tongue,  
 His bow unstrung  
 With the tears he hath shed,  
 Backward drooping his graceful head,  
 Love is dead:  
 His last arrow is sped;  
 He hath not another dart;  
 Go—carry him to his dark deathbed;  
 Bury him in the cold, cold heart—  
 Love is dead.

O truest love! art thou forlorn,  
 And unrevenged? thy pleasant wiles  
 Forgotten, and thine innocent joy?  
 Shall hollow-hearted apathy,  
 The cruellest form of perfect scorn,  
 With languor of most hateful smiles,  
 Forever write,  
 In the withered light  
 Of the tearless eye,  
 An epitaph that all may spy?  
 No! sooner she herself shall die.

For her the showers shall not fall,  
 Nor the round sun shine that shineth  
 to all;  
 Her light shall into darkness change;  
 For her the green grass shall not spring,  
 Nor the rivers flow, nor the sweet birds  
 sing,  
 Till Love have his full revenge.

TO ———.

SAINTED Juliet! dearest name!  
 If to love be life alone,  
 Divinest Juliet,  
 I love thee, and live; and yet  
 Love unreturned is like the fragrant  
 flame  
 Folding the slaughter of the sacrifice  
 Offered to gods upon an altar-  
 throne;  
 My heart is lighted at thine eyes,  
 Changed into fire, and blown about  
 with sighs.

## SONG

## I.

I' THE glooming light  
 Of middle night  
 So cold and white,  
 Worn Sorrow sits by the moaning  
 wave,  
 Beside her are laid  
 Her mattock and spade,  
 For she hath half delved her own  
 deep grave.  
 Alone she is there:  
 The white clouds drizzle: her hair falls  
 loose:  
 Her shoulders are bare; •  
 Her tears are mixed with the beaded  
 dews.

## II.

Death standeth by;  
 She will not die;  
 With glazed eye  
 She looks at her grave she cannot  
 sleep;  
 Ever alone  
 She maketh her moan:  
 She cannot speak: she can only weep,  
 For she will not hope.  
 The thick snow falls on her flake by  
 flake,  
 The dull wave mourns down  
 the slope,  
 The world will not change, and her  
 heart will not break.

## SONG.

## I.

THE lintwhite and the throistlecock  
 Have voices sweet and clear;  
 All in the bloomed May.  
 They from the blosmy brere  
 Call to the fleeting year,  
 If that he would them hear  
 And stay.  
 Alas! that one so beautiful  
 Should have so dull an ear!

## II.

Fair year, fair year, thy children call,  
 But thou art deaf as death;  
     All in the blooméd May.  
 When thy light perisheth  
 That from thee issueth,  
 Our life evanisheth:  
     O, stay!  
 Alas! that lips so cruel-dumb  
 Should have so sweet a breath!

## III.

Fair year, with brows of royal love  
 Thou comest, as a king,  
     All in the blooméd May.  
 Thy golden largess fling  
 And longer hear us sing;  
 Though thou art fleet of wing,  
     Yet stay.  
 Alas! that eyes so full of light  
 Should be so wandering!

## IV.

Thy locks are all of sunny sheen  
 In rings of gold yronne,\*  
     All in the blooméd May.  
 We pri'thee pass not on;  
 If thou dost leave the sun,  
 Delight is with thee gone.  
     O, stay!  
 Thou art the fairest of thy feres,  
 We pri'thee pass not on.

## SONG.

## I.

EVERY day hath its night:  
 Every night its morn:  
 Thorough dark and bright  
 Wingéd hours are borne;  
     Ah! welaway!  
 Seasons flower and fade;  
 Golden calm and storm  
     Mingle day by day.  
 There is no bright form  
 Doth not cast a shade—  
     Ah! welaway!

## II.

When we laugh, and our mirth  
 Apes the happy vein,  
 We're so kin to earth,  
 Pleasaunce fathers pain—  
     Ah! welaway!  
 Madness laugheth loud:  
 Laughter bringeth tears:  
     Eyes are worn away  
 Till the end of fears  
 Cometh in the shroud,  
     Ah! welaway!

## III.

All is change, woe or weal;  
 Joy is Sorrow's brother;  
 Grief and gladness steal  
 Symbols of each other:  
     Ah! welaway!  
 Larks in heaven's cope  
 Sing: the culvers mourn  
     All the livelong day.  
 Be not all forlorn:  
 Let us weep in hope—  
     Ah! welaway!

## NOTHING WILL DIE.

WHEN will the streams be aweary of  
 flowing  
 Under my eye?  
 When will the wind be aweary of  
 blowing  
 Over the sky?  
 When will the clouds be aweary of  
 fleeting?  
 When will the heart be aweary of beat-  
 ing?  
 And nature die?  
 Never, O never! nothing will die;  
 The stream flows,  
 The wind blows,  
 The cloud fleets,  
 The heart beats,  
     Nothing will die.  
 Nothing will die;  
 All things will change  
 Through eternity.  
 'Tis the world's winter:

\* "His orispè hair in ringlis was yronne."  
 CHAUCER, *Knightes Tale*.

Autumn and summer  
 Are gone long ago.  
**E**arth is dry to the centre,  
 But spring a new comer—  
**A** spring rich and strange,  
 Shall make the winds blow  
 Round and round,  
 Through and through,  
 Here and there,  
 Till the air  
 And the ground  
 Shall be fill'd with life anew.  
**T**he world was never made;  
**I**t will change, but it will not fade.  
 So let the wind range;  
 For ever and morn  
 Ever will be  
 Through eternity.  
 Nothing was born;  
 Nothing will die;  
**A**ll things will change.

---

## ALL THINGS WILL DIE.

**C**LEARLY the blue river chimes in its  
 flowing  
 Under my eye;  
**W**armly and broadly the south winds  
 are blowing  
 Over the sky.  
**O**ne after another the white clouds are  
 fleeting;  
**E**very heart this May morning in  
 joyance is beating  
 Full merrily;  
 Yet all things must die.  
**T**he stream will cease to flow;  
**T**he wind will cease to blow;  
**T**he clouds will cease to fleet;  
**T**he heart will cease to beat;  
 For all things must die.

All things must die.  
**S**pring will come nevermore.  
 O, vanity!  
**D**eath waits at the door.  
**S**ee! our friends are all forsaking  
**T**he wine and merrymaking.  
**W**e are called—we must go.  
**L**aid low, very low,

**I**n the dark we must lie.  
**T**he merry glees are still;  
**T**he voice of the bird  
 Shall no more be heard,  
**N**or the wind on the hill.  
 O, misery!  
**H**ark! death is calling  
**W**hile I speak to ye,  
**T**he jaw is falling,  
**T**he red cheek paling,  
**T**he strong limbs failing;  
**I**ce with the warm blood mixing;  
**T**he eyeballs fixing.  
**N**ine times goes the passing bell  
**Y**e merry souls, farewell.

**T**he old earth  
 Had a birth,  
 As all men know  
 Long ago.  
**A**nd the old earth must die.  
**S**o let the warm winds range,  
**A**nd the blue wave beat the  
 shore;  
**F**or even and morn  
**Y**e will never see  
**T**hrough eternity.  
**A**ll things were born.  
**Y**e will come nevermore,  
**F**or all things must die.

---

## HERO TO LEANDER.

**O** GO not yet, my love!  
**T**he night is dark and vast;  
**T**he white moon is hid in her heaven  
 above,  
**A**nd the waves climb high and fast.  
**O**, kiss me, kiss me, once again,  
 Lest thy kiss should be the last!  
**O** kiss me ere we part;  
**G**row closer to my heart!  
**M**y heart is warmer surely than the  
 bosom of the main.  
**O** joy! O bliss of blisses!  
**M**y heart of hearts art thou.  
**C**ome bathe me with thy kisses,  
**M**y eyelids and my brow.  
**H**ark how the wild rain hisses,  
**A**nd the loud sea roars below.



Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,  
 So gladly doth it stir ;  
 Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.  
 I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh ;  
 Thy locks are dripping balm ;  
 Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,  
 I'll stay thee with my kisses.  
 To-night the roaring brine  
 Will rend thy golden tresses ;  
 The ocean with the morrow light  
 Will be both blue and calm :  
 And the billow will embrace thee with  
 a kiss as soft as mine.  
 No Western odors wander  
 On the black and moaning sea,  
 And when thou art dead, Leander,  
 My soul must follow thee !  
 O go not yet, my love !  
 Thy voice is sweet and low ;  
 The deep salt wave breaks in above  
 Those marble steps below.  
 The turret-stairs are wet  
 That lead into the sea.  
 Leander ! go not yet,  
 The pleasant stars have set :  
 O, go not, go not yet,  
 Or I will follow thee !

### THE MYSTIC.

ANGELS have talked with him, and  
 showed him thrones :  
 Ye knew him not : he was not one of  
 ye,  
 Ye scorned him with an undiscerning  
 scorn :  
 Ye could not read the marvel in his  
 eye,  
 The still serene abstraction : he hath  
 felt  
 The vanities of after and before ;  
 Albeit, his spirit and his secret heart  
 The stern experiences of converse  
 lives,  
 The linkéd woes of many a fiery  
 change

Had purified, and chastened, and made  
 free.  
 Always there stood before him, night  
 and day,  
 Of wayward vary-colored circumstance  
 The imperishable presences serene,  
 Colossal, without form, or sense, or  
 sound,  
 Dim shadows but unwaning presences  
 Fourfaced to four corners of the sky ;  
 And yet again, three shadows, fronting  
 one,  
 One forward, one respectant, three but  
 one ;  
 And yet again, again and evermore,  
 For the two first were not, but only  
 seemed, [light,  
 One shadow in the midst of a great  
 One reflex from eternity on time,  
 One mighty countenance of perfect  
 calm,  
 Awful with most invariable eyes.  
 For him the silent congregated hours,  
 Daughters of time, divinely tall, be-  
 neath  
 Severe and youthful brows, with shin-  
 ing eyes  
 Smiling a godlike smile (the innocent  
 light  
 Of earliest youth pierced through and  
 through with all  
 Keen knowledges of low-embowed eld)  
 Upheld, and ever hold aloft the cloud  
 Which droops low-hung on either gate  
 of life,  
 Both birth and death : he in the centre  
 fixt,  
 Saw far on each side through the  
 grated gates  
 Most pale and clear and lovely dis-  
 tances.  
 He often lying broad awake, and yet  
 Remaining from the body, and apart  
 In intellect and power and will, hath  
 heard  
 Time flowing in the middle of the  
 night,  
 And all things creeping to a day of  
 doom.  
 How could ye know him ? Ye were  
 yet within

The narrower circle : he had wellnigh  
reached  
The last, which with a region of white  
flame,  
Pure without heat, into a larger air  
Upburning, and an ether of black blue,  
Investeth and ingirds all other lives.

---

THE GRASSHOPPER.

I.

VOICE of the summer wind,  
Joy of the summer plain,  
Life of the summer hours,  
Carol clearly, bound along.  
No Tithon thou as poets feign  
(Shame fall 'em, they are deaf and  
blind),  
But an insect lithe and strong,  
Bowing the seeded summer flowers.  
Prove their falsehood and thy quar-  
rel,  
Vaulting on thine airy feet.  
Clap thy shielded sides and carol,  
Carol clearly, chirrup sweet.  
Thou art a mailed warrior in youth and  
strength complete  
Armed cap-a-pie  
Full fair to see ;  
Unknowing fear,  
Undreading loss,  
A gallant cavalier,  
*Sans peur et sans reproche,*  
In sunlight and in shadow,  
The Bayard of the meadow.

II.

I would dwell with thee,  
Merry grasshopper,  
Thou art so glad and free,  
And as light as air ;  
Thou hast no sorrow or tears,  
Thou hast no compt of years,  
No withered immortality,  
But a short youth sunny and free.  
Carol clearly, bound along,  
Soon thy joy is over,  
A summer of loud song,  
And slumbers in the clover.

What hast thou to do with evil  
In thine hour of love and revel,  
In thy heat of summer pride,  
Pushing the thick roots aside  
Of the singing floweréd grasses,  
That brush thee with their silken  
tresses ?

What hast thou to do with evil,  
Shooting, singing, ever springing  
In and out the emerald glooms,  
Ever leaping, ever singing,  
Lighting on the golden blooms ?

---

LOVE, PRIDE, AND FORGET-  
FULNESS.

ERE yet my heart was sweet Love's  
tomb,  
Love labored honey busily.  
I was the hive, and Love the bee,  
My heart the honeycomb.  
One very dark and chilly night  
Pride came beneath and held a light.

The cruel vapors went through all,  
Sweet Love was withered in his cell :  
Pride took Love's sweets, and by a  
spell

Did change them into gall ;  
And Memory, though fed by Pride,  
Diu wax so thin on gall,  
Awhile she scarcely-lived at all.  
What marvel that she died ?

---

CHORUS.

IN AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA, WRIT-  
TEN VERY EARLY.

THE varied earth, the moving heaven,  
The rapid waste of roving sea,  
The fountain-pregnant mountains riven  
To shapes of wildest anarchy,  
By secret fire and midnight storms  
That wander round their windy  
cones,  
The subtle life, the countless forms  
Of living things, the wondrous tones

Of man and beast are full of  
strange  
Astonishment and boundless  
change.

The day, the diamonded night,  
The echo, feeble child of sound,  
The heavy thunder's griding might,  
The herald lightning's starry bound,  
The vocal spring of bursting bloom,  
The naked summer's glowing birth,  
The troublous autumn's fallow gloom,  
The hoarhead winter paving earth  
With sheeny white, are full of  
strange  
Astonishment and boundless  
change

Each sun which from the centre flings  
Grand music and redundant fire,  
The burning belts, the mighty rings,  
The murm'rous planets' rolling choir,  
The globe-filled arch that, cleaving air,  
Lost in its own effulgence sleeps,  
The lawless comets as they glare  
And thunder through the sapphire  
deeps  
In wayward strength, and full of  
strange  
Astonishment and boundless  
change.

### LOST HOPE.

You cast to ground the hope which  
once was mine :  
But did the while your harsh decree  
deplore,  
Embalming with sweet tears the vacant  
shrine,  
My heart, where Hope had been and  
was no more.

So on an oaken sprout  
A goodly acorn grew ;  
But winds from heaven shook the  
acorn out,  
And filled the cup with dew.

### THE TEARS OF HEAVEN.

HEAVEN weeps above the earth all  
night till morn,  
In darkness weeps as all ashamed to  
weep,  
Because the earth hath made her state  
forlorn  
With self-wrought evil of unnumbered  
years,  
And doth the fruit of her dishonor  
reap.  
And all the day heaven gathers back  
her tears,  
Into her own blue eyes so clear and  
deep,  
And showering down the glory of light-  
some day,  
Smiles on the earth's worn brow to  
win her if she may.

### LOVE AND SORROW.

O MAIDEN, fresher than the first green  
leaf  
With which the fearful springtide  
flecked the lea,  
Weep not, Almeida, that I said to thee  
That thou hast half my heart, for bitter  
grief  
Doth hold the other half in sovranly.  
Thou art my heart's sun in love's crys-  
talline :  
Yet on both sides at once thou canst  
not shine :  
Thine is the bright side of my heart,  
and thine  
My heart's day, but the shadow of my  
heart,  
Issue of its own substance, my heart's  
night  
Thou canst not lighten even with *thy*  
light,  
All-powerful in beauty as thou art.  
Almeida, if my heart were substance  
less,  
Then might thy rays pass through to  
the other side,  
So swiftly, that they nowhere would  
abide,



But lose themselves in utter emptiness.  
Half-light, half-shadow, let my spirit  
sleep;  
They never learned to love who never  
knew to weep.

TO A LADY SLEEPING.

O THOU whose fringed lids I gaze  
upon,  
Through whose dim brain the wingéd  
dreams are borne,  
Unroof the shrines of clearest vision,  
In honor of the silver-fleckéd morn;  
Long hath the white wave of the virgin  
light  
Driven back the billow of the dreamful  
dark.  
Thou all unwittingly prolongest night,  
Though long ago listening the poised  
lark,  
With eyes dropt downward through  
the blue serene,  
Over heaven's parapet the angels lean.

SONNET.

COULD I outwear my present state of  
woe  
With one brief winter, and indue i' the  
spring  
Hues of fresh youth, and mightily out-  
grow  
Than wan dark coil of faded suffer-  
ing—  
Forth in the pride of beauty issuing  
A sheeny snake, the light of vernal  
bowers,  
Moving his crest to all sweet plots of  
flowers  
And watered valleys where the young  
birds sing;  
Could I thus hope my lost delight's  
renewing,  
I straightly would command the tears  
to creep  
From my charged lids; but inwardly I  
weep;

Some vital heat as yet my heart is  
wooing:  
That to itself hath drawn the frozen  
rain  
From my cold eyes, and melted it  
again.

SONNET.

THOUGH Night hath climbed her peak  
of highest noon,  
And bitter blasts the screaming autumn  
whirl,  
All night through archways of the  
bridged pearl,  
And portals of pure silver, walks the  
moon.  
Walk on, my soul, nor crouch to  
agony,  
Turn cloud to light, and bitterness to  
joy,  
And dross to gold with glorious al-  
chemy,  
Basing thy throne above the world's  
annoy.  
Reign thou above the storms of sorrow  
and ruth  
That roar beneath; unshaken peace  
hath won thee;  
So shalt thou pierce the woven glooms.  
of truth;  
So shall the blessing of the meek be  
on thee;  
So in thine hour of dawn, the body's  
youth,  
An honorable eld shall come upon  
thee.

SONNET.

SHALL the hag Evil die with child of  
Good,  
Or propagate again her loathed kind,  
Thronging the cells of the diseased  
mind,  
Hateful with hanging cheeks, a withered  
brood,  
Though hourly pastured on the salient  
blood?

O that the wind which bloweth cold or  
 heat  
 Would shatter and o'erbear the brazen  
 beat  
 Of their broad vans, and in the solitude  
 Of middle space confound them, and  
 blow back  
 Their wild cries down their cavern  
 throats, and slake  
 With points of blast-borne hail their  
 heated eyne!  
 So their wan limbs no more might  
 come between  
 The moon and the moon's reflex in the  
 night,  
 Nor blot with floating shades the solar  
 light.

## SONNET.

THE pallid thunder-stricken sigh for  
 gain,  
 Down an ideal stream they ever float,  
 And sailing on Pactolus in a boat,  
 Drown soul and sense, while wistfully  
 they strain  
 Weak eyes upon the glistening sands  
 that robe  
 The understream. 'The wise, could he  
 behold  
 Cathedralled caverns of thick-ribbéd  
 gold  
 And branching silvers of the central  
 globe,  
 Would marvel from so beautiful a  
 sight  
 How scorn and ruin, pain and hate  
 could flow:  
 But Hatred in a gold cave sits below;  
 Pleached with her hair, in mail of  
 argent light  
 Shot into gold, a snake her forehead  
 clips,  
 And skins the color from her trembling  
 lips.

## LOVE.

## I.

THOU, from the first, unborn, undying  
 love,  
 Albeit we gaze not on thy glories near,  
 Before the face of God didst breathe  
 and move,  
 Though night and pain and ruin and  
 death reign here.  
 Thou foldest, like a golden atmosphere,  
 The very throne of the eternal God:  
 Passing through thee the edicts of his  
 fear  
 Are mellowed into music, borne abroad  
 By the loud winds, though they uprend  
 the sea,  
 Even from its central deeps: thine  
 empery  
 Is over all; thou wilt not brook eclipse;  
 Thou goest and returnest to His lips  
 Like lightning: thou dost ever brood  
 above  
 The silence of all hearts, unutterable  
 Love.

## II.

To know thee is all wisdom, and old  
 age  
 Is but to know thee: dimly we behold  
 thee  
 Athwart the veils of evils which infold  
 thee.  
 We beat upon our aching hearts in  
 rage;  
 We cry for thee; we deem the world  
 thy tomb.  
 As dwellers in lone planets look upon  
 The mighty disk of their majestic sun,  
 Hollowed in awful chasms of wheeling  
 gloom,  
 Making their day dim, so we gaze on  
 thee.  
 Come, thou of many crowns, white-  
 robéd love,  
 Oh! rend the veil in twain: all men  
 adore thee;  
 Heaven crieth after thee; earth waiteth  
 for thee;  
 Breathe on thy wingéd throne, and it  
 shall move  
 In music and in light o'er land and sea.

III.

And now—methinks I gaze upon thee  
 now,  
 As on a serpent in his agonies  
 Awe-stricken Indians; what time laid  
 low  
 And crushing the thick fragrant reeds  
 he lies,  
 When the new year warm-breathed on  
 the Earth,  
 Waiting to light him with her purple  
 skies,  
 Calls to him by the fountain to uprise.  
 Already with the pangs of a new birth  
 Strain the hot spheres of his convulséd  
 eyes,  
 And in his writhings awful hues begin  
 To wander down his sable-sheeny sides,  
 Like light on troubled waters: from  
 within  
 Anon he rusheth forth with merry din,  
 And in him light and joy and strength  
 abides;  
 And from his brows a crown of living  
 light  
 Looks through the thick-stemmed  
 woods by day and night.

THE KRAKEN.

BELOW the thunders of the upper deep;  
 Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,  
 His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded  
 sleep,  
 The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sun-  
 lights flee  
 About his shadowy sides: above him  
 swell  
 Huge sponges of millennial growth and  
 height;  
 And far away into the sickly light,  
 From many a wondrous grot and secret  
 cell  
 Unnumbered and enormous polypi  
 Winnow with giant fins the slumbering  
 green.  
 There hath he lain for ages and will lie  
 Battering upon huge seaworms in his  
 sleep,

Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;  
 Then once by man and angels to be  
 seen,  
 In roaring he shall rise and on the  
 surface die.

ENGLISH WAR SONG.

WHO fears to die? Who fears to  
 die?  
 Is there any here who fears to die?  
 He shall find what he fears; and none  
 shall grieve  
 For the man who fears to die;  
 But the withering scorn of the many  
 shall cleave  
 To the man who fears to die.

CHORUS.

Shout for England!  
 Ho! for England!  
 George for England!  
 Merry England!  
 England for aye!

The hollow at heart shall crouch  
 forlorn,  
 He shall eat the bread of common  
 scorn;  
 It shall be steeped in the salt, salt tear,  
 Shall be steeped in his own salt tear:  
 Far better, far better he never were  
 born  
 Than to shame merry England here.

CHO.—Shout for England! etc.

There standeth our ancient enemy;  
 Hark! he shouteth—the ancient  
 enemy!  
 On the ridge of the hill his banners  
 rise;  
 They stream like fire in the skies;  
 Hold up the Lion of England on high  
 Till it dazzle and blind his eyes.

CHO.—Shout for England! etc.

Come along! we alone of the earth  
 are free;  
 The child in our cradles is bolder  
 than he;



For where is the heart and strength of slaves ?

Oh ! where is the strength of slaves ?  
He is weak ! we are strong : he a slave,  
we are free ;

Come along ! we will dig their graves.

CHO.—Shout for England ! etc.

There standeth our ancient enemy ;  
Will he dare to battle with the free ?  
Spur along ! spur amain ! charge to the  
fight :

Charge ! charge to the fight !  
Hold up the Lion of England on high !  
Shout for God and our right !

CHO.—Shout for England ! etc.

### NATIONAL SONG.

THERE is no land like England  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no hearts like English  
hearts,  
Such hearts of oak as they be.

There is no land like England  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no men like Englishmen,  
So tall and bold as they be.

#### CHORUS.

For the French the Pope may shrive 'em  
For the devil a whit we heed 'em :  
As for the French, God speed 'em  
Unto their heart's desire,  
And the merry devil drive 'em  
Through the water and the fire.

#### FULL CHORUS.

Our glory is our freedom,  
We lord it o'er the sea ;  
We are the sons of freedom,  
We are free.

There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no wives like English wives,  
So fair and chaste as they be.

There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be ;  
There are no maids like English maids  
So beautiful as they be.

CHO.—For the French, etc.

### DUALISMS.

Two bees within a crystal flowerbell  
rockéd,

Hum a loveley to the west-wind at  
noontide

Both alike, they buzz together,  
Both alike, they hum together,  
Through and through the flowered  
heather.

Where in a creeping cove the wave  
unshockéd

Lays itself calm and wide  
Over a stream two birds of glanc-  
ing feather

Do woo each other, carolling  
together

Both alike, they glide together,  
Side by side ;

Both alike, they sing together,  
Arching blue-glosséd necks beneath  
the purple weather

Two children lovelier than Love adown  
the lea are singing

As they gambol, lily-garlands ever  
stringing :

Both inblosm white silk are frockéd :  
Like, unlike, they roam together  
Under a summer vault of golden  
weather :

Like, unlike, they sing together  
Side by side,

Mid May's darling golden lockéd.  
Summer's tanling diamond eyed.

### WE ARE FREE.

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,  
Leaning upon the wingéd sea,  
Breathed low around the rolling earth  
With mellow preludes, "We are free."

The streams through many a lilyd row  
Down-carolling to the crispéd sea,  
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow  
Atween the blossoms, "We are free."

### THE SEA FAIRIES.\*

SLOW sailed the weary mariners, and  
saw  
Between the green brink and the run-  
ning foam  
White limbs unrobéd in a crystal air,  
Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms  
prest  
To little harps of gold : and while they  
mused,  
Whispering to each other half in fear,  
Shrill music reached them on the middle  
sea.

#### SONG.

Whither away, whither away, whither  
away ? Fly no more ;  
Whither away wi' the singing sail ?  
whither away wi' the oar ?  
Whither away from the high green field  
and the happy blossoming shore ?  
Weary mariners, hither away,  
One and all, one and all,  
Weary mariners, come and play ;  
We will sing to you all the day ;  
Furl the sail and the foam will fall  
From the prow ! One and all  
Furl the sail ! Drop the oar !  
Leap ashore,  
Know danger and trouble and toil no  
more.  
Whither away wi' the sail and the oar ?  
Drop the oar,  
Leap ashore,  
Fly no more !  
Whither away wi' the sail ? whither  
away wi' the oar ?  
Day and night to the billow the foun-  
tain calls :  
Down showef the gambolling water-  
falls  
From wandering over the lea ;

They freshen the silvery-crimson  
shells,  
And thick with white bells the clover-  
hill swells  
High over the full-toned sea.  
Merrily carol the revelling gales  
Over the islands free ;  
From the green seabanks the rose  
down trails  
To the happy brimmed sea.  
Come hither, come hither and be our  
lords,  
For merry brides are we :  
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak  
sweet words.  
O listen, listen, your eyes shall  
glisten  
With pleasure and love and revelry ;  
O listen, listen, your eyes shall  
glisten,  
When the sharp clear twang of the  
golden chords  
Runs up the ridged sea.  
Ye will not find so happy a shore.  
Weary mariners ! all the world o'er ;  
O, fly no more !  
Hearken ye, hearken ye, sorrow shall  
darken ye,  
Danger and trouble and toil no more ;  
Whither away ?  
Drop the oar ;  
Hither away  
Leap ashore ;  
O fly no more—no more :  
Whither away, whither away, whither  
away with the sail and the oar ?

Oi *peontes*.

#### I.

ALL thoughts, all creeds, all dreams  
are true,  
All visions wild and strange :  
Man is the measure of all truth  
Unto himself. All truth is change,  
All men do walk in sleep, and all  
Have faith in that they dream :  
For all things are as they seem to all,  
And all things flow like a stream,

\* Original form.

## II.

There is no rest, no calm, no pause,  
Nor good nor ill, nor light nor shade,  
Nor essence nor eternal laws:  
For nothing is, but all is made.

But if I dream that all these are,  
They are to me for that I dream;  
For all things are as they seem to all  
And all things flow like a stream.

Argal—this very opinion is only true  
relatively to the flowing philosophers.

POEMS PUBLISHED IN THE EDITION OF 1833,  
AND OMITTED IN LATER EDITIONS.

## SONNET.

MINE be the strength of spirit fierce  
and free,  
Like some broad river rushing down  
alone,  
With the selfsame impulse wherewith  
he was thrown  
From his loud fount upon the echoing  
lea:—  
Which with increasing might doth for-  
ward flee  
By town, and tower, and hill, and cape,  
and isle,  
And in the middle of the green salt  
sea  
Keeps his blue waters fresh for many a  
mile.  
Mine be the Power which ever to its  
sway  
Will win the wise at once, and by de-  
grees  
May into uncongenial spirits flow;  
Even as the great gulf stream of Flor-  
ida  
Floats far away into the Northern  
seas  
The lavish growths of southern Mex-  
ico.

## TO —

## I.

ALL good things have not kept aloof,  
Nor wandered into other ways;  
I have not lacked thy mild reproof,

Nor golden largess of thy praise,  
But life is full of weary days.

## II

Shake hands, my friend, across the  
brink  
Of that deep grave to which I go.  
Shake hands once more: I cannot  
sink  
So far—far down, but I shall know  
Thy voice, and answer from below.

## III.

When, in the darkness over me,  
The four-handed mole shall scrape,  
Plant thou no dusky cypress-tree,  
Nor wreath thy cap with doleful  
crape,  
But pledge me in the flowing grape.

## IV.

And when the sappy field and wood  
Grow green beneath the showery  
gray,  
And rugged barks begin to bud,  
And through damp holts, new flushed  
with May,  
Ring sudden laughter of the Jay;

## V.

Then let wise Nature work her will,  
And on my clay the darnels grow.  
Come only when the days are still,  
And at my headstone whisper low,  
And tell me if the woodbines blow,



## VI.

If thou art blest, my mother's smile  
 Undimmed, if bees are on the wing :  
 Then cease, my friend, a little while,  
 That I may hear the throstle sing  
 His bridal song, the boast of spring.

## VII.

Sweet as the noise in parchéd plains  
 Of bubbling wells that fret the  
 stones  
 (If any sense in me remains),  
 Thy words will be; thy cheerful  
 tones  
 As welcome to my crumbling bones.

## BONAPARTE.

HE thought to quell the stubborn  
 hearts of oak,  
 Madman!—to chain with chains, and  
 bind with bands  
 That island queen that sways the floods  
 and lands  
 From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight  
 woke,  
 When from her wooden walls, lit by  
 sure hands,  
 With thunders, and with lightnings,  
 and with smoke,  
 Peal after peal, the British battle  
 broke,  
 Lulling the brine against the Coptic  
 sands.  
 We taught him lowlier moods, when  
 Elsinore  
 Heard the war moan along the distant  
 sea,  
 Rocking with shattered spars, with  
 sudden fires  
 Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once  
 more  
 We taught him: late he learned hu-  
 mili-ty  
 Perforce, like those whom Gideon  
 schooled with briers.

## SONNETS.

## I.

O BEAUTY, passing beauty! sweetest  
 Sweet!  
 How canst thou let me waste my  
 youth in sighs?  
 I only ask to sit beside thy feet,  
 Thou knowest I dare not look into  
 thine eyes.  
 Might I but kiss thy hand! I dare not  
 fold  
 My arms about thee—scarcely dare  
 to speak.  
 And nothing seems to me so wild and  
 bold,  
 As with one kiss to touch thy blessed  
 cheek.  
 Methinks if I should kiss thee, no con-  
 trol  
 Within the thrilling brain could keep  
 afloat  
 The subtle spirit. Even while I  
 spoke,  
 The bare word kiss hath made my  
 inner soul  
 To tremble like a lute-string, ere the  
 note  
 Hath melted in the silence that it  
 broke.

## II.

But were I loved, as I desire to be,  
 What is there in the great sphere of the  
 earth,  
 And range of evil between death and  
 birth;  
 That I should fear,—if I were loved  
 by thee?  
 All the inner, all the outer world of  
 pain  
 Clear love would pierce and cleave, if  
 thou wert mine,  
 As I have heard that, somewhere in  
 the main,  
 Fresh-water springs come up through  
 bitter brine.  
 'Twere joy, not fear, clasped hand-in-  
 hand with thee,  
 To wait for death—mute—careless of  
 all ills.

Apart upon a mountain, through the  
surge  
Of some new deluge from a thousand  
hills  
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the  
gorge  
Below us, as far on as eye could see.

### THE HESPERIDES.

"Hesperus and his daughters three,  
That sing about the golden tree."

*Comus.*

THE North-wind fall'n, in the new-  
starréd night  
Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond  
The hoary promontory of Soloë  
Past Thymiatierion, in calméd bays,  
Between the southern and the western  
Horn,  
Heard neither warbling of the nightin-  
gale,  
Nor melody of the Libyan lotus flute  
Blown seaward from the shore; but  
from a slope  
That ran bloom-bright into the Atlantic  
blue,  
Beneath a highland leaning down a  
weight  
Of cliffs, and zoned below with cedar  
shade,  
Came voices, like the voices in a  
dream,  
Continuous, till he reached the outer  
sea.

#### SONG.

##### I.

The golden apple, the golden apple,  
the hallowed fruit,  
Guard it well, guard it warily,  
Singing airily.  
Standing about the charméd root.  
Round about all is mute,  
As the snow-field on the mountain-  
peaks,  
As the sand-field at the mountain-foot.  
Crocodiles in briny creeks

Sleep and stir not: all is mute.  
If ye sing not, if ye make false meas-  
ure,  
We shall lose eternal pleasure,  
Worth eternal want of rest.  
Laugh not loudly: watch the treasure  
Of the wisdom of the West.  
In a corner wisdom whispers. Five  
and three  
(Let it not be preached abroad) make  
an awful mystery.  
For the blossom unto threefold music  
bloweth;  
Evermore it is born anew:  
And the sap to threefold music flow-  
eth,  
From the root  
Drawn in the dark,  
Up to the fruit,  
Creeping under the fragrant bark,  
Liquid gold, honeysweet, thro' and  
thro'.  
Keen-eyed Sisters, singing airily,  
Looking warily  
Every way,  
Guard the apple night and day,  
Lest one from the East come and take  
it away.

##### II.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch,  
watch, ever and aye,  
Looking under silver hair with a silver  
eye.  
Father, twinkle not thy steadfast sight:  
Kingdoms lapse, and climates change,  
and races die;  
Honor comes with mystery;  
Hoarded wisdom brings delight.  
Number, tell them over and number  
How many the mystic fruit-tree holds  
Lest the red-combed dragon slumber  
Rolled together in purple folds.  
Look to him, father, lest he wink, and  
the golden apple be stol'n away,  
For his ancient heart is drunk with  
overwatchings night and day,  
Round about the hallowed fruit-tree  
curled—  
Sing away, sing aloud evermore in the  
wind, without stop,

Lest his scaléd eyelid drop  
 For he is older than the world.  
 If he waken, we waken,  
 Rapidly levelling eager eyes.  
 If he sleep, we sleep,  
 Dropping the eyelid over the eyes.  
 If the golden apple be taken,  
 The world will be overwise.  
 Five links, a golden chain, are we,  
 Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three,  
 Bound about the golden tree.

III.

Father Hesper, Father Hesper, watch,  
 watch, night and day,  
 Lest the old wound of the world be  
 healéd,  
 The glory unsealéd,  
 The golen apple stolén away,  
 And the ancient secret revealéd  
 Look from west to east along:  
 Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus  
 is bold and strong  
 Wandering waters unto wandering  
 waters call;  
 Let them clash together, foam and  
 fall.  
 Out of watchings, out of wiles,  
 Comes the bliss of secret smiles.  
 All things are not told to all.  
 Half-round the mantling night is  
 drawn,  
 Purple fringed with even and dawn,  
 Hesper hateth Phosphor, evening  
 hateth morn.

IV.

Every flower and every fruit the redo-  
 lent breath  
 Of this warm sea-wind ripeneth,  
 Arching the billow in his sleep:  
 But the land-wind wandereth,  
 Broken by the highland-steep,  
 Two streams upon the violet deep;  
 For the western sun and the western  
 star,  
 And the low west-wind, breathing afar,  
 The end of day and beginning of night  
 Make the apple holy and bright;

Holy and bright, round and full, bright  
 and blest,  
 Mellowed in a land of rest;  
 Watch it warily day and night;  
 All good things are in the west.  
 Till mid noon the cool east light  
 Is shut out by the tall hillbrow;  
 But when the full-faced sunset yellowly  
 Stays on the flowering arch of the  
 bough,  
 The luscious fruitage clustereth mel-  
 lowly,  
 Golden-kernelled, golden-cored,  
 Sunset-ripened above on the tree.  
 The world is wasted with fire and  
 sword,  
 But the apple of gold hangs over the  
 sea.  
 Five links, a golden chain are we,  
 Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three.  
 Daughters three,  
 Bound about  
 The gnarléd bole of the charmé tree.  
 The golden apple, the golden apple,  
 the hallowed fruit,  
 Guard it well, guard it warily,  
 Watch it warily,  
 Singing arily,  
 Standing about the charmé root.

ROSALIND.

I.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,  
 My frolic falcon with bright eyes,  
 Whose free delight, from any height of  
 rapid flight,  
 Stoops at all games that wing the skies,  
 My Rosalind, my Rosalind,  
 My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon,  
 whither,  
 Careless both of wind and weather,  
 Whither fly ye, what game spy ye,  
 Up or down the streaming wind?

II.

The quick lark's closest-carolled  
 strains,  
 The shadow rushing up the sea,  
 The lightning flash atween the rains,



The sunlight driving down the lea,  
 The leaping stream, the very wind,  
 That will not stay, upon his way,  
 To stoop the cowslip to the plains,  
 Is not so clear and bold and free  
 As you, my falcon Rosalind.  
 You care not for another's pains,  
 Because you are the soul of joy,  
 Bright metal all without alloy.  
 Life shoots and glances thro' your  
     veins,  
 And flashes off a thousand ways  
 Through lips and eyes in subtle rays.  
 Your hawkeyes are keen and bright,  
 Keen with triumph, watching still  
 To pierce me through with pointed  
     light;  
 But oftentimes they flash and glitter  
 Like sunshine on a dancing rill,  
 And your words are seeming-bitter,  
 Sharp and few, but seeming-bitter  
 From excess of swift delight.

## III.

Come down, come home, my Rosalind,  
 My gay young hawk, my Rosalind :  
 Too long you keep the upper skies ;  
 Too long you roam and wheel at will :  
 But we must hood your random eyes ;  
 That care not whom they kill,  
 And your cheek, whose brilliant hue  
 Is so sparkling-fresh to view,  
 Some red heath-flower in the dew,  
 Touched with sunrise. We must bind  
 And keep you fast, my Rosalind,  
 Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind,  
 And clip your wings, and make you  
     love :  
 When we have lured you from above,  
 And that delight of frolic flight, by day  
     or night,  
 From north to south ;  
 Will bind you fast in silken cords,  
 And kiss away the bitter words  
 From off your rosy mouth.\*

\* AUTHOR'S NOTE. — Perhaps the following lines may be allowed to stand as a separate poem ; originally they made part of the text, where they were manifestly superfluous.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind,  
 Bold, subtle, careless Rosalind,

## SONG.

WHO can say  
 Why To-day  
 To-morrow will be yesterday ?  
 Who can tell  
 Why to smell  
 The violet recalls the dewy prime  
 Of youth and buried time ?  
 The cause is nowhere found in rhyme

## KATE.

I KNOW her by her angry air,  
 Her bright black eyes, her bright black  
     hair,  
 Her rapid laughter wild and shrill,  
 As laughter of the woodpecker  
 From the bosom of a hill.  
 'Tis Kate — she sayeth what she  
     will :  
 For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,  
 Clear as the twanging of a harp.  
 Her heart is like a throbbing star-

Is one of those who know no strife  
 Of inward woe or outward fear ;  
 To whom the slope and stream of Life,  
 The life before, the life behind,  
 In the ear, from far and near,  
 Chimeth musically clear.  
 My falcon-hearted Rosalind,  
 Full-sailed before a vigorous wind,  
 Is one of those who cannot weep  
 For others' woes, but overleap  
 All the petty shocks and fears  
 That trouble life in early years,  
 With a flash of frolic scorn  
 And keen delight, that never falls  
 Away from freshness, self-upborne  
 With such gladness as, whenever  
 The fresh-flushing springtime calls  
 To the flooding waters cool,  
 Young fishes, on an April morn,  
 Up and down a rapid river,  
 Leap the little waterfalls  
 That sing into the pebbled pool,  
 My happy falcon, Rosalind,  
 Hath daring fancies of her own,  
 Fresh as the dawn before the day.  
 Fresh as the early sea-smell blown  
 Through vineyards from an inland bay.  
 My Rosalind, my Rosalind,  
 Because no shadow on you falls,  
 Think you hearts are tennis balls  
 To play with, wanton Rosalind ?

Kate hath a spirit ever strung  
 Like a new bow, and bright and  
 sharp  
 As edges of the cimeter.  
 Whence shall she take a fitting  
 mate?  
 For Kate no common love will  
 feel;  
 My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,  
 As pure and true as blades of  
 steel.

Kate saith "the world is void of  
 might."

Kate saith "the men are gilded flies."  
 Kate snaps her fingers at my  
 vows;

Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.  
 I would I were an armed knight,  
 Far famed for well-won enterprise,  
 And wearing on my swarthy brows  
 The garland of new-wreathed em-  
 prise:

For in a moment I would pierce  
 The blackest files of clanging fight,  
 And strongly strike to left and right,  
 In dreaming of my lady's eyes.

Oh! Kate loves well the bold and  
 fierce;

But none are bold enough for Kate,  
 She cannot find a fitting mate.

## SONNET

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE OUT-  
 BREAK OF THE POLISH INSURREC-  
 TION.

BLOW ye the trumpet, gather from afar  
 The hosts to battle: be not bought and  
 sold.

Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the  
 bold;

Break through your iron shackles—  
 fling them far.

O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar  
 Grew to his strength among his deserts  
 cold;

When even to Moscow's cupolas were  
 rolled

The growing murmurs of the Polish  
 war!

Now must your noble anger blaze out  
 more

Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,  
 The Moslem myriads fell, and fled be-  
 fore—

Than when Zamoysky smote the Tar-  
 tar Khan;

Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore  
 Boleslas drove the Pomeranian.

## SONNET

ON THE RESULT OF THE LATE RUSSIAN  
 INVASION OF POLAND.

How long, O God, shall men be ridden  
 down,

And trampled under by the last and  
 least

Of men? The heart of Poland hath not  
 ceased

To quiver, though her sacred blood  
 doth drown

The fields; and out of every moulder-  
 ing town

Cries to Thee, lest brute Power be in-  
 creased,

Till that o'ergrown Barbarian in the  
 East

Transgress his ample bound to some  
 new crown:—

Cries to Thee, "Lord, how long shall  
 these things be?"

How long shall the icy-hearted Musco-  
 vite

Oppress the region?" Us, O Just and  
 Good,

Forgive, who smiled when she was  
 torn in three;

Us, who stand *now*, when we should aid  
 the right—

A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

## SONNET.

As when with downcast eyes we muse  
 and brood,

And ebb into a former life, or seem

To lapse far back in a confused dream  
 To states of mystical similitude;  
 If one but speaks or hems or stirs his  
 chair,  
 Ever the wonder waxeth more and  
 more,  
 So that we say, "All this hath been be-  
 fore,  
 All this *hath* been, I know not when or  
 where."  
 So, friend, when first I looked upon  
 your face,  
 Our thought gave answer, each to each,  
 so true,  
 Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—  
 Altho' I knew not in what time or place,  
 Methought that I had often met with  
 you,  
 And each had lived in the other's mind  
 and speech.

## O DARLING ROOM.

## I.

O DARLING room, my heart's delight,  
 Dear room, the apple of my sight,  
 With thy two couches soft and white,  
 There is no room so exquisite,  
 No little room so warm and brigh  
 Wherein to read, wherein to write.

## II.

For I the Nonnenwerth have seen,  
 And Oberwinter's vineyards green,  
 Musical Lurlei; and between  
 The hills to Bingen have I been,  
 Bingen in Darmstadt, where the Rhene  
 Curves toward Mentz, a woody scene.

## I.

Yet never did there meet my sight,  
 In any town to left or right,  
 A little room so exquisite,  
 With two such couches soft and white;  
 Not any room so warm and bright,  
 Wherein to read, wherein to write.

## TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

You did late review my lays,  
 Crusty Christopher;  
 You did mingle blame and praise,  
 Rusty Christopher.  
 When I learnt from whom it came,  
 I forgave you all the blame,  
 Musty Christopher;  
 I could *not* forgive the praise  
 Fusty Christopher.

## FUGITIVE POEMS.

## NO MORE.\*

O SAD *No More!* O sweet *No More!*  
 O strange *No More!*  
 By a mossed brookbank on a stone  
 I smelt a wildweed flower alone;  
 There was a ringing in my ears,  
 And both my eyes gushed out with  
 tears.  
 Surely all pleasant things had gone be-  
 fore,  
 Low-buried fathom deep beneath with  
 thee,  
 NO MORE!

\* From the Gem, a literary annual, for 1831.

## ANACREONTICS.\*

WITH roses musky-breathed,  
 And drooping daffodilly,  
 And silver-leaved lily,  
 And ivy darkly-wreathed,  
 I wove a crown before her,  
 For her I love so dearly,  
 A garland for Lenora.  
 With a silken cord I bound it.  
 Lenora, laughing clearly  
 A light and thrilling laughter,  
 About her forehead wound  
 And loved me ever after.



## A FRAGMENT.\*

WHERE is the Giant of the Sun, which stood  
 In the midnoon the glory of old Rhodes,  
 A perfect Idol with profulgent brows  
 Far-sheening down the purple seas to those  
 Who sailed from Mizraim underneath  
 the star  
 Named of the Dragon—and between  
 whose limbs  
 Of brassy vastness broad-blown Argosies  
 Drave into haven? Yet endure unscathed  
 Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids  
 Broad-based amid the fleeting sands,  
 and sloped  
 Into the slumberous summer-noon; but  
 where,  
 Mysterious Egypt, are thine obelisks  
 Graven with gorgeous emblems undis-  
 cerned?  
 Thy placid Sphinxes brooding o'er the  
 Nile?  
 Thy shadowing Idols in the solitudes,  
 Awful Memnonian countenances calm  
 Looking athwart the burning flats, far  
 off  
 Seen by the high-necked camel on the  
 verge  
 Journeying southward? Where are thy  
 monuments  
 Piled by the strong and sunborn Ana-  
 kim  
 Over their crowned brethren ON and  
 OPH?  
 Thy Memnon when his peaceful lips  
 are kist  
 With earliest rays, that from his  
 mother's eyes  
 Flow over the Arabian bay, no more  
 Breathes low into the charmed ears of  
 morn  
 Clear melody flattering the crisped Nile  
 By columned Thebes. Old Memphis  
 hath gone down:  
 The Pharaohs are no more: somewhere  
 in death

They sleep with staring eyes and gilded  
 lips,  
 Arrapped round with spiced cerements  
 in old grots  
 Rock-hewn and sealed forever.

## SONNET.†

ME my own fate to lasting sorrow  
 doometh:  
 Thy woes are birds of passage, tran-  
 sitory:  
 Thy spirit, circled with a living glory,  
 In summer still a summer joy resumeth  
 Alone my hopeless melancholy gloom-  
 eth,  
 Like a lone cypress, through the twi-  
 light hoary,  
 From an old garden where no flower  
 bloometh,  
 One cypress on an island promontory.  
 But yet my lonely spirit follows thine.  
 As round the rolling earth night rol-  
 lows day:  
 But yet thy lights on my horizon shine  
 Into my night, when thou art far  
 away.  
 I am so dark, alas! and thou so bright  
 When we two meet there's never per-  
 fect light.

## SONNET.†

CHECK every outflash, every ruder sally  
 Of thought and speech; speak low  
 and give up wholly  
 Thy spirit to mild-minded melancholy;  
 This is the place. Through yonder  
 poplar valley  
 Below the blue-green river windeth  
 slowly;  
 But in the middle of the sombre valley  
 The crisped waters whisper musically,  
 And all the haunted place is dark and  
 holy.  
 The nightingale, with long and low  
 preamble,

\* From the Gem, a literary annual, for 1861.

† Friendship's Offering, 1833.

Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn  
larches,  
And in and out the woodbine's flow-  
ery arches  
The summer midges wove their wanton  
gambol,  
And all the white-stemmed pinewood  
slept above—  
When in this valley first I told my  
love.

### THE SKIPPING-ROPE.\*

SURE never yet was Antelope  
Could skip so lightly by.  
Stand off, or else my skipping-rope  
Will hit you in the eye.  
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope!  
How fairy-like you fly!  
Go, get you gone, you muse and  
mope—  
I hate that silly sigh.  
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,  
Or tell me how to die.  
There, take it, take my skipping-  
rope,  
And hang yourself thereby.

### THE NEW TIMON AND THE POETS.†

WE know him, out of Shakespeare's  
art,  
And those fine curses which he  
spoke;  
The old Timon, with his noble heart,  
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.  
So died the Old; here comes the New.  
Regard him; a familiar face:  
I thought we knew him: What, it's you  
The padded man—that wears the  
stays—

Who killed the girls and thrilled the  
boys  
With dandy pathos when you wrote!

\* Omitted from the edition of 1842.

† Published in *Punch*, February, 1846, signed "Alcibiades."

A Lion, you, that made a noise,  
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.  
And once you tried the Muses too;  
You failed, Sir; therefore now you  
turn,  
To fall on those who are to you  
As Captain is to Subaltern.  
But men of long-enduring hopes,  
And careless what this hour may  
bring,  
Can pardon little would-be POPES  
And BRUMMELS, when they try to  
sting.

An Artist, Sir, should rest in Art,  
And waive a little of his claim;  
To have the deep poetic heart  
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, Sir, you are hard to please;  
You never look but half content;  
Nor like a gentleman at ease,  
With moral breadth of temperament.  
And what with spites and what with  
fears,  
You cannot let a body be:  
It's always ringing in your ears,  
"They call this man as good as *me*."

What profits now to understand  
The merits of a spotless shirt—  
A dapper boot—a little hand—  
If half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel! why we see  
The old mark of rouge upon your  
cheeks.

You prate of Nature! you are he  
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A TIMON you! Nay, nay, for shame:  
It looks too arrogant a jest—  
The fierce old man—to take his mame,  
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

### STANZAS.‡

WHAT time I wasted youthful hours,  
One of the shining winged powers,  
Show'd me vast cliffs with crown of  
towers.

‡ The Keepsake, 1851.

As towards the gracious light I bow'd,  
They seem'd high palaces and proud,  
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labor is not small;  
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—  
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

## SONNET

TO WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.\*

FAREWELL, Macready, since to-night  
we part.

Full-handed thunders often have  
confest

Thy power, well-used to move the  
public breast.

We thank thee with one voice, and  
from the heart.

Farewell, Macready; since this night  
we part.

Go, take thine honors home: rank  
with the best,

Garrick, and statelier Kemble, and  
the rest

Who made a nation purer thro' their  
art.

Thine is it, that our Drama did not  
die,

Nor flicker down to brainless pan-  
tomime,

And those gilt gauds men-children  
swarm to see.

Farewell, Macready; moral, grave,  
sublime.

Our Shakespeare's bland and universal  
eye

Dwells pleased, thro' twice a hundred  
years, on thee.

BRITONS, GUARD YOUR OWN.†

RISE, Britons, rise, if manhood be not  
dead;

The world's last tempest darkens over-  
head;

\* Read by Mr. John Forster at a dinner  
given to Mr. Macready, March 1, 1851, on his  
retirement from the stage.

† The Examiner, 1852.

The Pope has bless'd him;  
The Church caress'd him;  
He triumphs; maybe we shall stand  
alone.

Britons, guard your own.

His ruthless host is bought with plur-  
der'd gold,  
By lying priests the peasants' votes  
controll'd.

All freedom vanish'd,  
The true men banish'd,

He triumphs: maybe we shall stand  
alone.

Britons, guard your own.

Peace-lovers we—sweet Peace we all  
desire—

Peace-lovers we—but who can trust a  
liar?—

Peace-lovers, haters  
Of shameless traitors,

We hate not France, but this man's  
heart of stone,

Britons, guard your own.

We hate not France, but France has  
lost her voice.

This man is France, the man they call  
her choice.

By tricks and spying,  
By craft and lying,

And murder was her freedom over-  
thrown.

Britons, guard your own.

"Vive l'Empereur" may follow by and  
by:

"God save the Queen" is here a truer  
God save the Nation,

The toleration,

And the free speech that makes a  
Briton known.

Britons, guard your own.

Rome's dearest daughter now is cap-  
tive France,

The Jesuit laughs, and reckoning on  
his chance,

Would unrelenting,

Kill all dissenting,

Till we were left to fight for truth  
alone.

Britons, guard your own.



Call home your ships across Biscayan  
tides,  
To blow the battle from their oaken  
sides.

Why waste they yonder  
Their idle thunder?

Why stay they there to guard a foreign  
throne?

Seamen, guard your own.

We were the best of marksmen long  
ago.

We won old battles with our strength,  
the bow.

Now practise, yeomen,  
Like those bowmen,

Till your balls fly as their shafts have  
flown.

Yeomen, guard your own.

His soldier-ridden Highness might in-  
cline

To take Sardinia, Belgium, or the  
Rhine:

Shall we stand idle,  
Nor seek to bridle

His rude aggressions, till we stand  
alone?

Make their cause your own.

Should he land here, and for one hour  
prevail,

There must no man go back to bear  
the tale:

No man to bear it—

Swear it! we swear it!

Although we fight the banded world  
alone,

We swear to guard our own.

### THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852.\*

My lords, we heard you speak; you  
told us all

That England's honest censure went  
too far;

That our free press should cease to  
brawl,

Not sting the fiery Frenchman into  
war.

It was an ancient privilege, my lords,  
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing,  
into words.

We love not this French God, this  
child of Hell,

Wild War, who breaks the converse  
of the wise;

But though we love kind Peace so  
well,

We dare not, e'en by silence, sanc-  
tion lies. [draw;

It might safe be our censures to with-  
And yet, my lords, not well; there is  
a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak  
free,

Though all the storm of Europe on  
us break;

No little German state are we,

But the one voice in Europe; we  
*must* speak;

That if to-night our greatness were  
struck dead,

There might remain some record of  
the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be  
bold.

Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant  
o'er.

Better the waste Atlantic roll'd

On her and us and ours for ever-  
more.

What! have we fought for freedom  
from our prime,

At last to dodge and palter with a  
public crime?

Shall we fear him? our own we never  
feared.

From our first Charles by force we  
wrung our claims,

Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,  
And flung the burden of the second  
James.

I say we never fear'd! and as for  
these,

We broke them on the land, we drove  
them on the seas.

\*The Examiner, 1852, and signed "Merlin."

And you, my lords, you make the  
people muse,  
In doubt if you be of our Barons'  
breed—

Were those your sires who fought at  
Lewes?

Is this the manly strain of Runny-  
mede?

O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,  
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this  
monstrous fraud.

*We* feel, at least, that silence here were  
sin.

Not ours the fault if we have feeble  
hosts—

If easy patrons of their kin

Have left the last free race with  
naked coasts!

They knew the precious things they  
had to guard:

For us, we will not spare the tyrant  
one hard word.

Though niggard throats of Manchester  
may bawl,

What England was, shall her true  
sons forget?

We are not cotton-spinners all,

But some love England, and her  
honor yet.

And these in our Thermopylæ shall  
stand,

And hold against the world the honor  
of the land.

### HANDS ALL ROUND.\*

FIRST drink a health, this solemn  
night,

A health to England, every guest;

That man's the best cosmopolite  
Who loves his native country best.

May freedom's oak for ever live  
With stronger life from day to day;

That man's the best Conservative  
Who lops the mouldered branch  
away.

\* The Examiner, 1852, and signed "Merlin."

Hands all round!

God the tyrant's hope confound!

To this great cause of freedom drink,  
my friends,

And the great name of England,  
round and round.

A health to Europe's honest men!

Heaven guard them from her tyrants'  
jails!

From wronged Poerio's noisome den,  
From iron limbs and tortured nails

We curse the crimes of southern kings,  
The Russian whips and Austrian  
rods—

We likewise have our evil things;

Too much we make our Ledges,  
Gods.

Yet hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!

To Europe's better health we drink,  
my friends,

And the great name of England,  
round and round!

What health to France, if France be  
she,

Whom martial progress only  
charms?

Yet tell her—better to be free

Than vanquish all the world in  
arms.

Her frantic city's flashing heats

But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.

Why change the titles of your streets?

You fools, you'll want them all again.

Hands all round!

God the tyrant's cause confound!

To France, the wiser France, we drink,  
my friends,

And the great name of England,  
round and round.

Gigantic daughter of the West,

We drink to thee across the flood,

We know thee and we love thee best,

For art thou not of British blood?

Should war's mad blast again be blown,

Permit not thou the tyrant powers

To fight thy mother here alone,

But let thy broadsides roar with ours

Hands all round !  
 God the tyrant's cause confound !  
 To our dear kinsmen of the West,  
 my friends,  
 And the great name of England,  
 round and round.

O rise, our strong Atlantic sons,  
 When war against our freedom  
 springs !  
 O speak to Europe through your guns !  
 They *can* be understood by kings  
 You must not mix our Queen with  
 those  
 That wish to keep their people fools ;  
 Our freedom's foemen are her foes,  
 She comprehends the race she rules,  
 Hands all round !

God the tyrant's cause confound !  
 To our dear kinsman in the West, my  
 friends,  
 And the great name of England,  
 round and round.

#### THE WAR.\*

THERE is a sound of thunder afar,  
 Storm in the South that darkens the  
 day,  
 Storm of battle and thunder of war,  
 Well, if it do not roll our way.  
 Form ! form ! Riflemen form !  
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm !  
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form !

Be not deaf to the sound that warns !  
 Be not gull'd by a despot's plea !  
 Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns ?  
 How should a despot set men free ?  
 Form ! form ! Riflemen form !  
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm !  
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form !

Let your Reforms for a moment go,  
 Look to your butts and take good  
 aims.  
 Better a rotten borough or so,  
 Than a rotten fleet or a city of flames !  
 Form ! form ! Riflemen form !  
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm !  
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form !

\* London Times, May, 9 1859.

Form, be ready to do or die !  
 Form in Freedom's name and the  
 Queen's !  
 True, that we have a faithful ally,  
 But only the Devil knows what he  
 means  
 Form ! form ! Riflemen form !  
 Ready, be ready to meet the storm !  
 Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form !  
 T.

#### ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.†

HERE, it is here—The close of the year,  
 And with it a spiteful letter.  
 My fame in song has done him much  
 wrong,  
 For himself has done much better.

O foolish bard, is your lot so hard,  
 If men neglect your pages ?  
 I think not much of yours or of mine :  
 I hear the roll of the ages

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief ?  
 My rhymes may have been the  
 stronger.  
 Yet hate me not, but abide your lot ;  
 I last but a moment longer.

O faded leaf, isn't fame as brief ?  
 What room is here for a hater ?  
 Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener  
 leaf,  
 For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—isn't that your cry ?  
 And I shall live to see it.  
 Well, if it be so, so it is, you know ;  
 And if it be so—so be it !

O summer leaf, isn't life as brief ?  
 But this is the time of hollies.  
 And my heart, my heart is an evergreer ;  
 I hate the spites and the follies.

1865-1866.‡

I STOOD on a tower in the wet,  
 And New Year and Old Year met,

† Once a Week, January 4, 1868.

‡ Good Words, March, 1868.



And winds were roaring and blowing ;  
And I said, "O years that meet in tears,  
Have ye aught that is worth the know-  
ing ?

Science enough and exploring,  
Wanderers coming and going

Matter enough for deploring,  
But aught that is worth the knowing ?"  
Seas at my feet were flowing,  
Waves on the shingle pouring,  
Old Year roaring and blowing,  
And New Year blowing and roaring.

## THE WINDOW ;

OR,

### THE SONGS OF THE WRENS.

WORDS WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

THE MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Four years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as "Orpheus with his Lute," and I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days ; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

A. TENNYSON.

*December, 1870.*

I.

#### ON THE HILL.

THE lights and shadows fly !  
Yonder it brightens and darkens down  
on the plain.

A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's  
eye !

O is it the brook, or a pool ; or her  
window pane,

When the winds are up in the morn-  
ing ?

Clouds that are racing above,  
And winds and lights and shadows that  
cannot be still,

All running on one way to the home  
of my love

You are all running on, and I stand on  
the slope of the hill,  
And the winds are up in the morn-  
ing !

Follow, follow the chase !  
And my thoughts are as quick and as  
quick, ever on, on, on.

O lights, are you flying over her  
sweet little face ?

And my heart is there before you are  
come and gone,

When the winds are up in the  
morning !

Follow them down the slope !  
And I follow them down to the window-  
pane of my dear,

And it brightens and darkens and  
and brightens like my hope,

And it darkens and brightens and darkens  
like my fear,  
And the winds are up in the morning.

## II

## AT THE WINDOW

VINE, vine and eglantine,  
Clasp her window, trail and twine !  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss  
Kiss, kiss ; and make her a bower  
All of flowers, and drop me a flower.  
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine ?  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,  
Kiss, kiss--And out of her bower  
All of flowers, a flower, a flower,  
Dropt, a flower.

## III.

## GONE !

GONE !  
Gone till the end of the year,  
Gone, and the light gone with her and  
left me in shadow here !  
Gone—flitted away,  
Taken the stars from the night and the  
sun from the day !  
Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a  
storm in the air !  
Flown to the east or the west, flitted I  
know not where !  
Down in the south is a flash and a  
groan : she is there ! she is there !

## IV.

## WINTER.

THE frost is here,  
And fuel is dear,  
And woods are sear,  
And fires burn clear,  
And frost is here  
And has bitten the heel of the going  
year.

Bite, frost, bite !  
You roll up away from the light  
The blue woodlouse and the plump  
dormouse,  
And the bees are still'd, and the flies  
are kill'd,  
And you bite far into the heart of the  
house,  
But not in to mine.

Bite, frost, bite !  
The woods are all the searer,  
The fuel is all the dearer,  
The fires are all the clearer,  
My spring is all the nearer,  
You have bitten into the heart of the  
earth,  
But not into mine.

## V.

## SPRING.

BIRDS' love and birds' song  
Flying here and there,  
Birds' song and birds' love,  
And you with gold for hair.  
Birds' song and birds' love,  
Passing with the weather,  
Men's song and men's love,  
To love once and forever.

Men's love and birds' love,  
And women's love and men's !  
And you my wren with a crown of gold,  
You my Queen of the wrens !  
You the Queen of the wrens—  
We'll be birds of a feather,  
I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens.  
And all in a nest together.

## VI.

## THE LETTER.

WHERE is another sweet as my sweet,  
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy ?  
Fine little hands, fine little feet—  
Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? shall I go?  
 Ask her to marry me by and by?  
 Somebody said that she'd say no;  
 Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?  
 Ay or no, from shy of the shy?  
 Go, little letter, apace, apace,  
 Fly!  
 Fly to the light in the valley below—  
 Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:  
 Somebody said that she'd say no;  
 Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

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VII.

NO ANSWER.

THE mist and the rain, the mist and  
 the rain!  
 Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?  
 And never a glimpse of her window-  
 pane!  
 And I may die but the grass will  
 grow,  
 And the grass will grow when I am  
 gone,  
 And the wet west wind and the world  
 will go on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres,  
 No is trouble and cloud and storm,  
 Ay is life for a hundred years,  
 No will push me down to the worm,  
 And when I am there and dead and  
 gone,  
 The wet west wind and the world will  
 go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and  
 the wet!  
 Wet west wind, how you blow, you  
 blow!  
 And never a line from my lady yet!  
 Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?  
 Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,  
 The wet west wind and the world may  
 go on.

VIII.

NO ANSWER.

WINDS are loud and you are dumb:  
 Take my love, for love will come,  
 Love will come but once a life.  
 Winds are loud and winds will pass!  
 Spring is here with leaf and grass:  
 Take my love and be my wife  
 After-loves of maids and men  
 Are but dainties drest again:  
 Love me now, you'll love me then  
 Love can love but once a life.

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IX.

THE ANSWER.

Two little hands that meet,  
 Claspt on her seal, my sweet!  
 Must I take you and break you,  
 Two little hands that meet?  
 I must take you, and break you,  
 And loving hands must part—  
 Take, take—break, break—  
 Break—you may break my heart.  
 Faint heart never won—  
 Break, break, and all's done.

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IXb.

AY

BE merry, all birds, to-day,  
 Be merry on earth as you never were  
 merry before,  
 Be merry in heaven, O larks, and far  
 away,  
 And merry forever and ever, and  
 one day more.

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.

Look, look, how he flits,  
 The fire-crown'd king of the wrens,  
 from out of the pine!  
 Look how they tumble the blossom,  
 the mad little tits!  
 "Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" was ever  
 May so fine?

Why?

For it's easy to find a rhyme.



O merry the linnet and dove,  
 And swallow and sparrow and  
 throstle, and have your desire!  
 O merry my heart, you have gotten the  
 wings of love,  
 And fit like the king of the wrens  
 with a crown of fire.  
     Why?  
 For it's ay ay ay, ay ay.

## x.

## WHEN?

SUN comes, moon comes,  
 Time slips away.  
 Sun sets, moon sets,  
 Love, fix a day.

"A year hence, a year hence."  
 "We shall both be gray."  
 "A month hence, a month hence."  
 "Far, far away."

"A week hence, a week hence."  
 "Ah, the long delay."  
 "Wait a little, wait a little,  
 "You shall fix a day."

"To-morrow, love, to-morrow,  
 And that 's an age away."

Blaze upon her window, sun,  
 And honor all the day.

## XI.

## MARRIAGE MORNING.

LIGHT, so low upon earth,  
 You send a flash to the sun  
 Here is the golden close of love,  
 All my wooing is done.  
 O the woods and the meadows,  
 Woods where we hid from the wet,  
 Stiles where we stay'd to be kind,  
 Meadows in which we met!  
 Light, so low in the vale,  
 You flash and lighten afar:  
 For this is the golden morning of love,  
 And you are his morning star,  
 Flash, I am coming, I come,  
 By meadow and stile and wood:  
 O lighten into my eyes and my heart,  
 Into my heart and my blood!  
 Heart, are you great enough  
 For a love that never tires?  
 O heart, are you great enough for love?  
 I have heard of thorns and briers.  
 Over the thorns and briers,  
 Over the meadows and stiles,  
 Over the world to the end of it  
 Flash for a million miles.

## GARETH AND LYNETTE.

THE last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,  
 And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful  
 spring  
 Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted  
 Pine  
 Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd  
 away.  
 "How he went down," said Gareth,  
 "as a false knight  
 Or evil king before my lance if lance  
 Were mine to use—O senseless cat-  
 aract,

Bearing all down in thy precipitancy—  
 And yet thou art but swollen with cold  
 snows,  
 And mine is living blood: thou dost  
 His will,  
 The Maker's, and not knowest, and I  
 that know,  
 Have strength and wit, in my good  
 mother's hall  
 Linger with vacillating obedience,  
 Prison'd, and kept and coaxed and  
 whistled to—

Since the good mother holds me still a child —

Good mother is bad mother unto me !  
A worse would be better ; yet no worse would I.

Heaven yield her for it, but in me put force

To weary her ears with one continuous prayer,

Until she let me fly discharg'd to sweep  
In ever-highering eagle-circles up

To the great Son of Glory, and thence swoop

Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,

A knight of Arthur, working out his will,

To cleanse the world. Why, Gawain, when he came

With Modred hither in the summer-time, [knight.

Ask'd me to tilt with him, the proven Modred for want of worthier was the judge. [said,

Then I so shook him in the saddle, he

'Thou hast half prevail'd against me,' said so—he—

Tho' Modred biting his thin lips was mute,

For he is alway sullen : what care I ? "

And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair,

Ask'd, " Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,

Sweet mother, do ye love the child ? "

She laugh'd,  
" Thou art but a wild goose to question it."

" Then, mother, an ye love the child," he said,

" Being a goose and rather tame than wild,

Hear the child's story." " Yea, my well-beloved,

An 'twere but of the goose and golden eggs."

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes,

" Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg of mine

Was finer gold than any goose can lay ;

For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a palm

As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours.

And there was ever haunting round the palm

A lusty youth, but poor, who often saw

The splendor sparkling from aloft, and thought

' An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,

Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings.'

But ever when he reach'd a hand to climb,

One, that had loved him from his childhood, caught

And stay'd him, ' Climb not lest thou break thy neck,

I charge thee by my love,' and so the boy,

Sweet mother, neither clomb, nor brake his neck,

But brake his very heart in pining for it,

And past away."

To whom the mother said,

" True love, sweet son, had risk'd himself and climb'd,

And handed down the golden treasure to him."

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes,

" Gold ? said I gold ?—ay then, why he, or she,

Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world Had ventured—*had* the thing I spake of been

Mere gold—but this was all of that true steel,

Whereof they forged the brand Excalibur,

And lightnings play'd about it in the storm,

And all the little fowl were flurried at it,

And there were cries and clashings in  
the nest,  
That sent him from his senses : let me  
go."

Then Bellicent bemoan'd herself  
and said,  
"Hast thou no pity upon my loneli-  
ness?

Lo, where thy father Lot beside the  
hearth

Lies like a log, and all but smoulder'd  
out!

For ever since when traitor to the  
King

He fought against him in the Barons'  
war,

And Arthur gave him back his terri-  
His age hath slowly droopt, and now  
lies there

A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburi-  
No more; nor sees, nor hears, nor  
speaks, nor knows.

And both thy brethren are in Arthur's  
hall,

Albeit neither loved with that full love  
I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love :  
Stay therefore thou; red berries charm  
the bird,

And thee, mine innocent, the jousts,  
the wars,

Who never knewest finger-ache, nor  
Of wrench'd or broken limb—an often  
chance

In those brain-stunning shocks, and  
tourney-falls,

Frights to my heart; but stay : follow  
the deer

By these tall firs and our fast-falling  
burns;

So make thy manhood mightier day by  
Sweet is the chase : and I will seek  
thee out

Some comfortable bride and fair, to  
grace

Thy climbing life, and cherish my  
prone year,

Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness

I know not thee, myself, nor anything.

Stay, my best son! ye are yet more  
boy than man."

Then Gareth, "An ye hold me yet  
for child,

Hear yet once more the story of the  
child.

For, mother, there was once a King,  
like ours;

The prince his heir, when tall and  
marriageable,

Ask'd for a bride; and thereupon the  
King

Set two before him. One was fair,  
strong, arm'd—

But to be won by force—and many  
men

Desired her; one, good lack, no man  
desired.

And these were the conditions of the  
King:

That save he won the first by force, he  
needs

Must wed that other, whom no man  
desired,

A red-faced bride who knew herself so  
vile,

That evermore she long'd to hide her-  
self,

Nor fronted man or woman eye to  
eye—

Yea—some she cleaved to, but they  
died of her.

And one—they call'd her Fame: and  
one, O Mother,

How can ye keep me tether'd to you—  
Shame!

Man am I grown, a man's work must I  
do.

Follow the deer? follow the Christ,  
the King,

Live pure, speak true, right wrong,  
follow the King—

Else, wherefore born?"

To whom the mother said,

"Sweet son, for there be many who  
deem him not,

Or will not deem him, wholly proven  
King—

Albeit in mine own heart I knew him  
King,

When I was frequent with him in my  
youth,



And heard him Kingly speak, and  
doubted him  
No more than he, himself; but felt  
him mine,  
Of closest kin to me: yet—wilt thou  
leave  
Thine easeful bidding here, and risk  
thine all,  
Life, limbs, for one that is not proven  
King?  
Stay, till the cloud that settles round  
his birth  
Hath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet  
son."

And Gareth answer'd quickly,  
"Not an hour,  
So that ye yield me—I will walk thro'  
fire,  
Mother, to gain it—your full leave to  
go.  
Not proven, who swept the dust of  
ruin'd Rome  
From off the threshold of the realm,  
and crush'd  
The Idolaters, and made the people  
free?  
Who should be King save him who  
makes us free?"

So when the Queen, who long had  
sought in vain  
To break him from the intent to which  
he grew,  
Found her son's will unwaveringly  
one,  
She answer'd craftily, "Will ye walk  
thro' fire?  
Who walks thro' fire will hardly heed  
the smoke.  
Ay, go then; an ye must: only one  
proof,  
Before thou ask the King to make thee  
knight,  
Of thine obedience and thy love to  
me,  
Thy mother,—I demand."

And Gareth cried,  
"A hard one, or a hundred, so I go.  
Nay—quick! the proof to prove me to  
the quick!"

But slowly spake the mother, look-  
ing at him,  
"Prince, thou shall go disguised to  
Arther's hall,  
And hire thyself to serve for meats and  
drinks  
Among the scullions and the kitchen-  
knaves,  
And those that hand the dish across  
the bar.  
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any  
one.  
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth  
and a day."

For so the Queen believed that  
when her son  
Beheld his only way to glory lead  
Low down thro' villain kitchen-vas-  
salage,  
Her own true Gareth was too princely-  
proud  
To pass thereby: so should he rest  
with her,  
Closed in her castle from the sound of  
arms

Silent awhile was Gareth, then re-  
plied,  
"The thrall in person may be free in  
soul,  
And I shall see the jousts. Thy son  
am I,  
And since thou art my mother, must  
obey.  
I therefore yield me freely to thy will;  
For hence will I, disguised, and hire  
myself  
To serve with scullions and with  
kitchen-knives;  
Nor tell my name to any—no, not the  
King."

Gareth awhile linger'd The mother's  
eye  
Full of the wistful fear that he would  
go,  
And turning toward him wheresoe'er  
he turn'd,  
Perplexed his outward purpose, till an  
hour,

When waken'd by the wind which with  
full voice  
Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on  
to dawn,  
He rose, and out of slumber calling two  
That still had tended on him from his  
birth,  
Before the wakeful mother heard him,  
went.

The three were clad like tillers of the  
soil.  
Southward they set their faces. The  
birds made  
Melody on branch, and melody in mid-  
air,  
The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd  
into green,  
And the live green had kindled into  
flowers,  
For it was past the time of Easterday.

So, when their feet were planted on  
the plain  
That broaden'd toward the base of  
Camelot,  
Far off they saw the silver-misty morn  
Rolling her smoke about the Royal  
mount,  
That rose between the forest and the  
field.  
At times the summit of the high city  
flash'd;  
At times the spires and turrets half-  
way down  
Prick'd thro' the mist: at times the  
great gate shone  
Only, that open'd on the field below:  
Anon, the whole fair city had disap-  
peared.

Then those who went with Gareth  
were amazed,  
One crying, "Let us go no farther.  
lord.  
Here is a city of Enchanters, built  
By fairy Kings." The second echo'd  
him,  
"Lord, we have heard from our wise  
men at home  
To Northward, that this King is not  
the King,

But only changeling out of Fairyland,  
Who drave the heathen hence by sor-  
cery  
And Merlin's glamour." Then the first  
again,  
"Lord, there is no such city anywhere.  
But all a vision."

Gareth answer'd them  
With laughter, swearing he had glamour  
enow  
In his own blood, his principedom, youth  
and hopes,  
To plunge old Merlin in the Arabian  
sea;  
So push'd them all unwilling towards  
the gate,  
And there was no gate like it under  
heaven;  
For barefoot on the keystone, which  
was lined  
And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,  
The Lady of the Lake stood: all her  
dress  
Wept from her sides as water flowing  
away;  
But like the cross her great and goodly  
arms  
Stretch'd under all the cornice and up-  
held:  
And drops of water fell from either  
hand;  
And down from one a sword was hung,  
from one  
A censer, either worn with wind and  
storm;  
And o'er her breast floated the sacred  
fish;  
And in the space to left of her, and  
right,  
Were Arthur's wars in weird devices  
done,  
New things and old co-twisted, as if  
Time  
Were nothing, so inveterately, that men  
Were giddy gazing there; and over all  
High on the top were those three  
Queens, the friends  
Of Arthur, who should help him at his  
need.

Then those with Gareth for so long  
 a space  
 Stared at the figures, that at last it  
 seem'd  
 The dragon-boughs and elvish em-  
 blemings  
 Began to move, seethe, twine and curl :  
 they call'd  
 To Gareth, "Lord, the gateway is  
 alive."

And Gareth likewise on them fixt  
 his eyes  
 So long, that ev'n to him they seem'd  
 to move.  
 Out of the city a blast of music peal'd.  
 Back from the gate started the three,  
 to whom  
 From out thereunder came an ancient  
 man,  
 Long-bearded, saying, "Who be ye,  
 my sons?"

Then Gareth, "We be tillers of the  
 soil,  
 Who leaving share in furrow come to  
 see  
 The glories of our King: but these,  
 my men  
 (Your city moved so weirdly in the  
 mist),  
 Doubt if the King be King at all, or  
 come  
 From Fairyland; and whether this be  
 built  
 By magic, and by fairy Kings and  
 Queens;  
 Or whether there be any city at all,  
 Or all a vision; and this music now  
 Hath scared them both, but tell thou  
 these the truth."

Then that old Seer made answer  
 playing on him  
 And saying, "Son, I have seen the  
 goodship sail  
 Keel upward and mast downward in  
 the heavens,  
 And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air:  
 And here is truth; but an it please  
 thee not,

Take thou the truth as thou hast told  
 it me.  
 For truly, as thou sayest, a Fairy King  
 And Fairy Queens have built the city,  
 son;  
 They came from out a sacred mountain-  
 cleft  
 Toward the sunrise, each with harp in  
 hand,  
 And build it to the music of their  
 harps.  
 And as thou sayest, it is enchanted,  
 son,  
 For there is nothing in it as it seems  
 Saving the King; tho' some there be  
 that hold  
 The King a shadow, and the city real:  
 Yet take thou heed of him, for, se  
 thou pass  
 Beneath this archway, then wilt thou  
 become  
 A thrall to his enchantments, for the  
 King  
 Will bind thee by such vows, as is a  
 shame  
 A man should not be bound by, yet the  
 which  
 No man can keep; but, so thou dread  
 to swear,  
 Pass not beneath this gateway, but  
 abide  
 Without, among the cattle of the field.  
 For, an ye heard a music, like enow  
 They are building still, seeing the city  
 is built  
 To music, therefore never built at all,  
 And therefore built forever.

Gareth spake  
 Anger'd, "Old Master, reverence thine  
 own beard  
 That looks as white as utter truth, and  
 seems  
 Wellnigh as long as thou are statured  
 tall!  
 Why mockest thou the stranger that  
 hath been  
 To thee fair spoken?"

But the Seer replied,  
 "Know ye not then the Riddling of  
 the Bards?"



'Confusion, and illusion, and relation,  
Eluion, and occasion, and evasion?'  
I mock thee not but as thou mockest  
me,  
And all that see thee, for thou art not  
who  
Thou seemest, but I know thee who  
thou art.  
And now thou goest up to mock the  
King,  
Who cannot brook the shadow of any  
lie."

Unmockingly the mocker ending  
here  
Turn'd to the right, and past along the  
plain;  
Whom Gareth looking after, said, "My  
men,  
Our one white lie sits like a little  
ghost  
Here on the threshold of our enter-  
prise.  
Let love be blamed for it, not she,  
nor I;  
Well, we will make amends."

With all good cheer  
He spake and laugh'd, then enter'd  
with his twain  
Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces,  
And stately, rich in emblem and the  
work  
Of ancient Kings who did their days  
in stone;  
Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at  
Arthur's court,  
Knowing all arts, had touch'd and  
everywhere  
At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessen-  
ing peak  
And pinnacle, and had made it spire to  
heaven.  
And ever and anon a knight would  
pass  
Outward, or inward to the hall: his  
arms  
Clash'd; and the sound was good to  
Gareth's ear.  
And out of bower and casement shyly  
glanced

Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars  
of love;  
And all about a healthful people slept  
As in the presence of a gracious King.

Then into hall Gareth ascending  
heard  
A voice, the voice of Arthur, and be-  
held  
Far over heads in that long-vaulted  
hall  
The splendor of the presence of the  
King  
Throned, and delivering doom—and  
look'd no more—  
But felt his young heart hammering in  
his ears,  
And thought, "For this half-shadow of  
a lie  
The truthful King will doom me when  
I speak."  
Yet pressing on, tho' all in fear to  
find  
Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor  
one  
Nor other, but in all the listening  
eyes  
Of those tall knights, that ranged about  
the throne,  
Clear honor shining like the dewy  
star  
Of dawn, and faith in their great King,  
with pure  
Affection, and the light of victory,  
And glory gain'd, and evermore to  
gain.

Then came a widow crying to the  
King,  
"A boon, Sir King! Thy father,  
Uther, reft  
From my dead lord a field with vio-  
lence.  
For howsoe'er at first he proffer'd  
gold,  
Yet, for the field was pleasant in our  
eyes,  
We yielded not; and then he reft us  
of it  
Perforce, and left us neither gold nor  
field."

Said Arthur, "Whether would ye?  
gold or field?"  
To whom the woman weeping, "Nay,  
my lord,  
The field was pleasant in my husband's  
eye."

And Arthur, "Have thy pleasant  
field again,  
And thrice the gold for Uther's use  
thereof,  
According to the years. No boon is  
here,  
But justice, so thy say be proven true.  
Accursed, who from the wrongs his  
father did  
Would shape himself a right!"

And while she past,  
Came yet another widow crying to  
him,  
"A boon, Sir King! Thine enemy,  
King, am I.  
With thine own hand thou slewest my  
dear lord,  
A knight of Uther in the Barons' war,  
When Lot and many another rose and  
fought  
Against thee, saying thou wert basely  
born.  
I held with these, and loath to ask  
thee aught,  
Yet lo! my husband's brother had my  
son  
Thrall'd in his castle, and hath starved  
him dead;  
And standeth seized of that inheritance  
Which thou that slewest the sire hast  
left the son.  
So tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate,  
Grant me some knight to do the battle  
for me,  
Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for  
my son."

Then strode a good knight forward,  
crying to him,  
"A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman,  
I.  
Give me to right her wrong, and slay  
the man."

Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal,  
and cried,  
"A boon, Sir King! ev'n that thou  
grant her none,  
This railer, that hath mock'd thee in  
full hall—  
None; or the wholesome boon of gyve  
and gag."

But Arthur, "We sit, King, to help  
the wrong'd  
Thro' all our realm. The woman loves  
her lord.  
Peace to thee, woman, with thy loves  
and hates!  
The kings of old had doom'd thee to  
the flames,  
Aurelius Emrys would have scourged  
thee dead,  
And Uther slit thy tongue: but get  
thee hence—  
Lest that rough humor of the kings of  
old  
Return upon me! Thou that art her  
kin,  
Go likewise; lay him low and slay him  
not,  
But bring him here, that I may judge  
the right,  
According to the justice of the King:  
Then, be he guilty, by that deathless  
King  
Who lived and died for men, the man  
shall die."

Then came in hall the messenger of  
Mark,  
A name of evil savor in the land,  
The Cornish king. In either hand he  
bore  
What dazzled all, and shone far-off as  
shines  
A field of charlock in the sudden sun  
Between two showers, a cloth of palest  
gold,  
Which down he laid before the throne,  
and knelt,  
Delivering, that his Lord, the vassal  
king,  
Was ev'n upon his way to Camelot;  
For having heard that Arthur of his  
grace

Had made his goodly cousin, Tristram,  
knight,  
And, for himself was of the greater  
state,  
Being a king, he trusted his liege-lord  
Would yield him this large honor all  
the more ;  
So pray'd him well to accept this cloth  
of gold,  
In token of true heart and fealty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth,  
to rend  
In pieces and so cast it on the hearth.  
An oak-tree smouldered there. "The  
goodly knight !  
What ! shall the shield of Mark stand  
among these ?"  
For midway down the side of that long  
hall

A stately pile,—whereof along the front  
Some blazon'd, some but carven, and  
some blank,

There are a treble range of stony  
shields,—

Rose and high-arching overbrow'd the  
hearth.

And under every shield a knight was  
named :

For this was Arthur's custom in his  
hall ;

When some good knight had done one  
noble deed,

His arms were carven only ; but if  
twain

His arms were blazon'd also ; but if  
none

The shield was blank and bare without  
a sign

Saving the name beneath ; and Gareth  
saw

The shield of Gawain blazon'd rich and  
bright,

And Modred's blank as death ; and  
Arthur cried

To rend the cloth and cast it on the  
hearth.

"More like are we to reave him of  
his crown

Than make him knight because men  
call him king.

The kings we found, ye know we stay'd  
their hands

From war among themselves, but left  
them kings ;

Of whom were any bounteous, merciful,  
Truth-speaking, brave, good livers,  
them we enroll'd

Among us, and they sit within our hall.  
But Mark hath tarnish'd the great name  
of king,

As Mark would sully the low state of  
churl :

And seeing he hath sent us cloth of  
gold,

Return, and meet, and hold him from  
our eyes,

Lest we should lap him up in cloth of  
lead, [plots,

Silenced forever—craven—a man of  
Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside  
ambushings—

No fault of thine : let Kay, the senes-  
chal,

Look to thy wants, and send thee  
satisfied—

Accursed, who strikes nor lets the  
hand be seen !"

And many another suppliant crying  
came

With noise of ravage wrought by beast  
and man,

And evermore a knight would ride  
away.

Last Gareth leaning both hands  
heavily

Down on the shoulders of the twain,  
his men,

Approach'd between them toward the  
King, and ask'd,

"A boon, Sir King (his voice was all  
ashamed),

For see ye not how weak and hunger-  
worn

I seem—leaning on these ? grant me to  
serve

For meat and drink among the kitchen-  
knaves

A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek my  
name.

Hereafter I will fight."



To him the King,  
 "A goodly youth and worth a goodlier  
 boon!  
 But an thou wilt no goodlier, then must  
 Kay,  
 The master of the meats and drinks be  
 thine."

He rose and past ; then Kay, a man  
 of mien  
 Wan-sallow as the plant that feels itself  
 Root-bitten by white lichen,

"Lo ye now!  
 This fellow hath broken from some  
 Abbey, where,  
 Got wot, he had not beef and brewis  
 enow,  
 However that might chance! but an he  
 work,  
 Like any pigeon will I cram his crop,  
 And sleeker shall he shine than any  
 hog."

Then Lancelot standing near, "Sir  
 Seneschal,  
 Sleuth-hound thou knowest, and gray,  
 and all the hounds ;  
 A horse thou knowest, a man thou dost  
 not know :  
 Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and  
 fine,  
 High nose, a nostril large and fine, and  
 hands  
 Large, fair and fine!—Some young lad's  
 mystery—  
 But, or from sheepcot or king's hall,  
 the boy  
 Is noble-natured. Treat him with all  
 grace,  
 Lest he should come to shame thy judg-  
 ing of him."

Then Kay, "What murmurest thou  
 of mystery?  
 Think ye this fellow will poison the  
 King's dish?  
 Nay, for he spake too fool-like: mys-  
 tery!  
 Tut, an the lad were noble, he had  
 ask'd  
 For horse and armor: fair and fine,  
 forsooth!

Sir Fine-face, Sir Fair-hands? but see  
 thou to it  
 That thine own fineness, Lancelot,  
 some fine day  
 Undo thee not—and leave my man to  
 me."

So Gareth all for glory underwent  
 The sooty yoke of kitchen vassalage ;  
 Ate with young lads his portion by the  
 door,  
 And couch'd at night with grimy kit-  
 chen-knaves.

And Lancelot ever spake him pleas-  
 antly,  
 But Kay the seneschal who loved him  
 not  
 Would hustle and harry him, and labor  
 him  
 Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and  
 set

To turn the broach, draw water, or  
 hew wood,  
 Or grosser tasks ; and Gareth bow'd  
 himself

With all obedience to the King, and  
 wrought  
 All kind of service with a noble ease  
 That graced the lowliest act in doing  
 it.

And when the thralls had talk among  
 themselves.

And one would praise the love that  
 linkt the King

And Lancelot—how the King had  
 saved his life

In battle twice, and Lancelot once the  
 King's—

For Lancelot was the first in Tourna-  
 ment,

But Arthur mightiest on the battle-  
 field—

Gareth was glad. Or if some other  
 told,

How once the wandering forester at  
 dawn,

Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas,  
 On Caer-Eryri's highest found the King

A naked babe, of whom the Prophet  
 spake,

"He passes to the Isle Avilion,

He passes and is heal'd and cannot die."—

Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,

Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,

Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud

That first they mock'd, but, after, revered him.

Or Gareth telling some prodigious tale Of knights, who sliced a red life-bubbling way [held

Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon, All in a gap-mouth'd cirele his good mates

Lying or sitting round him, idle hands, Charm'd ; till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come [wind

Blustering upon them, like a sudden Among dead leaves, and drive them all apart.

Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,

So there were any trial of mastery, He, by two yards in casting bar or stone

Was counted best ; and if there chanced a joust,

So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to go,

Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights

Clash like the coming and retiring wave,

And the spear spring, and good horse reel, the boy

Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

• So for a month he wrought among the thralls ;

But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,

Repentant of the word she made him swear,

And saddening in her childless castle, sent,

Between the increscent and decrescent moon,

Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot

With whom he used to play at tourney once,

When both were children, and in lonely haunts

Would scratch a ragged oval on the sand,

And each at either dash from either end—

Shame never made girl redder than Gareth joy.

He laugh'd ; he sprang. " Out of the smoke, at once

I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee—

These news be mine, none other's—nay, the King's—

Descend into the city : " whereon he sought

The King alone, and found, and told him all.

" I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt

For pastime ; yea he said it : joust can I.

Make me thy knight—in secret ! let my name

Be hidd'n, and give me the first quest, I spring

Like flame from ashes."

Here the King's calm eye Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow

Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him,

" Son, the good mother let me know thee here,

And sent her wish that I would yield thee thine.

Make thee my knight ? my knights are sworn to vows

Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness, And loving, utter faithfulness in love, And uttermost obedience to the King "

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees,

" My King, for hardihood I can promise thee.

For uttermost obedience make demand

Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal,  
No mellow master of the meats and drinks!

And as for love, God wot, I love not yet,

But love I shall, God willing."

And the King—

"Make thee my knight in secret? yea, but he,

Our noblest brother, and our truest man,

And one with me in all, he needs must know."

"Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know,

Thy noblest and thy truest!"

And the King—

"But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?

Nay, rather for the sake of me, their King,

And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed,

Than to be noised of."

Merrily Gareth ask'd,

"Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it?

Let be my name until I make my name!

My deeds will speak: it is but for a day."

So with a kindly hand on Gareth's arm

Smiled the great King, and half unwillingly

Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to him.

Then, after summoning Lancelot privily,

"I have given him the first quest: he is not proven.

Look therefore when he calls for this in hall,

Thou get to horse and follow him far away.

Cover the lions on thy shield, and see Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor slain."

Then that same day there past into the hall

A damsel of high lineage, and a brow May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,

Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose

Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower;

She into hall past with her page and cried,

"O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,

See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset

By bandits, every one that owns a tower

The Lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?

Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king,

Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as free

From cursed bloodshed, as thine altar-cloth

From that blest blood it is a sin to spill."

"Comfort thyself," said Arthur, "I nor mine

Rest: so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,

The wastest moorland of our realm shall be

Safe, damsel, as the centre of this hall.

What is thy name? thy need?

"My name?" she said—

"Lynette my name; noble; my need, a knight

To combat for my sister, Lyonors,

A lady of high lineage, of great lands,

And comely, yea, and comelier than myself.

She lives in Castle Perilous: a river

Runs in three loops about her living place;



And o'er it are three passings, and three  
knights  
Defend the passings, brethren, and a  
fourth,  
And of that four the mightiest, holds  
her stay'd  
In her own castle and so besieges her  
To break her will, and make her wed  
with him:  
And but delays his purport till thou  
send  
To do the battle with him, thy chief  
man  
Sir Lancelot whom he trusts to over-  
throw,  
Then wed, with glory; but she will  
not wed  
Save whom she loveth, or a holy life.  
Now therefore have I come for Lance-  
lot."

Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth  
ask'd,  
"Damsel, ye know this Order lives to  
crush  
All wrongers of the Realm. But say,  
these four,  
Who be they? What the fashion of  
the men?"

"They be of foolish fashion, O Sir  
King,  
The fashion of that old knight-erran-  
try  
Who ride abroad and do but what they  
will;  
Courteous or bestial from the moment,  
Such as have nor law nor king: and  
three of these  
Proud in their fantasy call themselves,  
the Day,  
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and  
Evening-Star,  
Being strong fools; and never a whit  
more wise  
The fourth who always rideth arm'd in  
black,  
A huge man-beast of boundless sav-  
agery.  
He names himself the Night and  
oftener Death,

And wears a helmet mounted with a  
skull  
And bears a skeleton figured on his  
arms,  
To show that who may slay or scape  
the three  
Slain by himself shall enter endless  
night.  
And all these four be fools, but mighty  
men,  
And therefore am I come for Lance-  
lot."

Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where  
he rose,  
A head with kindling eyes above the  
throng,  
"A boon, Sir King—this quest!" then  
—for he mark'd  
Kay near him groaning like a wounded  
bull—  
"Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-  
knave am I,  
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks  
am I,  
And I can topple over a hundred such.  
Thy promise, King," and Arthur  
glancing at him,  
Brought down a momentary brow.  
"Rough, sudden,  
And pardonable, worthy to be knight—  
Go therefore," and all hearers were  
amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame,  
pride, wrath,  
Slew the May-white: she lifted either  
arm,  
"Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy  
chief knight,  
And thou hast given me but a kitchen  
knave."  
Then ere a man in hall could stay her,  
turn'd,  
Fled down the lane of access to the  
King,  
Took horse, descended the slope street,  
and past  
The weird white gate, and paused  
without, beside  
The field of tourney, murmuring  
"kitchen-knave."

Now two great entries open'd from  
 the hall,  
 At one end one, that gave upon a  
 range  
 Of level pavement where the King  
 would pace  
 At sunrise, gazing over plain and  
 wood.  
 And down from this a lordly stairway  
 sloped  
 Till lost in blowing trees and tops of  
 towers.  
 And out by this main doorway past the  
 King.  
 But one was counter to the hearth, and  
 rose  
 High that the highest-crested helm  
 could ride  
 Therethro' nor graze: and by this  
 entry fled  
 The damsel in her wrath, and on to  
 this  
 Sir Gareth strode, and saw without  
 the door  
 King Arthur's gift, the worth of half a  
 town,  
 A war-horse of the best, and near it  
 stood  
 The two that out of north had follow'd  
 him.  
 This bare a maiden shield, a casque;  
 that held  
 The horse, the spear; whereat Sir  
 Gareth loosed  
 A cloak that dropt from collar-bone to  
 heel,  
 A cloth of roughest web, and cast it  
 down,  
 And from it like a fuel-smother'd fire,  
 That lookt half-dead, brake bright,  
 and flash'd as those  
 Dull-coated things, that making slide  
 apart  
 Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath  
 there burns  
 A jewel'd harness, ere they pass and  
 fly.  
 So Gareth ere he parted flash'd in  
 arms.  
 Then while he donn'd the helm, and  
 took the shield

And mounted horse and graspt a spear,  
 of grain  
 Storm-strengthened on a windy site,  
 and tip  
 With trenchant steel, around him  
 slowly prest  
 The people, and from out of kitchen  
 came  
 The thralls in throng, and seeing who  
 had work'd  
 Lustier than any, and whom they  
 could but love,  
 Mounted in arms, threw up their caps  
 and cried,  
 "God bless the King, and all his fel-  
 lowship!"  
 And on thro' lanes of shouting Gareth  
 rode  
 Down the slope street, and past with-  
 out the gate.

So Gareth past with joy; but at the  
 cur  
 Pluckt from the cur he fights with, ere  
 his cause  
 Be cool'd by fighting, follows, being  
 named,  
 His owner, but remembers all, and  
 growls  
 Remembering, so Sir Kay beside the  
 door  
 Mutter'd in scorn of Gareth whom he  
 used  
 To harry and hustle.

"Bound upon a quest  
 With horse and arms—the King hath  
 past his time—  
 My scullion knave! Thralls to your  
 work again,  
 For an your fire below ye kindle mine!  
 Will there be dawn in West and  
 eve in East?  
 Begone!—my knave!—belike and like  
 enow  
 Some old head-blow not heeded in his  
 youth  
 So shook his wits they wander in his  
 prime—  
 Crazed! How the villain lifted up his  
 voice.

Nor shamed to bawl himself a kitchen-knave.

Tut: he was tame and meek enow with me,

Till peacock'd up with Lancelot's noticing.

Well—I will after my loud knave, and learn

Whether he know me for his master yet.

Out of the smoke he came, and so my lance

Hold; by God's grace, he shall into the mire—

Thence, if the King awaken from his craze,

Into the smoke again."

But Lancelot said,

"Kay, wherefore will ye go against the King,

For that did never he whereon ye rail, But ever meekly served the King in thee?

Abide: take counsel; for this lad is great

And lusty, and knowing both of lance and sword."

"Tut, tell not me," said Kay, 'ye are over-fine

To mar stout knaves with foolish courtesies."

Then mounted, on thro' silent faces rode

Down the slope city, and out beyond the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering yet

Muttered the damsel, "Wherefore did the King

Scorn me? for, were Sir Lancelot lackt, at least

He might have yielded to me one of those

Who tilt for lady's love and glory here, Rather than—O sweet heaven! O fie upon him—

His kitchen-knave."

To whom Sir Gareth drew

(And there were none but few goodlier than he)

Shining in arms, "Damsel, the quest is mine.

Lead, and I follow." She thereat, as one

That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in theholt,

And deems it carrion of some woodland thing, [nose

Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, "Hence!

Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-grease.

And look who comes behind," for there was Kay.

"Knowest thou not me? thy master? I am Kay.

We lack thee by the hearth."

And Gareth to him,

"Master no more! too well I know thee, ay—

The most ungentle knight in Arthur's hall."

"Have at thee then," said Kay; they shock'd, and Kay

Fell shoulder-slipt, and Gareth cried again,

"Lead, and I follow," and fast away she fled.

But after sod and shingle ceased to fly

Behind her, and the heart of her good horse

Was nigh to burst with violence of the beat,

Perforce she stay'd, and overtaken spoke.

"What doest thou, scullion, in my fellowship?

Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught the more,

Or love thee better, that by some device

Full cowardly, or by mere unhappiness, Thou hast overthrown and slain thy master—thou!—

Dish-washer and broach-turner, loon! —to me

Thou smellest all of kitchen as before."



"Damsel," Sir Gareth answer'd gently, "say  
Whate'er ye will, but whatsoe'er ye  
say,  
I leave not till I finish this fair quest,  
Or die therefor."

"Ay, wilt thou finish it?  
Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he  
talks!  
The listening rogue hath caught the  
manner of it.  
But, knave, anon thou shalt be met  
with, knave,  
And then by such a one that thou for  
all  
The kitchen brewis that was ever supt  
Shalt not once dare to look him in the  
face."

"I shall assay," said Gareth with a  
smile  
That madden'd her, and away she  
flash'd again  
Down the long avenues of a bound-  
less wood,  
And Gareth following was again be-  
knaved.

"Sir Kitchen-knave, I have miss'd  
the only way  
Where Arthur's men are set along the  
wood;  
The wood is high as full of thieves as  
leaves:  
If both be slain, I am rid of thee; but  
yet,  
Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spit  
of thine?  
Fight, an thou canst: I have miss'd  
the only way."

So till the dusk that followed even-  
song  
Rode on the two, reviler and reviled:  
Then after one long slope was mounted,  
saw,  
Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thou-  
sand pines,  
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink  
To westward—in the deeps whereof a  
mere,  
Round as the red eye of an Eagle-owl,

Under the half-dead sunset glared:  
and cries  
Ascended, and there brake a serving-  
man

Flying from out of the black wood,  
and crying,

"They have bound my lord to cast him  
in the mere."

Then Gareth, "Bound am I to right  
the wrong'd,

But straitlier bound am I to bide with  
thee."

And when the damsel spake contempt-  
uously,

"Lead and I follow," Gareth cried  
again,

"Follow, I lead!" so down among the  
pines

He plunged, and there, black-shadow'd  
nigh the mere,

And mid-thigh-deep, in bulrushes and  
reed,

Saw six tall men haling a seventh along,  
A stone about his neck, to drown him  
in it.

Three with good blows he quieted, but  
three

Fled thro' the pines; and Gareth  
loosed the stone

From off his neck, then in the mere  
beside

Tumbled it; oilily bubbled up the  
mere.

Last, Gareth loosed his bonds and on  
free feet

Set him a stalwart Baron, Arthur's  
friend.

"Well that ye came, or else these  
caitiff rogues

Had wreak'd themselves on me; good  
cause is theirs

To hate me, for my wont hath ever been  
To catch my thief, and then like ver-  
min here

Drown him, and with a stone about his  
neck;

And under this wan water many of  
them

Lie rotting, but at night let go the  
stone,

And rise, and flickering in a grimly  
light  
Dance on the mere. Good now, ye  
have saved a life  
Worth somewhat as the cleanser of  
this wood.  
And fain would I reward thee worship-  
fully.  
What guerdon will ye?"

Gareth sharply spake,  
"None! for the deed's sake have I  
done the deed,  
In uttermost obedience to the King.  
But will ye yield this damsel harbor-  
age?"

hereat the Baron saying, "I well  
believe  
Ye be of Arthur's Table," a light laugh  
Broke from Lynette, "Ay, truly of a  
truth,  
And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchen-  
knave!—  
But deem not I accept thee aught the  
more,  
Scullion, for running sharply with thy  
spit  
Down on a rout of craven foresters.  
A thresher with his flail had scatter'd  
them.  
Nay—for thou smellest of the kitchen  
still.  
But an this lord will yield us harbor-  
age,  
Well."

So she spake. A league beyond  
the wood,  
All in a full-fair manor and a rich,  
His towers where that day a feast had  
been  
Held in high hall, and many a viand  
left,  
And many a costly cate, received the  
three.  
And there they placed a peacock in his  
pride  
Before the damsel, and the Baron set  
Gareth beside her, but at once she  
rose.

"Meseems that their is much dis-  
courtesy,  
Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my  
side.  
Hear me—this morn I stood in Arthur's  
hall,  
And pray'd the King would grant me  
Lancelot  
To fight the brotherhood of Day and  
Night—  
The last a monster unsubduable  
Of any save of him for whom I call'd—  
Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-  
knave,  
'The quest is mine; thy kitchen-knave  
am I,  
And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks  
am I.'  
Then Arthur all at once gone mad re-  
plies,  
'Go therefore,' and so gives the ques-  
to him—  
Him—here—a villain fitter to stick  
swine  
Than ride abroad redressing women's  
wrong,  
Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman."

Then half-ashamed and part amazed,  
the lord  
Now look'd at one and now at other,  
left  
The damsel by the peacock in his  
pride,  
And, seating Gareth at another board,  
Sat down beside him, ate and then be-  
gan.

"Friend, whether ye be kitchen-  
knave, or not,  
Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy,  
And whether she be mad, or else the  
King,  
Or both or neither, or thyself be mad,  
I ask not; but thou strikest a strong  
stroke,  
For strong thou art and goodly there  
withal,  
And savor of my life; and therefore,  
now,  
For here be mighty men to joust with,  
weigh

Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel  
back  
To crave again Sir Lancelot of the  
King  
Thy pardon; I but speak for thine  
avail,  
The saver of my life."

And Gareth said,  
"Full pardon, but I follow up the  
quest,  
Despite of Day and Night and Death  
and Hell."

So when, next morn, the lord whose  
life he saved  
Had, some brief space, convey'd them  
on their way  
And left them with God-speed, Sir  
Gareth spake,  
"Lead, and I follow." Haughtily she  
replied,

"I fly no more : I allow thee for an  
hour.  
Lion and stoat have isled together,  
knave,  
In time of flood. Nay, furthermore,  
methinks  
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back wilt  
thou, fool?  
For hard by here is one will overthrow  
And slay thee: then will I to court  
again,  
And shame the King for only yielding  
me  
My champion from the ashes of his  
hearth."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd  
courteously,  
"Say thou thy say, and I will do my  
deed.  
Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt  
find  
My fortunes all as fair as hers, who lay  
Among the ashes and wedded the  
King's son."

Then to the shore of one of those  
long loops  
Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd,  
they came.

Rough thicketed were the banks and  
steep; the stream  
Full, narrow; this a bridge of single  
arc  
Took at a leap; and on the further  
side  
Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold  
In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily  
in hue,  
Save that the dome was purple, and  
above,  
Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering  
And therefore the lawless warrior  
paced  
Unarm'd, and calling, "Damsel, is this  
he,  
The champion ye have brought from  
Arthur's hall?  
For whom we let thee pass." "Nay,  
nay," she said,  
"Sir Morning-Star. The King in  
utter scorn  
Of thee and thy much folly hath sent  
thee here  
His kitchen-knave: and look thou to  
thyself :  
See that he fall not on thee suddenly,  
And slay thee unarm'd: he is not  
knight but knave."

Then at his call, "O daughters of  
the Dawn,  
And servants of the Morning-Star, ap-  
proach,  
Arm me," from out the silken curtain-  
folds  
Barefooted and bare headed three  
fair girls  
In gilt and rosy raiment came: their  
feet  
In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the  
hair  
All over glanced with dewdrop or with  
gem  
Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine.  
These arm'd him in blue arms, and  
gave a shield  
Blue also, and thereon the morning  
star.  
And Gareth silent gazed upon the  
knight,



Who stood a moment, ere his horse  
 was brought,  
 Glor'ing; and in the stream beneath  
 him, shone,  
 Immingled with Heaven's azure waver-  
 ingly,  
 The gay pavilion and the naked feet,  
 His arms, the rosy raiment, and the  
 star.

Then she that watch'd him, "Where-  
 fore stare ye so?  
 Thou shakest in thy fear : there yet is  
 time :  
 Flee down the valley before he get to  
 horse.  
 Who will cry shame? Thou art not  
 knight but knave."

Said Gareth, "Damsel, whether  
 knave or knight,  
 Far liever had I fight a score of times  
 Than hear thee so missay me and re-  
 vile.  
 Fair words were best for him who  
 fights for thee ;  
 But truly foul are better, for they send  
 That strength of anger thro' mine arms,  
 I know  
 That I shall overthrow him."

And he that bore  
 The star, being mounted, cried from  
 o'er the bridge,  
 "A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of  
 me !  
 Such fight not I, but answer scorn with  
 scorn.  
 For this were shame to do him further  
 wrong  
 Than set him on his feet, and take his  
 horse  
 And arms, and so return him to the  
 King.  
 Come, therefore, leave thy lady lightly,  
 knave.  
 Avoid : for it beseemeth not a knave  
 To ride with such a lady."

"Dog, thou liest.  
 I spring from loftier lineage than thine  
 own."

He spake ; and all at fiery speed the  
 two  
 Shock'd on the central bridge, and  
 either spear  
 Bent but not brake, and either knight  
 at once, [pult  
 Hurl'd as a stone from out of a cata-  
 Beyond his horse's crupper and the  
 bridge,  
 Fell, as if dead ; but quickly rose and  
 drew, [brand  
 And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his  
 He drave his enemy backward down  
 the bridge,  
 The damsel crying, "Well-stricken,  
 kitchen-knave !"  
 Till Gareth's shield was cloven, but  
 one stroke  
 Laid him that clove it grovelling on  
 the ground.

Then cried the fall'n, "Take not my  
 life : I yield."  
 And Gareth, "So this damsel ask it of  
 me  
 Good—I accord it easily as a grace."  
 She reddening, "Insolent scullion : I  
 of thee ?  
 I bound to thee for any favor ask'd !"  
 "Then shall he die." And Gareth  
 there unlaced  
 His helmet as to slay him, but she  
 shriek'd,  
 "Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay  
 One nobler than thyself." "Damsel,  
 thy charge  
 Is an abounding pleasure to me.  
 Knight,  
 Thy life is thine at her command.  
 Arise  
 And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and  
 say  
 His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See  
 thou crave  
 His pardon for thy breaking of his  
 laws.  
 Myself, when I return, will plead for  
 thee.  
 Thy shield is mine—farewell ; and,  
 damsel, thou  
 Lead, and I follow."

And fast away she fled.  
 Then when he came upon her, spake,  
 "Methought,  
 Knave, when I watch'd thee striking  
 on the bridge  
 The savor of thy kitchen came upon me  
 A little faintlier: but the wind hath  
 changed:  
 I scent it twentyfold." And then she  
 sang,  
 "'O morning star' (not that tall felon  
 there  
 Whom thou by sorcery or unhappiness  
 Or some device, hast foully over-  
 thrown),  
 'O morning star that smilest in the  
 blue,  
 O star, my morning dream hath proven  
 true,  
 Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath  
 smiled on me.'

"But thou begone, take counsel, and  
 away,  
 For hard by here is one that guards a  
 ford—  
 The second brother in their fool's par-  
 able—  
 Will pay thee all thy wages, and to  
 boot.  
 Care not for shame: thou art not  
 knight but knave."

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd  
 laughingly,  
 "Parables? Hear a parable of the  
 knave.  
 When I was kitchen-knave among the  
 rest  
 Fierce was the hearth, and one of my  
 comates  
 Own'd a rough dog, to whom he cast  
 his coat,  
 'Guard it,' and there was none to med-  
 dle with it.  
 And such a coat art thou, and thee the  
 King  
 Gave me to guard, and such a dog  
 am I,  
 To worry, and not to flee—and—knight  
 or knave—

The knave that doth thee service as  
 full knight  
 Is all as good, meseems, as any knight  
 Toward thy sister's freeing."

"Ay, Sir Knave!  
 Ay, knave, because thou strikest as a  
 knight,  
 Being but knave, I hate thee all the  
 more."

"Fair damsel, ye should worship me  
 the more,  
 That, being but knave, I throw thine  
 enemies."

"Ay, ay," she said, "but thou shalt  
 meet thy match."

So when they touch'd the second  
 riverloop,  
 Huge on a huge red horse, and all in  
 mail  
 Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noon-  
 day Sun  
 Beyond a raging shallow. As if the  
 flower,  
 That blows a globe of after arrowlets,  
 Ten thousand-fold had grown, flash'd  
 the fierce shield,  
 All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying  
 blots  
 Before them when he turn'd from  
 watching him.  
 He from behind the roaring shallow  
 roar'd

"What doest thou, brother, in my  
 marches here?"  
 And she athwart the shallow shrill'd  
 again,  
 "Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's  
 hall  
 Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath  
 his arms"  
 "Ugh!" cried the Sun, and vizoring  
 up a red  
 And cipher face of rounded foolish-  
 ness,  
 Push'd horse across the foamings of  
 the ford,  
 Whom Gareth met midstream; no  
 room was there

For lance or tourney-skill: four strokes  
they struck  
With sword, and these were mighty;  
the new knight  
Had fear he might be shamed; but as  
the Sun  
Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike  
the fifth,  
The hoof of his horse slipt in the  
stream, the stream  
Descended, and the Sun was wash'd  
away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart  
the ford;  
So drew him home; but he that would  
not fight,  
As being all bone-battered on the rock,  
Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the  
King. [thee.  
"Myself when I return will plead for  
Lead, and I follow." Quietly she led.  
"Hath not the good wind, damsel,  
changed again?"  
"Nay, not a point: nor art thou victor  
here. [ford;  
There lies a ridge of slate across the  
His horse thereon stumbled—ay, for I  
saw it.

"O Sun' (not this strong fool whom  
thou, Sir Knave,  
Hast overthrown thro' mere unhap-  
piness),  
"O Sun, that wakenest all to bliss or  
pain,  
O moon, that layest all to sleep again,  
Shine sweetly: twice my love hath  
smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of lovesong or  
of love?  
Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert nobly  
born,  
Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea,  
perchance,—

"O dewy flowers that open to the  
sun,  
O dewy flowers that close when day is  
done,  
Blow sweetly: twice my love hath  
smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of flowers, ex-  
cept, belike,  
To garnish meats with? hath not our  
good King  
Who lent me thee, the flower of kit-  
chendom,  
A foolish love for flowers? what stick  
ye round  
The paste? wherewithal deck the  
boar's head?  
Flowers? nay, the boar hath rose-  
maries and bay.

"O birds, that warble to the morn-  
ing sky,  
O birds, that warble as the day goes  
by,  
Sing sweetly: twice my love hath  
smiled on me.'

"What knowest thou of birds, lark,  
mavis, merle,  
Linnet? what dream ye when they  
utter forth  
May-music growing with the growing  
light,  
Their sweet sun-worship? these be for  
the snare  
(So runs thy fancy) these be for the  
spit,  
Larding and basting. See thou have  
not now  
Larded thy last, except thou turn and  
fly.  
There stands the third fool of their  
allegory."

For there beyond a bridge of treble  
bow,  
All in a rose-red from the west, and  
all  
Naked it seem'd, and glowing in the  
broad  
Deep-dimpled current underneath, the  
knight,  
That named himself the Star of Even-  
ing, stood.

And Gareth, "Wherefore waits the  
madman there  
Naked in open dayshine?" "Nay,"  
she cried



"Not naked, only wrapt in harden'd  
skins  
That fit him like his own; and so ye  
cleave  
His armor off him, these will turn the  
blade."

Then the third brother shouted o'er  
the bridge,  
"O brother-star, why shine ye here so  
low?  
Thy ward is higher up: but have ye  
slain  
The damsel's champion?" and the  
damsel cried,

"No star of thine, but shot from  
Arthur's heaven  
With all disaster unto thine and thee!  
For both thy younger brethren have  
gone down  
Before this youth; and so wilt thou,  
Sir Star;  
Art thou not old?"

"Old, damsel, old and hard,  
Old, with the might and breath of  
twenty boys,"  
Said Gerath. "Old, and over-bold in  
brag!  
But that same strength which threw  
the Morning-Star  
Can throw the Evening."

Then that other blew  
A hard and deadly note upon the horn.  
"Approach and arm me!" With slow  
steps from out  
An old storm-beaten, russet, many-  
stain'd  
Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came.  
And arm'd him in old arms, and  
brought a helm  
With but a drying evergreen for crest,  
And gave a shield whereon the Star of  
Even  
Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his em-  
blem, shone.  
But when it glitter'd o'er the saddle-  
bow,  
They madly hurl'd together on the  
bridge,

And Gareth overthrew him, lighted,  
drew,  
There met him drawn, and overthrew  
him again,  
But up like fire he started: and as oft  
As Gareth brought him grovelling on  
his knees,  
So many a time he vaulted up again;  
Till Gareth panted hard, and his great  
heart,  
Foredooming all his trouble was in  
vain,  
Labor'd within him, for he seem'd as  
one  
That all in later, sadder age begins  
To war against ill uses of a life,  
But these from all his life arise, and  
cry,  
"Thou hast made us lords, and canst  
not put us down!"  
He half despairs; so Gareth seem'd  
to strike  
Vainly, the damsel clamoring all the  
while,  
"Well done, knave-knight, well-  
stricken, O good knight-knave—  
O knave, as noble as any of all the  
knights—  
Shame me not, shame me not. I have  
prophesied—  
Strike, thou art worthy of the Table  
Round—  
His arms are old, he trusts the harden'd  
skin—  
Strike—strike—the wind will never  
change again."  
And Gareth hearing ever stronglier  
smote,  
And hew'd great pieces of his armor  
off him,  
But lash'd in vain against the harden'd  
skin, [more  
And could not wholly bring him under,  
Than loud Southwesterns, rolling ridge  
on ridge,  
The buoy that rides at sea, and dips  
and springs  
Forever; till at length Sir Gareth's  
brand  
Clash'd his, and brake it utterly to the  
hilt.

"I have thee now;" but forth that  
 other sprang,  
 And, all unknightlike, writhed his wiry  
 arms  
 Around him, till he felt, despite his  
 mail,  
 Strangled, but straining ev'n his utter-  
 most  
 Cast, and so hurl'd him headlong o'er  
 the bridge  
 Down to the river, sink or swim, and  
 cried,  
 "Lead, and I follow."

But the damsel said,  
 "I lead no longer; ride thou at my  
 side;  
 Thou art the kingliest of all kitchen-  
 knaves."

"O trefoil, sparkling on the rainy  
 plain,  
 O rainbow with three colors after rain,  
 Shine sweetly: thrice my love hath  
 smiled on me."

"Sir,—and good faith, I fain had  
 added—knight,  
 But that I heard thee call thyself a  
 knave,—  
 Shamed am I that I so rebuked, re-  
 viled,  
 Missaid thee; noble I am; and thought  
 the King  
 Scorn'd me and mine; and now thy  
 pardon, friend,  
 For thou hast ever answer'd courte-  
 ously,  
 And wholly bold thou art, and meek  
 withal  
 As any of Arthur's best, but, being  
 knave,  
 Hast mazed my wit: I marvel what  
 thou art."

"Damsel," he said, "ye be not all to  
 blame,  
 Saving that ye mistrusted our good  
 King  
 Would handle scorn, or yield thee, ask-  
 ing, one

Not fit to cope thy quest. Ye said  
 your say;  
 Mine answer was my deed. Good  
 sooth! I hold  
 He scarce is knight, yea but half-man,  
 nor meet  
 To fight for gentle damsel, he, who  
 lets  
 His heart be stirr'd with any foolish  
 heat  
 At any gentle damsel's wayardness.  
 Shamed? care not! thy foul sayings  
 fought for me:  
 And seeing now my words are fair,  
 methinks,  
 There rides no knight, not Lancelot,  
 his great self,  
 Hath force to quell me."

Nigh upon that hour  
 When the lone henn forgets his melan-  
 choly,  
 Lets down his other leg, and stretch-  
 ing dreams  
 Of goodly supper in the distant pool,  
 Then turn'd the noble damsel smiling  
 at him,  
 And told him of a cavern hard at hand,  
 Where bread and baken meats and  
 good red wine  
 Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors  
 Had sent her coming champion, waited  
 him.

Anon they past a narrow comb  
 wherein  
 Were slabs of rock with figures, knights  
 on horse  
 Sculptured, and deckt in slowly waning  
 hues.  
 "Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once  
 was here.  
 Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on  
 the rock  
 The war of Time against the soul of  
 man.  
 And yon four fools have suck'd their  
 allegory  
 From these damp walls, and taken but  
 the form.  
 Know ye not these?" and Gareth  
 lookt and read--

In letters like to those the vexillary  
Hath left crag-carven o'er the stream-  
ing Gelt—

"PHOSPHORUS," then "MERIDIES"—  
"HESPERUS"—

"NOX"—"MORS," beneath five  
figures, armed men,  
Slab after slab, their faces forward  
all,

And running down the Soul, a Shape  
that fled

With broken wings, torn raiment and  
loose hair,  
For help and shelter to the hermit's  
cave.

"Follow the faces, and we find it.  
Look,

Who comes behind?"

For one—delay'd at first  
Thro' helping back the dislocated Kay  
To Camelot, then by what thereafter  
chanced,

The damsel's headlong error thro' the  
wood—

Sir Lancelot having swum the river-  
loops—

His blue shield-lions cover'd—softly  
drew [star

Behind the twain, and when he saw the  
Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him,  
cried,

"Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for  
my friend."

And Gareth crying prick'd against the  
cry;

But when they closed—in a moment—  
at one touch

Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of the  
world—

Went sliding down so easily, and fell,  
That when he found the grass within  
his hands

He laugh'd; the laughter jarr'd upon  
Lynette:

Harshly she ask'd him, "Shamed and  
overthrown,

And tumbled back into the kitchen-  
knave,

Why laugh ye? that ye blew your boast  
in vain?"

"Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the  
son

Of old King Lot and good Queen Bel-  
licent,

And victor of the bridges and the ford,  
And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown  
by whom

I know not, all thro' mere unhappi-  
ness—

Device and sorcery and unhappiness—  
Out, sword; we are thrown!" and

Lancelot answered, "Prince,  
O Gareth—thro' the mere unhappiness

Of one who came to help thee not to  
harm,

Lancelot, all and as glad to find thee  
whole,

As on the day when Arthur knighted  
him."

Then Gareth, "Thou—Lancelot!—  
thine the hand

That threw me? And some chance to  
mar the boast

Thy brethren of thee make—which  
could not chance—

Had sent thee down before a lesser  
spear

Shamed had I been and sad—O Lan-  
celot—thou!"

Whereat the maiden, petulant,  
"Lancelot,

Why came ye not, when call'd? and  
wherefore now

Come ye, not call'd? I gloried in my  
knave,

Who being still rebuked, would  
answer still

Courteous as any knight—but now, if  
knight,

The marvel dies, and leaves me fool'd  
and trick'd,

And only wondering wherefore play'd  
upon:

And doubtful whether I and mine be  
scorn'd.

Where should be truth if not in  
Arthur's hall,

In Arthur's presence? Knight, knave,  
prince and fool,

I hate thee and forever."



And Lancelot said,  
 "Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! knight  
 art thou  
 To the King's best wish. O damsel,  
 be ye wise  
 To call him shamed, who is but over-  
 thrown?  
 Thrown have I been, nor once, but  
 many a time.  
 Victor from vanquish'd issues at the  
 last,  
 And overthrower from being over-  
 thrown.  
 With sword we have not striven; and  
 thy good horse  
 And thou art weary; yet not less I felt  
 Thy manhood thro' that wearied lance  
 of thine.  
 'Tell hast thou done: for all the stream  
 is freed,  
 And thou hast wreak'd his justice on  
 his foes,  
 And when reviled, hast answer'd  
 graciously,  
 And makest merry, when overthrown.  
 Prince, Knight,  
 Hail, Knight and Prince, and of our  
 Table Round!"

And then when turning to Lynette  
 he told  
 The tale of Gareth, petulantly she said,  
 "Ay well—ay well—for worse than  
 being fool'd  
 Of others, is to fool one's self. A  
 cave,  
 Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with meats  
 and drinks  
 And forage for the horse, and flint for  
 fire.  
 But all about it flies a honeysuckle.  
 Seek, till we find." And when they  
 sought and found,  
 Sir Gareth drank and ate, and all his  
 life  
 Past into sleep; on whom the maiden  
 gazed.  
 "Sound sleep be thine! sound cause  
 to sleep hast thou.  
 Wake lusty! Seem I not as tender to  
 him

As any mother? Ay, but such a one  
 As all day long hath rated at her child,  
 And vext his day, but blesses him  
 asleep—  
 Good lord, how sweetly smells the  
 honeysuckle  
 In the hush'd night, as if the world  
 were one  
 Of utter peace, and love, and gentle-  
 ness!  
 O Lancelot, Lancelot"—and she clapt  
 her hands—  
 "Full merry am I to find my goodly  
 knave  
 Is knight and noble. See now, sworn  
 have I,  
 Else yon black felon had not let me  
 pass,  
 To bring thee back to do the battle  
 with him.  
 Thus an thou goest, he will fight thee  
 first:  
 Who doubts thee victor? so will my  
 knight-knave  
 Miss the full cower of this accomplish-  
 ment."

Said Lancelot, "Peradventure he  
 ye name,  
 May know my shield. Let Gareth, an  
 he will,  
 Change his for mine, and take my  
 charger, fresh,  
 Not to be spurr'd, loving the battle as  
 well  
 As he that rides him." "Lancelot-  
 like," she said,  
 "Courteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as  
 in all."

And Gareth, wakening, fiercely  
 clutch'd the shield;  
 "Ramp, ye lance-splintering lions, on  
 whom all spears  
 Are rotten sticks! ye seem agape to  
 roar!  
 Yea, ramp and roar at leaving of your  
 lord!—  
 Care not, good beasts, so well I care  
 for you.  
 O noble Lancelot, from my hold on  
 these

Streams virtue—fire—thro' one that  
will not shame  
Even the shadow of Lancelot under  
shield.

Hence: let us go.

Silent the silent field  
They traversed: Arthur's harp tho'  
summer-wan,  
In counter motion to the clouds, al-  
lured  
The glance of Gareth dreaming on his  
liege.

A star shot: "Lo," said Gareth, "the  
foe falls!"

An owl whoopt: "Hark the victor  
pealing there!"

Suddenly she that rode upon his left  
Clung to the shield that Lancelot lent  
him crying,

"Yield, yield him this again: 'tis he  
must fight:

I curse the tongue that all thro' yester-  
day

Reviled thee, and hath wrought on  
Lancelot now

To lend thee horse and shield:  
wonders ye have done;

Miracles ye cannot: here is glory enow  
In having flung the three: I see thee  
maim'd,

Mangled: I swear thou canst not fling  
the fourth."

"And wherefore, damsel? tell me  
all ye know.

Ye cannot scare me; nor rough face,  
or voice, nor if I should be fery  
Brute bulk of limb, or boundless savag-  
Appall me from the quest."

"Nay, Prince," she cried,  
"God wot, I never look'd upon the  
face,

Seeing he never rides abroad by day;  
But watch'd him have I like a phantom  
pass

Chilling the night: nor have I heard  
the voice.

Always he made his mouthpiece of a  
page

Who came and went, and still reported  
him

As closing in himself the strength of  
ten,

And when his anger tare him, massa-  
cring

Man, woman, lad and girl—yea, the  
soft babe—

Some hold that he hath swallow'd in-  
fant flesh,

Monster! O prince, I went for Lance-  
lot first,

The quest is Lancelot's: give him back  
the shield."

Said Gareth laughing, "An he fight  
for this,

Belike he wins it as the better man:  
Thus—and not else?"

But Lancelot on him urged  
All the devisings of their chivalry  
Where one might meet a mightier than  
himself;

How best to manage horse, lance,  
sword and shield,

And so fill up the gap where force  
might fail

With skill and fineness. Instant were  
his words.

Then Gareth, "Here he rules. I  
know but one—

To dash against mine enemy and to  
win.

Yet have I watch'd thee victor in the  
And seen thy way." "Heaven help  
thee," sigh'd Lynette.

Then for a space, and under cloud  
that grew

To thunder-gloom palling all stars,  
they rode

In converse till she made her palfrey  
halt,

Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd,  
"There."

And all the three were silent seeing,  
pitch'd

Beside the Castle Perilous on flat field,  
A huge pavilion like a mountain peak  
Sunder the glooming crimson on the  
marge,

Black, with black banner, and a long  
 black horn  
 Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth  
 graspt,  
 And so, before the two could hinder  
 him,  
 Sent all his heart and breath thro' all  
 the horn.  
 Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled;  
 anon  
 Came lights and lights, and once again  
 he blew;  
 Whereon were hollow tramlings up  
 and down [past;  
 And muffled voices heard, and shadows  
 Till high above him, circled with her  
 maids,  
 The Lady Lyonors at a window stood,  
 Beautiful among lights, and waving to  
 him  
 White hands, and courtesy; but when  
 the Prince  
 Three times had blown—after long  
 hush—at last—  
 The huge pavilion slowly yielded up,  
 Thro' those black foldings, that which  
 housed therein.  
 High on a nightblack horse, in night-  
 black arms,  
 With white breast-bone, and barren ribs  
 of Death,  
 And crown'd with fleshless laughter—  
 some ten steps—  
 In the half light—through the dim  
 dawn—advanced  
 The monster, and then paused, and  
 spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indig-  
 nantly.  
 "Fool, for thou hast, men say, the  
 strength of ten,  
 Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God  
 hath given,  
 But must, to make the terror of thee  
 more,  
 Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries  
 Of that which Life hath done with,  
 and the clod,  
 Less dull than thou, will hide with  
 mantling flowers

As if for pity?" But he spake no  
 word;  
 Which set the horror higher: a maiden  
 The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands  
 and wept,  
 As doom'd to be the bride of Night  
 and Death;  
 Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath his  
 helm;  
 And ev'n Sir Lancelot thro' his warm  
 blood felt  
 Ice strike, and all that mark'd him  
 were aghast.

At once Sir Lancelot's charger  
 fiercely neigh'd—  
 At once the black horse bounded for-  
 ward with him.  
 Then those that did not blink the ter-  
 ror, saw  
 That Death was cast to ground, and  
 slowly rose.  
 But with one stroke Sir Gareth split  
 the skull. [lay.  
 Half fell to right and half to left and  
 Then with a stronger buffet he clove  
 the helm  
 As thoroughly as the skull; and out  
 from this [boy  
 Issued the bright face of a blooming  
 Fresh as a flower new-born, and cry-  
 ing, "Knight,  
 Slay me not: my three brethren bade  
 me do it,  
 To make a horror all about the house,  
 And stay the world from Lady Lyonors.  
 They never dream'd the passes would  
 be past."  
 Answer'd Sir Gareth graciously to one  
 Not many a moon his younger, "My  
 fair child,  
 What madness made thee challenge  
 the chief knight  
 Of Arthur's hall?" "Fair Sir, they  
 bade me do it.  
 They hate the King, and Lancelot, the  
 King's friend,  
 They hoped to slay him somewhere on  
 the stream,  
 They never dream'd the passes could  
 be past."



Then sprang the happier day from  
under-ground;  
And Lady Lyonors and her house,  
with dance  
And revel and song, made merry over  
Death,  
As being after all their foolish fears

And horrors only prov'n a blooming  
boy. [the quest  
So large mirth lived, and Gareth won  
And he that told the tale in older  
times  
Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors,  
But he, that told it later, says Lynette.

## THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in  
his moods  
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's  
Table Round,  
At Camelot, high above the yellowing  
woods,  
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the  
Hall.  
And toward him from the Hall, with  
harp in hand,  
And from the crown thereof a carcanet  
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize  
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,  
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye  
so, Sir Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding  
once  
Far down beneath a winding wall of  
rock  
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak  
half-dead,  
From roots like some black coil of  
carven snakes  
Clutched at the crag, and started thro'  
midair  
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the  
tree  
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the  
wind  
Pierced ever a child's cry; and crag  
and tree  
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous  
nest,  
This ruby necklace thrice around her  
neck,

And all unscarr'd from beak or talon  
brought  
A maiden babe; which Arthur pitying  
took,  
Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the  
Queen  
But coldly acquiescing, in her white  
arms  
Received, and after loved it tenderly,  
And named it Nestling; so forgot her-  
self  
A moment, and her cares; till that  
young life  
Being smitten in mid-heaven with mor-  
tal cold  
Past from her; and in time the car-  
canet  
Vext her with plaintive memories of  
the child:  
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,  
"Take thou the jewels of this dead in-  
nocence,  
And make them, an thou wilt, a tour-  
ney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace to thine  
eagle-borne  
Dead nestling, and this honor after  
death, [I muse  
Following thy will! but, O my Queen,  
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or  
zone,  
Those diamonds that I rescued from  
the tarn,  
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee  
to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall,"  
 she cried,  
 "Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they  
 were,  
 A bitterness to me!—ye look amazed,  
 Not knowing they were lost as soon as  
 given—  
 Slid from my hands, when I was lean-  
 ing out  
 Above the river—that unhappy child  
 Past in her barge : but rosier luck will  
 go  
 With these rich jewels, seeing that  
 they came  
 Not from the skeleton of a brother-  
 slayer,  
 But the sweet body of a maiden babe.  
 Perchance—who knows?—the purest  
 of thy knights  
 May win them for the purest of my  
 maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great  
 jousts  
 With trumpet-blowings ran on all the  
 ways  
 From Camelot in among the faded  
 fields  
 To furthest towers ; and everywhere  
 the knights  
 Arm'd for a day of glory before the  
 King.

But on the hither side of that loud  
 morn  
 Into the hall stagger'd, his visage  
 ribb'd  
 From ear to ear with dog-whip weals,  
 his nose  
 Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one  
 hand off,  
 And one with shatter'd fingers dang-  
 ling lame,  
 A churl, to whom indignantly the  
 King,

"My churl, for whom Christ died,  
 what evil beast  
 Hath drawn his claws athwart thy  
 face? or fiend?  
 Man was it who marr'd Heaven's im-  
 age in thee thus?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of  
 splinter'd teeth,  
 Yet strangers to the tongue, and with  
 blunt stump  
 Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air said the  
 maim'd churl,

"He took them and he drave them  
 to his tower—  
 Some hold he was a table-knight of  
 thine—  
 A hundred goodly ones—the Red  
 Knight, he—  
 Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red  
 Knight  
 Brake in upon me and drave them to  
 his tower;  
 And when I called upon thy name as  
 one  
 That does right by gentle and by churl,  
 Maim'd me and maul'd, and would out-  
 right have slain,  
 Save that he sware me to a message,  
 saying—  
 'Tell thou the King and all his liars,  
 that I  
 Have founded my Round Table in the  
 North,  
 And whatsoever his own knights have  
 sworn  
 My knights have sworn the counter to  
 it—and say  
 My tower is full of harlots, like his  
 court,  
 But mine are worthier, seeing they  
 profess  
 To be none other than themselves—  
 and say  
 My knights are all adulterers like his  
 own,  
 But mine are truer, seeing they pro-  
 fess  
 To be none other; and say his hour is  
 come,  
 The heathen are upon him, his long  
 lance  
 Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.'"

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the sen-  
 eschal,  
 "Take thou my churl, and tend him  
 curiously

Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.  
 The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,  
 Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,  
 Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,  
 Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom  
 The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere,—  
 Friends, thro' your manhood and your féalty,—now  
 Make their last head like Satan in the North.  
 My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower  
 Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,  
 Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,  
 The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.  
 But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place  
 Enchain'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field:  
 For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,  
 Only to yield my Queen her own again?  
 Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well:  
 Yet better if the King abide, and leave  
 The leading of his younger knights to me.  
 Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him,  
 And while they stood without the doors, the King  
 Turn'd to him saying, "Is it then so well?  
 Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he  
 Of whom was written, 'a sound is in his ears'—

The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance  
 That only seems half-loyal to command,—  
 A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—  
 Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights  
 Tells of a manhood ever less and lower?  
 Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,  
 By noble deeds at one with noble vows,  
 From flat confusion and brute violences,  
 Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,  
 Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd  
 North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen,  
 Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,  
 Watched her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.  
 Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme  
 Of bygone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?  
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,  
 By these in earnest those in mockery call'd  
 The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,  
 Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,  
 Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,  
 The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,  
 And down a streetway hung with folds of pure  
 White samite, and by fountains running wine,



Where children sat in white with cups  
of gold,  
Moved to the lists, and there, with  
slow sad steps  
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd  
chair.

He glanced and saw the stately gal-  
leries,  
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of  
their Queen  
White-robed in honor of the stainless  
child,  
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a  
bank  
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks  
of fire.  
He lookt but once, and veil'd his eyes  
again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a  
dream  
To ears but half-awaked, then one low  
roll  
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts be-  
gan:  
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing  
leaf  
And gloom and gleam, and shower and  
shorn plume  
Went down it. Sighing wearily, as  
one  
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,  
When all the goodlier guests are past  
away,  
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er  
the lists.  
He saw the laws that ruled the tourna-  
ment  
Broken, but spake not; once, a knight  
cast down  
Before his throne of arbitration cursed  
The dead babe and the follies of the  
King;  
And once the laces of a helmet  
crack'd,  
And show'd him, like a vermin in its  
hole,  
Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard  
The voice that billow'd round the bar-  
riers roar

An ocean-sounding welcome to one  
knight,  
But newly enter'd, taller than the rest,  
And armor'd all in forest green, where-  
on  
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,  
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,  
With ever-scattering berries, and on  
shield  
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—  
late  
From overseas in Brittany return'd,  
And marriage with a princess of that  
realm,  
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the  
Woods—  
Whom Lancelot knew, had held some-  
time with pain  
His own against him, and now yearn'd  
to shake  
The burthen off his heart in one full  
shock  
With Tristram ev'n to death: his  
strong hands gript  
And dinted the gilt dragons right and  
left,  
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many  
of those,  
That ware their ladies' colors on the  
casque,  
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the  
bounds,  
And there with gibes and flickering  
mockeries  
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven  
crests! O shame!  
What faith have these in whom they  
sware to love?  
The glory of our Round Table is no  
more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave,  
the gems,  
Not speaking other word than "Hast  
thou won?  
Art thou the purest, brother? See, the  
hand  
Wherewith thou takest is red!" to  
whom  
Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's  
langorous mood,

Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss  
me this  
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry  
hound?  
Let me thy fair Queen's fantasy.  
Strength of heart  
And might of limb, but mainly use and  
skill, [King.  
Are winners in this pastime of our  
My hand—belike the lance hath dript  
upon it—  
No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief  
knight,  
Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield,  
Great brother, thou nor I have made  
the world;  
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in  
mine."

And Tristram round the gallery  
made his horse  
Caracole; then bow'd his homage,  
bluntly saying,  
"Fair damsels, each to him who wor-  
ships each  
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, be-  
hold  
This day my Queen of Beauty is not  
here."  
Then most of these were mute, some  
anger'd, one  
Murmuring, "All courtesy is dead,"  
and one,  
"The glory of our Round Table is no  
more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt  
and mantle clung, [day  
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan  
Went glooming down in wet and wear-  
iness:  
But under her black brows a swarthy  
dame  
Laught shrilly, crying "Praise the  
patient saints,  
Our one white day of Innocence hath  
past,  
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt.  
So be it.  
The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the  
year,

Would make the world as blank as  
wintertide.  
Come—let us comfort their sad eyes,  
our Queen's  
And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity  
With all the kindlier colors of the  
field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the  
feast  
Variously gay: for he that tells the  
tale  
Likened them, saying "as when an hour  
of cold  
Falls on the mountain in midsummer  
snows,  
And all the purple slopes of mountain  
flowers  
Pass under white, till the warm hour  
returns  
With veer of wind, and all are flowers  
again;"  
So dame and damsel cast the simple  
white,  
And glowing in all colors, the live grass  
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy,  
glanced  
About the revels, and with mirth so  
loud  
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the  
Queen,  
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless  
jousts,  
Brake up their sports, then slowly to  
her bower  
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow  
morn,  
High over all the yellowing Autumn-  
tide,  
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the  
hall.  
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye  
so, Sir Fool?"  
Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet  
replied,  
"Belike for lack of wiser company;  
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit  
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I  
skip

To know myself the wisest knight of all."

"Ay, fool," said Tristram "but 'tis eating dry

To dance without a catch, a roundelay  
To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,

And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,

Quiet as any water-sodden log  
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook ;

But when the twangling ended, skipt again ;

Then being ask'd, " Why skipt ye not, Sir Fool ? "

Made answer, " I had liefer twenty years

Skip to the broken music of my brains  
Than any broken music ye can make."

Then Aristrum, waiting for the quip to come, [fool ? "

" Good now, what music have I broken,  
And little Dagonet, skipping, " Arthur, the king's ;

For when thou playest that air with Queen Isolt,

Thou makest broken music with thy bride, [tany—

Her daintier namesake down in Brit—  
And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."

" Save for that broken music in thy brains,

Sir Fool," said Aristrum, " I would break thy head.

Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,

The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—

I am but a fool to reason with a fool.  
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour : but lean me down,

Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,

And hearken if my music be not true.

" ' Free love—free field—we love but while we may :

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more :

The leaf is dead, the yearning past away :

New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er :

New life, new love to suit the newer day :

New loves are sweet as those that went before :

Free love,—free field—we love but while we may.'

" Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,

Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,

And found it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet with one foot poised in his hand,

" Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday

Made to run wine ?—but this had run itself

All out like a long life to a sour end—  
And them that round it sat with golden cups

To hand the wine to whomsoever came—

The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,

In honor of poor Innocence the babe,  
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen

Lent to the King, and Innocence the King

Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips [one,

Handed her cup and piped, the pretty ' Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and there—

upon I drank,

Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the draught was mud."

And Tristram, " Was it muddier than thy gibes ?

Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee ?—

Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool—

' Fear God : honor the king—his one true knight—



Sole follower of the vows'—for here  
 be they  
 Who knew thee swine enow before I  
 came,  
 Smuttier than blasted grain : but when  
 the King  
 Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot  
 up  
 It frighted all free fool from out thy  
 heart ;  
 Which left thee less than fool, and less  
 than swine,  
 A naked aught—yet swine I hold thee  
 still,  
 For I have flung thee pearls, and find  
 thee swine."

And little Dagonet mincing with his  
 feet,  
 " Knight, an ye fling those rubies round  
 my neck  
 In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast  
 some touch  
 Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.  
 Swine? - I have wallow'd, I have  
 wash'd—the world  
 Is flesh and shadow—I have had my  
 day.  
 The dirty nurse, Experience, in her  
 kind  
 Hath foul'd me—an I wallow'd, then I  
 wash'd—  
 I have had my day and my philoso-  
 phies—  
 And thank the Lord I am King Ar-  
 thur's fool.  
 Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses,  
 rams and geese  
 Troop'd round a Paynim harper once,  
 who thrumm'd  
 On such a wire as musically as thou  
 Some such fine song—but never a king's  
 fool."

And Tristram, " Then were swine,  
 goats, asses, geese  
 The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard  
 Had such a mastery of his mystery  
 That he could harp his wife up out of  
 Hell."

The Dagonet, turning on the ball of  
 his foot,  
 " And whither harp'st thou thine? down!  
 and thyself  
 Down! and two more : a helpful harper  
 thou,  
 That harpest downward! Dost thou  
 know the star  
 We call the harp of Arthur up in  
 heaven? "

And Tristram, " Ay, Sir Fool, for  
 when our King  
 Was victor wellnigh day by day, the  
 knights,  
 Glorying in each new glory, set his  
 name  
 High on all hills, and in the signs of  
 heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, " Ay, and  
 when the land  
 Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set  
 yourself  
 To babble about him, all to show your  
 wit—  
 And whether he were king by courtesy,  
 Or king by right—and so went harping  
 down  
 The black king's highway, got so far,  
 and grew  
 So witty, that ye play'd at ducks and  
 drake  
 With Arthur's vows on the great lake  
 of fire.

Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the  
 star? "

" Nay, fool," said Tristram, " not in  
 open day."

And Dagonet, " Nay, nor will : I see it  
 and hear.

It makes a silent music up in heaven,  
 And I, and Arthur and the angels  
 hear,  
 And then we skip." " Lo, fool," he  
 said, " ye talk

Fool's treason : is the king thy brother  
 fool? "

Then little Dagonet clapt his hands  
 and shrill'd,

" Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of  
 fools!

Conceits himself as God that he can  
make  
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles,  
milk  
From burning spurge, honey from horn-  
net-combs,  
And men from beasts.—Long live the  
king of fools !”

And down the city Dagonet danced  
away.  
But thro’ the slowly-mellowing avenues  
And solitary passes of the wood  
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and  
the west.  
Before him fled the face of Queen  
Isolt  
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore  
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood  
Made dull his inner, keen his outer  
eye  
For all that walk’d, or crept, or  
perched, or flew.  
Anon the face, as, when a gust hath  
blown,  
Unruffling waters re-collect the shape  
Of one that in them sees himself, re-  
turn’d;  
But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,  
Or ev’n a fall’n feather, vanish’d again.

So on for all that day from lawn to  
lawn  
Thro’ many a league-long bower he  
rode. At length  
A lodge of intertwined beechen-  
boughs  
Furze-cramm’d, and bracken-rooft, the  
which himself  
Built for a summer day with Queen  
Isolt  
Against a shower, dark in the golden  
grove  
Appearing, sent his fancy back to  
where  
She lived a moon in that low lodge  
with him :  
Till Mark her lord had past, the Cor-  
nish king,  
With six or seven, when Tristram was  
away,

And snatch’d her thence ; yet dread-  
ing worse than shame  
Her warrior Tristram spake not any  
word,  
But bode his hour, devising wretched-  
ness.

And now that desert lodge to Tris-  
tram lookt  
So sweet, that, halting, in he past, and  
sank  
Down on a drift of foliage random-  
blown ;  
But could not rest for musing how to  
smooth  
And sleek his marriage over to the  
Queen.  
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all  
The tonguesters of the court she had  
not heard.  
But then what folly had sent him over-  
seas  
After she left him lonely here ? a  
name ?  
Was it the name of one in Brittany,  
Isolt, the daughter of the King ?  
“ Isolt  
Of the white hands ” they call’d her :  
the sweet name  
Allured him first, and then the maid  
herself,  
Who served him well with those white  
hands of hers,  
And loved him well, until himself had  
thought  
He loved her also, wedded easily,  
But left her all as easily, and return’d.  
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish  
eyes  
Had drawn him home—what marvel ?  
then he laid  
His brows upon the drifted leaf and  
dream’d.  
He seem’d to pace the strand of  
Brittany  
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,  
And show’d them both the ruby-chain,  
and both  
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen  
Graspt it so hard, that all her hand  
was red.

Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!  
 These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,  
 And melts within her hand—her hand is hot  
 With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,  
 Is all as cool and white as any flower."  
 Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then  
 A whimpering of the spirit of the child,  
 Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears  
 Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,  
 And many a glancing splash and salowly isle,  
 The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh  
 Glared on a huge machicolated tower  
 That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd  
 A roar of riot, as from men secure  
 Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease  
 Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.  
 "Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,  
 High on a grim dead tree before the tower,  
 A goodly brother of The Table Round  
 Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield  
 Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,  
 And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights  
 At that dishonor done the gilded spur,  
 Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn.  
 But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode  
 Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn  
 That sent the face of all the marsh aloft

An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud  
 Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,  
 Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,  
 In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to the King,

"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!—  
 Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King  
 Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world—  
 The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's curse, and I!  
 Slain was the brother of my paramour  
 By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine  
 And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,  
 Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,  
 And stings itself to everlasting death,  
 To hang whatever knight of thine I fought  
 And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face  
 Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name  
 Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.  
 And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,  
 But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse  
 To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,  
 Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp  
 Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave  
 Heard in dead night along that table-shore  
 Drops flat, and after the great waters break  
 Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves  
 Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,



From less and less to nothing; thus he  
 fell  
 Head-heavy, while the knights, who  
 watch'd him, roar'd  
 And shouted and leapt down upon the  
 fall'n;  
 There trampled out his face from be-  
 ing known,  
 And sank his head in mire, and slided  
 themselves:  
 Nor heard the King for their own cries,  
 but sprang  
 Thro' open doors, and swording right  
 and left  
 Men, women, on their sodden faces,  
 huri'd  
 The tables over and the wines, and  
 slew  
 Till all the rafters rang with woman-  
 yells,  
 And all the pavement stream'd with  
 massacre:  
 Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired  
 the tower,  
 Which half that autumn night, like the  
 live North,  
 Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,  
 Made all above it, and a hundred  
 meres  
 About it, as the water Moab saw  
 Come round by the East, and out be-  
 yond them flush'd  
 The long low dune, and lazy-plunging  
 sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore  
 to shore.  
 But in the heart of Arthur pain was  
 lord.

Then out of Tristram, waking the  
 red dream  
 Fled with a shout, and that low lodge  
 return'd,  
 Mid-forest, and the wind among the  
 boughs.  
 He whistled his good warhorse left to  
 graze  
 Among the forest greens, vaulted upon  
 him,  
 And rode beneath an ever-showering  
 leaf,

Till one lone woman, weeping near a  
 cross,  
 Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord,"  
 she said, "my man  
 Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he  
 thought—  
 "What an she hate me now? I would  
 not this.  
 What an she love me still? I would  
 not that.  
 I know not what I would"—but said  
 to her,—  
 "Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate  
 return,  
 He find thy favor changed and love  
 thee not"—  
 Then pressing day by day thro' Lyon-  
 esse  
 Last in a rocky hollow, belling, heard  
 The hounds of Mark, and felt the  
 goodly hounds  
 Yelp at his heart, but, turning, past  
 and gain'd  
 Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,  
 A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,  
 A low sea-sunset glorying round her  
 hair  
 And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the  
 Queen.  
 And when she heard the feet of Tris-  
 tram grind  
 The spiring stone that scaled about  
 her tower,  
 Flush'd, started, met him at the doors,  
 and there  
 Belted his body with her white em-  
 brace,  
 Crying aloud, "Not Mark—not Mark,  
 my soul!" he:  
 The footstep flutter'd me at first: not  
 Catlike thro' his own castle steals my  
 Mark,  
 But warrior-wise thou stridest through  
 his halls  
 Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the  
 death.  
 My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark  
 Quickened within me, and knew that thou  
 wert nigh."

To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.  
Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,

"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,

But save for dread of thee had beaten me,

Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—Mark?

What rights are his that dare not strike for them?

Not lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus!

But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went

To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—

And so returns belike within an hour. Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not thou with him,

Because he hates thee even more than fears;

Nor drink: and when thou passest any wood

Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush

Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.

My God, the measure of my hate for Mark

Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,

Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake

To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,

"O hunter, and O blower of the horn, Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,

For, ere I mated with my shambling king,

Ye twain had fallen out about the bride Of one—his name is out of me—the prize,

If prize she were—(what marvel—she could see)—

Thine, friend: and ever since my craven seeks

To wreck thee villanously: but, O Sir Knight,

What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,

Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,

And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first

Her "light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,

Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt,  
"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen

My dole of beauty trebled?" and he said,

"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine, [kind—

And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips

Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,

Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow

To make one doubt if ever the great Queen

Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,

"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou

Who breakest thro' the scruple of my bond,

Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me

That Guinevere had sinned against the highest,

And I—mis-yoked with such a want of man—

That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!

If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,

If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,  
 Crown'd warrant had we for the crown-  
 ing sin  
 That made us happy: but how ye  
 greet me—fear  
 And fault and doubt—no word of that  
 fond tale—  
 Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet  
 memories  
 Of Tristram in that year he was away.”

And, saddening on the sudden, spake  
 Isolt,  
 “I had forgotten all in my strong joy  
 To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for,  
 hour by hour,  
 Here in the never-ended afternoon,  
 O sweeter than all memories of thee,  
 Deeper than any yearnings after thee  
 Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-  
 smiling seas,  
 Watched from this tower. Isolt of  
 Britain dash'd  
 Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,  
 Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss?  
 Wedded her?  
 Fought in her father's battles? wounded  
 there?  
 The King was all fulfill'd with grate-  
 fulness,  
 And she, my namesake of the hands,  
 that heal'd  
 Thy hurt and heart with unguent and  
 caress—  
 Well—can I wish her any huger wrong  
 Than having known thee? her too hast  
 thou left  
 To pine and waste in those sweet  
 memories?  
 O were I not my Mark's, by whom all  
 men  
 Are noble, I should hate thee more  
 than love.”

And Tristram, fondling! her light  
 hands, replied,  
 “Grace, Queen, for being loved: she  
 loved me well.  
 Did I love her? the name at least I  
 loved.  
 Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!

The night was dark; the true star set  
 Isolt!  
 The name was ruler of the dark—  
 Isolt?  
 Care not for her! patient, and prayer-  
 ful, meek,  
 Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to  
 God.”

And Isolt answered, “Yea, and why  
 not I?  
 Mine is the larger need, who am not  
 meek,  
 Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell  
 thee now.  
 Here one black, mute midsummer night  
 I sat  
 Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering  
 where,  
 Murmuring a light song I had heard  
 thee sing,  
 And once or twice I spake thy name  
 aloud.  
 Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near  
 me stood,  
 In fuming sulphur blue and green, a  
 fiend—  
 Mark's way to steal behind one in the  
 dark—  
 For there was Mark: ‘He has wedded  
 her,’ he said,  
 Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown  
 of towers  
 So shook to such a roar of all the sky,  
 That here in utter dark I swoon'd  
 away,  
 And woke again in utter dark, and  
 cried,  
 ‘I will flee hence and give myself to  
 God’—  
 And thou wert lying in thy new leman's  
 arms.”

Then Tristram, ever dallying with  
 her hand,  
 “May God be with thee, sweet, when  
 old and gray,  
 And past desire!” a saying that  
 anger'd her.  
 “‘May God be with thee, sweet, when  
 thou art old,



And sweet no more to me ! ' I need Him  
 now.  
 For when had Lancelot utter'd aught  
 so gross  
 Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the  
 mast ?  
 The greater man, the greater courtesy.  
 But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild  
 beasts—  
 Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a  
 lance  
 Becomes thee well—art grown wild  
 beast thyself. [even  
 How dardest thou, if lover, push me  
 In fancy from thy side, and set me far  
 In the gray distance, half a life away,  
 Her to be loved no more ? Unsay it,  
 unswear !  
 Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,  
 Broken with Mark and hate and soli-  
 tude,  
 Thy marriage and mine own, that I  
 should suck  
 Lies like sweet wines : lie to me : I  
 believe.  
 Will ye not lie ? not swear, as there ye  
 kneel,  
 And solemnly as when ye sware to him,  
 The man of men, our King—My God,  
 the power  
 Was once in vows when men believed  
 the King !  
 They lied not then, who sware, and  
 thro' their vows  
 The King prevailing made his realm :  
 —I say,  
 Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n  
 when old,  
 Gray-haired, and past desire, and in de-  
 spair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up  
 and down,  
 "Vows ! did ye keep the vow ye made  
 to Mark  
 More than I mine ? Lied, say ye ? Nay,  
 but learnt,  
 The vow that binds too strictly snaps  
 itself—  
 My being taught me this—ay,  
 being snapt—

We run more counter to the soul thereof  
 Than had we never sworn. I swear no  
 more.  
 I swore to the great King, and am for-  
 sworn.  
 For once—ev'n to the height—I honor'd  
 him.  
 'Man, is he man at all ?' methought,  
 when first  
 I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and  
 beheld  
 That victor of the Pagan throned in  
 hall—  
 His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a  
 brow  
 Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-  
 blue eyes,  
 The golden beard that clothed his lips  
 with light—  
 Moreover, that weird legend of his  
 birth,  
 With Merlin's mystic babble about his  
 end,  
 Amazed me ; then, his foot was on a  
 stool  
 Shaped as a dragon ; he seem'd to me  
 no man,  
 But Michaël trampling Satan ; so I  
 sware,  
 Being amazed : but this went by—the  
 vows !  
 O ay—the wholesome madness of an  
 hour—  
 They served their use, their time ; for  
 every knight  
 Believed himself a greater than him-  
 self,  
 And every follower eyed him as a God ;  
 Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,  
 Did mightier deeds than otherwise he  
 had done,  
 And so the realm was made ; but then  
 their vows—  
 First mainly thro' that sullyng of our  
 Queen—  
 Began to gall the knighthood, asking  
 whence  
 Had Arthur right to bind them to him-  
 self ?  
 Dropt down from heaven ? wash'd up  
 from out the deep ?

They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh  
and blood  
Of our old Kings: whence then? a  
doubtful lord  
To bind them by inviolable vows,  
Which flesh and blood perforce would  
violate: [within  
For feel this arm of mine—the tide  
Red with free chase and heather-  
scented air, [pure  
Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me  
As any maiden child? lock up my  
tongue  
From uttering freely what I freely hear?  
Bind me to one? The great world  
laughs at it.  
And worldling of the world am I, and  
know  
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his  
hour  
Wooes his own end; we are not angels  
here  
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of  
the woods,  
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale  
Mock them: my soul, we love but  
while we may;  
And therefore is my love so large for  
thee,  
Seeing it is not bounded save by love.”

Here ending, he moved toward her,  
and she said,  
“Good: an I turn'd away my love for  
thee  
To some one thrice as courteous as  
thyself—  
For courtesy wins woman all as well  
As valor may—but he that closes both  
Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller in-  
deed,  
Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I  
loved  
This knightliest of all knights, and cast  
thee back  
Thine own small saw, ‘We love but  
while we may,’  
Well then, what answer?”

He that while she spake,  
Mindful of what he brought to adorn  
her with,

The jewels, had let one finger lightly  
touch  
The warm white apple of her throat  
replied,  
“Press this a little closer, sweet, un-  
til—  
Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'd  
—meat,  
Wine, wine—and I will love thee to  
the death,  
And out beyond into the dream to  
come.”

So then, when both were brought to  
full accord,  
She rose, and set before him all he  
will'd;  
And after these had comforted the  
blood  
With meats and wines, and satiated  
their hearts—  
Now talking of their woodland para-  
dise,  
The deer, the dews, the fern, the  
founts, the lawns;  
Now mocking at the much ungainli-  
ness,  
And craven shifts, and long crane legs  
of Mark—  
Then Tristram laughing caught the  
harp, and sang:

“Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend  
the brier!  
A star in heaven, a star within the  
mere!  
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,  
And one was far apart, and one was  
near:  
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the  
grass!  
And one was water and one star was  
fire,  
And one will ever shine and one will  
pass.  
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that moye the  
mere.”

Then in the light's last glimmer  
Tristram show'd  
And swung the ruby carcanet. She  
cried,

"The collar of some order, which our King  
Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,  
For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."

"Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red fruit  
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven,  
And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,  
And hither brought by Tristram for his last  
Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,  
Claspt it but while he bow'd himself to lay  
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,

Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,  
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—

"Mark's wav," said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,  
All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,  
The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw  
The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his feet  
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,

"What art thou?" and the voice about his feet

Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,  
And I shall never make thee smile again."

## TO THE QUEEN.

### EPILOGUE TO THE IDYLS.

O LOYAL to the royal in thyself,  
And loyal to thy land, as this to thee—  
Bear witness, that rememberable day,  
When, pale as yet, and fever-worn, the Prince,  
Who scarce had pluck'd his flickering life again  
From half-way down the shadow of the grave,  
Past with thee thro' thy people and their love,  
And London roll'd one tide of joy thro' all  
Her trebled millions, and loud leagues of man  
And welcome! witness, too, the silent cry,

The prayer of many a race and creed,  
And clime— [sea  
Thunderless lightnings striking under  
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm,  
And that true North, whereof we lately heard  
A strain to shame us "keep you to yourselves;  
So loyal is too costly! friends—your love  
Is but a burden: loose the bond, and go."  
Is this the tone of empire? here the faith  
That made us rulers? this, indeed, her voice



And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont  
 Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?  
 What shock has fool'd her since, that she should speak  
 So feebly? wealthier—wealthier—hour by hour!  
 The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,  
 Some third-rate isle half-lost among her seas?  
*There* rang her voice, when the full city peal'd  
 Thee and thy Prince! The loyal to their crown  
 Are loyal to their own far sons, who love  
 Our ocean-empire with her boundless homes  
 For ever-broadening England, and her throne  
 In our vast Orient, and one isle, one isle,  
 That knows not her own greatness: if she knows  
 And dreads it we are fall'n.—But thou, my Queen,  
 Not for itself, but thro' thy living love  
 For one to whom I made it o'er his grave  
 Sacred, accept this old imperfect tale,  
 New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul  
 Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost  
 Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,  
 And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still for him  
 Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Mal-lor's one  
 Touched by the adulterous finger of a time

That hover'd between war and wantonness,  
 And crownings and dethronements; take withal  
 Thy poet's blessing, and his trust that Heaven  
 Will blow the tempest in the distance back  
 From thine and ours: for some are scared, who mark,  
 Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,  
 Waverings of every vane with every wind,  
 And wordy trucklings in the transient hour,  
 And fierce or careless looseners of the faith,  
 And Softness breeding scorn of simple life,  
 Or Cowardice, the child of lust for gold,  
 Or Labor, with a groan and not a voice,  
 Or Art, with poisonous honey stol'n from France,  
 And that which knows, but careful for itself,  
 And that which knows not, ruling that which knows  
 To its own harm: the goal of this great world  
 Lies beyond sight: yet—if our slowly-grown  
 And crown'd Republic's crowning common-sense,  
 That saved her many times, not fail—their fears  
 Are morning shadows huger than the shapes  
 That cast them, not those gloomier which forego  
 The darkness of that battle in the West,  
 Where all of high and holy dies away.

A WELCOME TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS  
OF EDINBURGH.

MARCH, 1874.

## I.

THE Son of him with whom we strove  
for power—

Whose will is lord thro' all his world-  
domain—

Who made the serf a man, and burst  
his chain—

Has given our Prince his own Imperial  
Flower,

Alexandrovna.

And welcome, Russian flower, a  
people's pride,

To Britain, when her flowers begin to  
blow !

From love to love, from home to  
home you go,

From mother unto mother, stately  
bride,

Marie-Alexandrovna.

## II.

The golden news along the steppes is  
blown,

And at thy name the Tartar tents  
are stirred :

Elburz and all the Caucasus have  
heard ;

And all the sultry palms of India  
known,

Alexandrovna.

The voices of our universal sea,  
On capes of Afric as on cliffs of

Kent,

The Maoris and that Isle of Con-  
tinent,

And loyal pines of Canada murmur  
thee,

Marie-Alexandrovna !

## III.

Fair empires branching, both, in lusty  
life !—

Yet Harold's England fell to Nor-  
man swords :

Yet thine own land has bow'd to  
Tartar hordes

Since English Harold gave its throne  
a wife,

Alexandrovna !

For thrones and peoples are as waifs  
that swing,

And float or fall, in endless ebb and  
flow ;

But who love best have best the  
grace to know

That Love by right divine is deathless  
king,

Marie-Alexandrovna !

## IV.

And Love has led thee to the stranger  
land,

Where men are bold and strongly  
say their say ;—

See, empire upon empire smiles to-  
day,

As thou with thy young lover hand in  
hand,

Alexandrovna !

So now thy fuller life is in the West,  
Whose hand at home was gracious

to thy poor :

Thy name was blest within the nar-  
row door ;

Here also, Marie, shall thy name be  
blest,

Marie-Alexandrovna !

## V.

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame  
again ?

Or at thy coming, Princess, every-  
where,

The blue heaven break, and some  
diviner air  
Breathe thro' the world and change  
the hearts of men,

Alexandrovna?

But hearts that change not, love that  
cannot cease,

And peace be yours, the peace of  
soul in soul!

And howsoever this wild world may  
roll,

Between your peoples truth and man-  
ful peace,

Alfred—Alexandrovna!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### IN THE GARDEN AT SWAIN- STON.

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,  
Within was weeping for thee:  
Shadows of three dead men  
Walk'd in the walks with me,  
Shadows of three dead men, and thou  
wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods:  
The Master was far away:  
Nightingales warbled and sang  
Of a passion that lasts but a day:  
Still in the house in his coffin the  
Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known  
In courtesy like to thee:  
Two dead men have I loved  
With a love that ever will be:  
Three dead men have I loved, and  
thou art last of the three.

### THE VOICE AND THE PEAK.

THE voice and the Peak  
Far over summit and lawn,  
The lone glow and long roar  
Green-rushing from the rosy thrones  
of dawn!

All night have I heard the voice  
Rave over the rocky bar,  
But thou wert silent in heaven,  
Above thee glided the star.

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,  
That standest high above all?

"I am the voice of the Peak,  
I roar and rave for I fall.

"A thousand voices go  
To North, South, East, and West;  
They leave the heights and are troubled,  
And moan and sink to their rest.

"The fields are fair beside them,  
The chestnut towers in his bloom;  
But they—they feel the desire of the  
deep—  
Fall, and follow their doom.

"The deep has power on the height,  
And the height has power on the  
deep;

They are raised forever and ever,  
And sink again into sleep."

Not raised forever and ever,  
But when their cycle is o'er,  
'The valley, the voice, the peak, the  
star,  
Pass, and are found no more.

The Peak is high and flush'd  
At his height with sunrise fire;  
The Peak is high, and the stars are  
high,  
And the thought of a man is higher.

A voice below the voice,  
And a height beyond the height!  
Our hearing is not hearing,  
And our seeing is not sight.

The voice and the Peak  
Far into heaven withdrawn,  
The lone glow and the long roar  
Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of  
dawn!



# QUEEN MARY

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### QUEEN MARY.

PHILIP (*King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain*).

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

REGINALD POLE (*Cardinal and Papal Legate*).

SIMON RENARD (*Spanish Ambassador*).

LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES (*French Ambassador*).

THOMAS CRANMER (*Archbishop of Canterbury*).

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH (*Archbishop of York; Lord Chancellor after Gardiner*).

EDWARD COURTENAY (*Earl of Devon*).

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD (*afterwards Lord Howard and Lord High Admiral*).

LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME.

LORD PAGET.

LORD PETRE.

STEPHEN GARDINER (*Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor*).

EDMUND BONNER (*Bishop of London*).

THOMAS THIRLBY (*Bishop of Ely*).

SIR THOMAS WYATT } (*Insurrectionary Leaders*).

SIR THOMAS STAFFORD }

SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

SIR WILLIAM CECIL

SIR THOMAS WHITE (*Lord Mayor of London*).

THE DUKE OF ALVA } (*attending on Philip*).

THE COUNT DE FERIA }

PETER MARTYR.

FATHER COLE.

FATHER BOURNE.

VILLA GARCIA.

SOTO.

CAPTAIN BRETT } (*Adherents of Wyatt*).

ANTONY KNYVETT }

PETERS (*Gentleman of Lord Howard*).

ROGER (*Servant to Noailles*).

WILLIAM (*Servant to Wyatt*).

STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD to the Princess Elizabeth.

OLD NOKES and NOKES.

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER (*Mother of Courtenay*).

LADY CLARENCE

LADY MAGDALEN DACRES } (*Ladies in waiting to the Queen*).

ALICE

MAID OF HONOR to the Princess Elizabeth.

JOAN }

TIB } (*Two Country Wives*).

*Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, &c.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—ALDGATE RICHLY  
DECORATED.

CROWD. MARSHALMEN.

*Marshalman.* Stand back, keep a clear lane. When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth. Shout, knaves!

*Citizens.* Long live Queen Mary!

*First Citizen.* That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

*Second Citizen.* It means a bastard.

*Third Citizen.* Nay, it means true-born.

*First Citizen.* Why, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard?

*Second Citizen.* No; it was the Lady Elizabeth.

*Third Citizen.* That was after, man; that was after.

*First Citizen.* Then which is the bastard?

*Second Citizen.* Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council.

*Third Citizen.* Ay, the Parliament can make every true-born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christ-masses.

*Old Nokes (dreamily).* Who's a-passing? King Edward or King Richard?

*Third Citizen.* No, old Nokes.

*Old Nokes.* It's Harry!

*Third Citizen.* It's Queen Mary.

*Old Nokes.* The blessed Mary's a-passing! [*Falls on his knees.*]

*Nokes.* Let father alone, my masters! he's past your questioning.

*Third Citizen.* Answer thou for him, then! thou art no such cockerel thy-

self, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh.

*Nokes.* Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard.

*Third Citizen.* But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fray'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels.

*Nokes.* I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it; but I and my old woman 'ud burn upon it, that would we.

*Marshalman.* What, are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood I will.

*First Citizen.* He swears by the Rood. Whew!

*Second Citizen.* Hark! the trumpets.

[*The Procession passes, MARY and ELIZABETH riding side by side, and disappears under the gate.*]

*Citizens.* Long live Queen Mary! down with all traitors! God save Her Grace; and death to Northumberland! [*Exeunt.*]

*Manent two Gentlemen.*

*First Gentleman.* By God's light a noble creature, right royal.

*Second Gentleman.* She looks comelier than ordinary to-day; but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal.

*First Gentleman.* I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at Wanstead with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following.

*Second Gentleman.* Ay, that was in

her hour of joy, there will be plenty to sunder and unsister them again; this Gardiner for one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer.

*First Gentleman.* And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father; and furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy.

*Second Gentleman.* Well, sir, I look for happy times.

*First Gentleman.* There is but one thing against them. I know not if you know.

*Second Gentleman.* I suppose you touch upon the rumor that Charles, the master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the Devil. I trust it is but a rumor.

*First Gentleman.* She is going now to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

*Second Gentleman.* Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

*First Gentleman.* Ay, but he's too old.

*Second Gentleman.* And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal, but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

*First Gentleman.* O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his achage and his breakage, if that were all: but will you not follow the procession?

*Second Gentleman.* No; I have seen enough for this day.

*First Gentleman.* Well, I shall follow; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether Her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

*Cranmer.* To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms, Geneva, Basle—our Bishops from their sees

Or fled, they say, or flying—Pointet, Barlow,

Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the Deans

Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—

Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more;

So they report: I shall be left alone;  
No: Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.

*Enter PETER MARTYR.*

*Peter Martyr.* Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, your name stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent

That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.

*Cranmer.* Stand first it may, but it was written last:

Those that are now her Privy Council, sign'd

Before me: nay, the Judges had pronounced

That our young Edward might bequeath the crown

Of England, putting by his father's will.

Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.

The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes

Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,

Damp with the sweat of death, and griping mine,

Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield



His Church of England to the Papal  
wolf

And Mary; then I could no more—I  
sign'd.

Nay, for bare shame, of inconsistency,  
She cannot pass her traitor council by,  
To make me headless.

*Peter Martyr.* That might be for-  
given.

I tell you, fly, my Lord. You do not  
own

The bodily presence in the Eucharist,  
Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice:  
Your creed will be your death.

*Cranmer.* Step after step,  
Thro' many voices crying right and  
left,

Have I climb'd back into the primal  
church,

And stand within the porch, and Christ  
with me:

My flight were such a scandal to the  
faith,

The downfall of so many simple souls,  
I dare not leave my post.

*Peter Martyr.* But you divorced  
Queen Catharine and her father; hence,  
her hate

Will burn till you are burn'd.

*Cranmer.* I cannot help it.  
The Canonists and Schoolmen were  
with me.

"Thou shalt not wed thy brother's  
wife."—'Tis written,

"They shall be childless." True,  
Mary was born,

But France would not accept her for a  
bride

As being born from incest; and this  
wrought

Upon the king; and child by child,  
you know,

Were momentary sparkles, out as  
quick

Almost as kindled; and he brought  
his doubts

And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for  
him

He *did* believe the bond incestuous.

But wherefore am I trenching on the  
time

That should already have seen your  
steps a mile

From me and Lambeth? God be with  
you! Go.

*Peter Martyr.* Ah, but how fierce a  
letter you wrote against  
Their superstition when they slander'd  
you

For setting up a mass at Canterbury  
To please the Queen.

*Cranmer.* It was a wheedling monk  
Set up the mass.

*Peter Martyr.* I know it, my good  
Lord.

But you so bubbled over with hot  
terms

Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,  
She never will forgive you. Fly, my  
Lord, fly!

*Cranmer.* I wrote it, and God grant  
me power to burn!

*Peter Martyr.* They have given me  
a safe conduct: for all that

I dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see  
you,

Dear friend, for the last time; farewell,  
and fly.

*Cranmer.* Fly and farewell, and let  
me die the death.

[Exit PETER MARTYR.]

Enter OLD SERVANT.

*Old Servant.* O, kind and gentle  
master, the Queen's Officers  
Are here in force to take you to the  
Tower.

*Cranmer.* Ay, gentle friend, admit  
them. I will go.

I thank my God it is too late to fly.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

FATHER BOURNE *in the pulpit.* A  
crowd. MARCHIONESS OF EXETER,  
COURTENAY. The SIEUR DE NOAIL-  
LES and his man ROGER *in front of  
the stage.* Hubbub.

*Noailles.* Hast thou let fall those  
papers in the palace?

*Roger.* Ay, sir.

Noailles. "There will be no peace for Mary till Elizabeth lose her head."

Roger. Ay, sir.

Noailles. And the other. "Long live Elizabeth the Queen."

Roger. Ay, sir; she needs must tread upon them.

Noailles. Well.

These beastly swine make such a grunting here, I cannot catch what Father Bourne is saying.

Roger. Quiet a moment, my masters; hear what the shaveling has to say for himself.

Crowd. Hush—hear.

Bourne. —and so this unhappy land, long divided in itself, and sever'd from the faith, will return into the one true fold, seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen hath—

Crowd. No pope! no pope!

Roger. (to those about him, mimicking BOURNE). —hath sent for the holy legate of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal Pole, to give us all that holy absolution which—

First Citizen. Old Bourne to the life!

Second Citizen. Holy absolution! holy Inquisition!

Third Citizen. Down with the Papist.

Bourne. —and now that your good bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long under bonds for the faith—

Noailles. Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd,

And get the swine to shout Elizabeth. Yon gray old Gospeller, sour as mid-winter,

Begin with him.

Roger (goes). By the mass, old friend, we'll have no pope here while the Lady Elizabeth lives.

Gospeller. Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the mass?

Roger. Ay, that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to my tongue yet.

First Citizen. He says right; by the mass we'll have no mass here.

Voices of the Crowd. Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Papist. From thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him down.

Bourne. —and since our Gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple—

First Citizen. Virgin Mary! we'll have no virgins here—we'll have the Lady Elizabeth!

[Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled, and sticks in the pulpit. The mob throng to the pulpit stairs.

Marchioness of Exeter. Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy father Murder'd before thy face? up, son, and save him!

They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.

Courtenay (in the pulpit). Shame, shame, my masters! are you English-born,

And set yourselves by hundreds against one?

Crowd. A Courtenay! a Courtenay!

[A train of Spanish servants crosses at the back of the stage.

Noailles. These birds of passage come before their time:

Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard there.

Roger. My masters, yonder's fatter game for you

Than this old gaping gurgyle: look you there—

The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Queen!

After him, boys! and pelt him from the city.

[They seize stones and follow the Spaniards. Exit on the other side MARCHIONESS OF EXETER and Attendants.

Noailles (to ROGER). Stand from me If Elizabeth lose her head—

That makes for France.

And if her people, anger'd thereupon, Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—

That makes for France.  
And if I breed confusion anyway—  
That makes for France.

Good day, my Lord of Devon;  
A bold heart yours to beard that rag-  
ing mob!

*Courtenay.* My mother said, Go up;  
and up I went.

I knew they would not do me any  
wrong,

For I am mighty popular with them,  
*Noailles*

*Noailles.* You look'd a king.

*Courtenay.* Why not? I am king's  
blood.

*Noailles.* And in the whirl of change  
may come to be one.

*Courtenay.* Ah!

*Noailles.* But does your gracious  
Queen entreat you king-like?

*Courtenay.* 'Fore God, I think she  
entreats me like a child.

*Noailles.* You've but a dull life in this  
maiden court,

I fear, my Lord.

*Courtenay.* A life of nods and yawns.

*Noailles.* So you would honor my  
poor house to-night,

We might enliven you. Divers honest  
fellows,

The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from  
prison,

Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas  
Wyatt,

Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more  
—we play.

*Courtenay.* At what?

*Noailles.* The Game of Chess.

*Courtenay.* The Game of Chess!  
I can play well, and I shall beat you  
there.

*Noailles.* Ay, but we play with Henry,  
King of France,

And certain of his court.

His Highness makes his moves across  
the channel,

We answer him with ours and there  
are messengers

That go between us.

*Courtenay.* Why, such a game, sir,  
were whole years a playing.

*Noailles.* Nay; not so long, I trust  
That all depends

Upon the skill and swiftness of the  
players.

*Courtenay.* The King is skilful at it?

*Noailles.* Very, my Lord.

*Courtenay.* And the stakes high?

*Noailles.* But not beyond your means.

*Courtenay.* Well, I'm the first of  
players. I shall win.

*Noailles.* With our advice and in our  
company,

And so you will attend to the king's  
moves,

I think you may.

*Courtenay.* When do you meet?

*Noailles.* To-night.

*Courtenay (aside)* I will be there;  
the fellow's at his tricks—

Deep—I shall fathom him. (*Aloud.*)

Good-morning, *Noailles*

[*Exit COURTENAY.*]

*Noailles.* Good-day, my Lord.

Strange game of chess! a King

That with her own pawns plays against  
a Queen,

Whose play is all to find herself a  
King.

Ay; but this fine blue-blooded Cour-  
tenay seems

Too princely for a pawn. Call him a  
Knight,

That, with an ass's not an horse's  
head,

Skips every way, from levity or from  
fear.

Well, we shall use him somehow, so  
that Gardiner

And Simon Renard spy not out our  
game

Too early. Roger, thinkest thou that  
any one

Suspected thee to be my man?

*Roger.* Not one, sir.

*Noailles.* No! the disguise was per-  
fect. Let's away! [*Exeunt*]



SCENE IV.—LONDON. A ROOM  
IN THE PALACE.

ELIZABETH. *Enter* COURTENAY.

*Courtenay.* So yet am I,  
Unless my friends and mirrors lie to  
me,  
A goodlier-looking fellow than this  
Philip.  
Pah!  
The Queen is ill advised: shall I turn  
traitor?  
They've almost talk'd me into: yet the  
word  
Affrights me somewhat; to be such a  
one  
As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in  
it.  
Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by  
your age,  
And by your looks you are not worth  
the having,  
Yet by your crown you are.

[*Seeing* ELIZABETH.  
The Princess there?

If I tried her and la—she's amorous.  
Have we not heard of her in Edward's  
time;  
Her freaks and frolics with the late  
Lord Admiral?  
I do believe she'd yield. I should be  
still  
A party in the state; and then, who  
knows—

*Elizabeth.* What are you musing on,  
my Lord of Devon?

*Courtenay.* Has not the Queen—

*Elizabeth.* Done what, Sir?

*Courtenay.* —Made you follow  
The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox.  
You,

The heir presumptive.

*Elizabeth.* Why do you ask? you  
know it.

*Courtenay.* You needs must bear it  
hardly.

*Elizabeth.* No, indeed!  
I am utterly submissive to the Queen.

*Courtenay.* Well, I was musing upon  
that; the Queen

Is both my foe and yours: we should  
be friends.

*Elizabeth.* My Lord, the hatred of  
another to us

Is no true bond of friendship.

*Courtenay.* Might it not  
Be the rough preface of some closer  
bond?

*Elizabeth.* My Lord, you late were  
loosed from out the Tower,  
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,  
You spent your life; that broken, out  
you flutter

Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now  
would settle

Upon this flower, now that; but all  
things here [ited

At court are known; you have solici-  
The Queen, and been rejected.

*Courtenay.* Flower, she!  
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh  
and sweet

As the first flower no bee has ever  
tried.

*Elizabeth.* Are you the bee to try  
me? why, but now

I called you butterfly.

*Courtenay.* You did me wrong,  
I love not to be called a butterfly:

Why do you call me butterfly?

*Elizabeth.* Why do you go so gay  
then?

*Courtenay.* Velvet and gold.  
This dress was made me as the Earl of  
Devon

To take my seat in: looks it not right  
royal?

*Elizabeth.* So royal that the Queen,  
forbade you wearing it.

*Courtenay.* I wear it then to spite  
her.

*Elizabeth.* My Lord, my Lord;  
I see you in the Tower again. Her  
Majesty

Hears you affect the Prince—prelates  
kneel to you.—

*Courtenay.* I am the noblest blood  
in Europe, Madam,

A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin.  
*Elizabeth.* She hears you make your  
boast that after all

She means to wed you. Folly, my good Lord.

*Courtenay.* How folly? a great party in the state

Wills me to wed her.

*Elizabeth.* Failing her, my Lord, Doth not as great a party in the state Will you to wed me?

*Courtenay.* Even so, fair lady.

*Elizabeth.* You know to flatter ladies.

*Courtenay.* Nay, I meant True matters of the heart.

*Elizabeth.* My heart, my Lord, Is no great party in the state as yet.

*Courtenay.* Great, said you? nay, you shall be great. I love you, Lay my life in your hands. Can you be close?

*Elizabeth.* Can you, my Lord?

*Courtenay.* Close as a miser's casket. Listen:

The King of France, Noailles the Ambassador,

The Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew,

Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some others,

Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall not be.

If Mary will not hear us—well—conjecture—

Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,

The people there so worship me—Your ear;

You shall be Queen.

*Elizabeth.* You speak too low, my Lord;

I cannot hear you.

*Courtenay.* I'll repeat it.

*Elizabeth.* No! Stand farther off, or you may lose your head.

*Courtenay.* I have a head to lose for your sweet sake.

*Elizabeth.* Have you, my Lord? Best keep it for your own.

Nay, pout not, cousin.

Not many friends are mine, except indeed

Among the many. I believe you mine;

And so you may continue mine, fare well,  
And that at once.

*Enter MARY, behind.*

*Mary.* Whispering—leagued together

To bar me from my Philip.

*Courtenay.* Pray—consider—

*Elizabeth* (*seeing the QUEEN*). Well, that's a noble horse of yours, my Lord.

I trust that he will carry you well to-day, And heal your headache.

*Courtenay.* You are wild; what headache?

Heartache, perchance; not headache.

*Elizabeth* (*aside to COURTENAY*). Are you blind?

[*Courtenay sees the QUEEN and exit.*

*Exit MARY.*

*Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.*

*Howard.* Was that my Lord of Devon? do not you

Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.

He hath fallen out of favor with the Queen.

She fears the Lords may side with you and him

Against her marriage; therefore is he dangerous.

And if this Prince of fluff and feather come

To woo you, niece, he is dangerous every way.

*Elizabeth.* Not very dangerous that way, my good uncle.

*Howard.* But your own state is full of danger here.

The disaffected, heretics, reformers, Look to you as the one to crown their ends.

Mix not yourself with any plot, I pray you;

Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,

Speak not thereof—no, not to your best friend,

Lest you should be confounded with it.  
Still—

Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says,  
You know your Latin—quiet as a dead  
body.

What was my Lord of Devon telling  
you?

*Elizabeth.* Whether he told me any  
thing or not,

[ follow your good counsel, gracious  
uncle.

Quiet as a dead body.

*Howard.* You do right well.  
I do not care to know, but this I  
charge you,

Tell Courtenay nothing. The Lord  
Chancellor

(I count it as a kind of virtue in him,  
He hath not many), as a mastiff dog  
May love a puppy cur for no more  
reason

Than that the twain have been tied up  
together,

Thus Gardiner—for the two were fel-  
low prisoners

So many years in yon accursed Tower—  
Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look  
to it, niece,

He hath no fence when Gardiner  
questions him;

All oozes out; yet him—because they  
know him

The last White Rose, the last Planta-  
genet

(Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the  
people

Claim as their natural leader—ay, some  
say,

That you shall marry him, make him  
King belike.

*Elizabeth.* Do they say so, good  
uncle?

*Howard.* Ay, good niece!  
You should be plain and open with me,  
niece.

You should not play upon me.

*Elizabeth.* No, good uncle.

*Enter GARDINER.*

*Gardiner.* The Queen would see  
your Grace upon the moment.

*Elizabeth.* Why, my lord Bishop?

*Gardiner.* I think she means to  
counsel your withdrawing  
To Ashridge, or some other country  
house.

*Elizabeth.* Why, my lord Bishop?

*Gardiner.* I do but bring the mes-  
sage, know no more.  
Your Grace will hear her reasons from  
herself.

*Elizabeth.* 'Tis mine own wish ful-  
fill'd before the word

Was spoken, for in truth I had meant  
to crave

Permission of her Highness to retire  
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies  
there.

*Gardiner.* Madam, to have the wish  
before the word

Is man's good Fairy—and the Queen  
is yours.

I left her with rich jewels in her hand,  
Whereof 'tis like enough she means to  
make

A farewell present to your Grace.

*Elizabeth.* My Lord,  
I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

*Gardiner.* I doubt it not, Madam,  
most loyal. [*Bows low and exit.*

*Howard.* See,  
This comes of parleying with my Lord  
of Devon. [*self*

Well, well, you must obey; and I my-  
Believe it will be better for your wel-  
fare.

Your time will come.

*Elizabeth.* I think my time will come.  
Uncle,

I am of sovereign nature, that I know,  
Not to be quell'd; and I have felt  
within me

Stirrings of some great doom when  
God's just hour

Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—  
his big baldness,

That irritable forelock which he rubs,  
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd  
eyes

Half fright me.

*Howard.* You've a bold heart; keep  
it so.



He cannot touch you save that you  
turn traitor ;  
And so take heed I pray you—you are  
one  
Who love that men should smile upon  
you, niece.  
They'd smile you into treason—some  
of them.

*Elizabeth.* I spy the rock beneath the  
smiling sea.

But if this Philip, the proud Catholic  
prince,  
And this bald priest, and she that hates  
me, seek [life,  
In that lone house, to practise on my  
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

*Howard.* They will not, niece.  
Mine is the fleet and all the power at  
sea—  
Or will be in a moment. If they  
dared

To harm you, I would blow this Philip  
and all  
Your trouble to the dogstar and the  
devil.

*Elizabeth.* To the Pleiads, uncle ;  
they have lost a sister.

*Howard.* But why say that? what  
have you done to lose her ?

Come, come, I will go with you to the  
Queen. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY with PHILIP'S miniature. ALICE.

*Mary* (kissing the miniature). Most  
goodly, king-like, and an emperor's  
son,—

A king to be,—is he not noble, girl ?

*Alice.* Goodly enough, your Grace,  
and yet, methinks,

I have seen goodlier.

*Mary.* Ay ; some waxen doll  
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike ;  
All red and white, the fashion of our  
land.

But my good mother came (God rest  
her soul)

Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,  
And in my likings.

*Alice.* By your Grace's leave  
Your royal mother came of Spain, but  
took

To the English red and white. Your  
royal father  
(For so they say) was all pure lily and  
rose

In his youth, and like a lady.

*Mary.* O, just God !  
Sweet mother, you had time and cause  
enough

To sicken of his lilies and his roses.  
Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced,  
forlorn !

And then the king—that traitor past  
forgiveness,

The false archbishop fawning on him,  
married

The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic  
Ev'n as *she* is ; but God hath sent me  
here

To take such order with all heretics  
That it shall be, before I die, as tho'  
My father and my brother had not  
lived.

What wast thou saying of this Lady  
Jane,

Now in the Tower ?

*Alice.* Why, Madam, she was pass-  
ing [her  
Some chapel down in Essex, and with  
Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady  
Anne

Bow'd to the Pyx ; but Lady Jane  
stood up

Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.

And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady  
Anne,

To him within there who made Heaven  
and Earth ?

I cannot, and I dare not, tell your Grace  
What Lady Jane replied.

*Mary.* But I will have it.  
*Alice.* She said—pray pardon me,  
and pity her—

She hath hearken'd evil counsel—ah !  
she said,

The baker made him.

*Mary.* Monstrous ! blasphemous !  
She ought to burn. Hence, thou  
(Exit ALICE.) No—being traitor

Her head will fall : shall it? she is but  
a child.

We do not kill the child for doing that  
His father whipt him into doing—a  
head

So full of grace and beauty! would  
that mine

Were half as gracious! O, my lord to  
be,

My love, for thy sake only.

I am eleven years older than he is.

But will he care for that?

No, by the holy Virgin, being noble,

But love me only: then the bastard  
sprout,

My sister, is far fairer than myself.

Will he be drawn to her?

No, being of the true faith with myself.

Paget is for him—for to wed with  
Spain

Would treble England—Gardiner is  
against him;

The Council, people, Parliament  
against him;

But I will have him! My hard father  
hated me;

My brother rather hated me than  
loved:

My sister cowers and hates me. Holy  
Virgin,

Plead with thy blessed Son; grant me  
my prayer;

Give me my Philip; and we two will  
lead

The living waters of the Faith again

Back thro' their widow'd channel here,  
and watch

The parch'd banks rolling incense, as  
of old,

To heaven, and kindled with the palms  
of Christ!

*Enter USHER.*

Who waits, Sir?

*Usher.* Madam, the Lord Chancellor.

*Mary.* Bid him come in. (*Enter*  
GARDINER.) Good-morning, my  
good Lord. [*Exit USHER.*

*Gardiner.* That every morning of  
your Majesty

May be most good, is every morning's  
prayer

Of your most loyal subject, Stephen  
Gardiner.

*Mary.* Come you to tell me this,  
my Lord?

*Gardiner.* And more.

Your people have begun to learn your  
worth.

Your pious wish to pay King Edward's  
debts,

Your lavish household curb'd, and the  
remission

Of half that subsidy levied on the peo-  
ple,

Make all tongues praise and all hearts  
beat for you.

I'd have you yet more loved: the  
realm is poor,

The exchequer at neap-ebb: we might  
withdraw

Part of our garrison at Calais.

*Mary.* Calais! Calais!  
Our one point on the main, the gate of  
France!

I am Queen of England; take mine  
eyes, mine heart,

But do not lose me Calais.

*Gardiner.* Do not fear it.  
Of that hereafter. I say your Grace  
is loved.

That I may keep you thus, who am  
you friend

And ever faithful counsellor, might I  
speak?

*Mary.* I can forespeak your speak-  
ing. Would I marry

Prince Philip, if all England hate him?  
That is

Your question, and I front it with  
another:

Is it England, or a party? Now, your  
answer.

*Gardiner.* My answer is, I wear  
beneath my dress

A shirt of mail: my house hath been  
assaulted,

And when I walk abroad, the popu-  
lace,

With fingers pointed like so many  
daggers,

Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip;

And when I sleep, a hundred men-at-arms

Guard my poor dreams for England.

Men would murder me,  
Because they think me favorer of this marriage.

*Mary.* And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor.

*Gardiner.* But our young Earl of Devon—

*Mary.* Earl of Devon?

I freed him from the Tower, placed him at Court;

I made him Earl of Devon, and—the fool—

He wrecks his health and wealth on courtesans,

And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

*Gardiner.* More like a school-boy that hath broken bounds,

Sickenings himself with sweets.

*Mary.* I will not hear of him.

Good, then, they will revolt: but I am Tudor,

And shall control them.

*Gardiner.* I will help you, Madam, Even to the utmost. All the church is grateful.

You have ousted the mock priest, repulpited

The shepherd of St. Peter, raised the rood again,

And brought us back the mass. I am all thanks

To God and to your Grace: yet I know well,

Your people, and I go with them so far,

Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play

The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church.

*Mary (showing the picture).* Is this the face of one who plays the tyrant?

Peruse it: is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

*Gardiner.* Madam, methinks a cold face and a haughty.

And when your Highness talks of Courtenay—

Ay, true—a goodly one. I would his life

Were half as goodly (*aside*).

*Mary.* What is that you mutter?

*Gardiner.* Oh, Madam, take it bluntly; marry Philip,

And be step-mother of a score of sons!

The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha!

For Philip—

*Mary.* You offend us; you may leave us.

You see thro' warping glasses.

*Gardiner.* If your Majesty—

*Mary.* I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ

I'll none but Philip.

*Gardiner.* Hath your Grace so sworn?

*Mary.* Ay, Simon Renard knows it.

*Gardiner.* News to me!

It then remains for your poor Gardiner, So you still care to trust him somewhat less

Than Simon Renard, to compose the In some such form as least may harm your Grace.

*Mary.* I'll have the scandal sounded to the mud.

I know it a scandal.

*Gardiner.* All my hope is now It may be found a scandal.

*Mary.* You offend us.

*Gardiner (aside).* These princes are like children, must be physick'd,

The bitter in the sweet. I have lost mine office,

It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a fool. [*Exit.*]

*Enter USHER.*

*Mary.* Who waits?

*Usher.* The Ambassador from France, your Grace.

*Mary.* Bid him come in. Good-morning, Sir de Noailles.

[*Exit USHER*]



*Noailles (entering).* A happy morning to your Majesty.

*Mary.* And I should some time have a happy morning;

I have had none yet. What says the King your master?

*Noailles.* Madam, my master hears, with much alarm,

That you may marry Philip, Prince of Spain—

Foreseeing, with whate'er unwilling-  
That if this Philip be the titular king  
Of England, and at war with him,  
your Grace

And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,

Ay, tho' you long for peace; wherefore,  
my master,

If but to prove your Majesty's good will,

Would fain have some fresh treaty drawn between you.

*Mary.* Why some fresh treaty? wherefore should I do it?

Sir, if we marry, we shall still maintain

All former treaties with his Majesty.  
Our royal word for that! and your good master,

Pray God he do not be the first to break them,

Must be content with that; and so, farewell.

*Noailles (going, returns).* I would your answer had been other,

Madam,

For I foresee dark days.

*Mary.* And so do I, sir; Your master works against me in the dark.

I do believe he help Northumberland Against me.

*Noailles.* Nay, pure fantasy, your Grace.

Why should he move against you?

*Mary.* Will you hear why? Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd

My sister, and I will not,—after me Is heir of England; and my royal father,

To make the crown of Scotland one with ours,

Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's bride;

Ay, but your king stole her a babe from Scotland

In order to betroth her to your Dauphin.

See then:

Mary of Scotland, married to your Dauphin,

Would make our England, France; Mary of England, joining hands with Spain,

Would be too strong for France.

Yea, were there issue born to her, Spain and we,

One crown, might rule the world. There lies your fear.

That is your drift. You play at hide and seek.

Show me your faces!

*Noailles.* Madam, I am amazed: French, I must needs wish all good things for France.

That must be pardon'd me; but I protest

Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight

Than mine into the future. We but Some settled ground for peace to stand upon.

*Mary.* Well, we will leave all this, sir, to our council.

Have you seen Philip ever?

*Noailles.* Only once.

*Mary.* Is this like Philip?

*Noailles.* Ay, but nobler-looking.

*Mary.* Hath he the large ability of the Emperor?

*Noailles.* No, surely.

*Mary.* I can make allowance for thee,

Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king.

*Noailles.* Make no allowance for the naked truth.

He is every way a lesser man than Charles:

Stone-hard, ice-cold—no dash of daring in him.

*Mary.* If cold, his life is pure.

*Noailles.* Why (*smiling*), no, indeed.

*Mary.* Sayst thou?

*Noailles.* A very wanton life indeed (*smiling*).

*Mary.* Your audience is concluded, sir.

[*Exit* NOAILLES.

You cannot

Learn a man's nature from his natural  
foe.

*Enter* USHER.

Who waits?

*Usher.* The ambassador of Spain,  
your Grace. [*Exit*.

*Enter* SIMON RENARD.

*Mary.* Thou art ever welcome,

Simon Renard. Hast thou

Brought me the letter which thine

Emperor promised

Long since, a formal offer of the hand  
of Philip?

*Renard.* Nay, your Grace, it hath  
not reach'd me.

I know not wherefore—some mis-  
chance of flood,

And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse,  
or wave

And wind at their old battle; he must  
have written.

*Mary.* But Philip never writes me  
one poor word,

Which in his absence had been all my  
wealth.

Strange in a wooer!

*Renard.* Yet I know the Prince,  
So your king-parliament suffer him to  
land,

Yearns to set foot upon your island  
shore.

*Mary.* God change the pebble  
which his kingly foot

First presses into some more costly  
stone

'Than ever blinded eye. I'll have one  
mark it

And bring it me. I'll have it burn-  
ish'd firelike;

I'll set it round with gold, with pearl,  
with diamond.

Let the great angel of the church come  
with him;

Stand on the deck and spread his  
wings for sail!

God lay the waves and strew the  
storms at sea,

And here at land among the people.  
O Renard,

I am much beset, I am almost in de-  
spair.

Paget is ours. Gardiner perchance is  
ours;

But for our heretic Parliament—

*Renard.* O Madam,

You fly your thoughts like kites. My  
master, Charles,

Bade you go softly with your heretics  
here,

Until your throne had ceased to trem-  
ble. Then

Spit them like larks for aught I care.  
Besides,

When Henry broke the carcass of your  
church

To pieces, there were many wolves  
among you

Who dragg'd the scatter'd limbs into  
their den.

The Pope would have you make them  
render these;

So would your cousin, Cardinal Pole;  
ill counsel!

These let them keep at present; stir  
not yet

This matter of the Church lands. At  
his coming

Your star will rise.

*Mary.* My star! a baleful one.  
I see but the black night, and hear the

wolf.

What star?

*Renard.* Your star will be your  
princely son,

Heir of this England and the Nether-  
lands!

And if your wolf the while should howl  
for more

We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish  
gold.

I do believe, I have dusted some already,  
That, soon or late, your parliament is ours.

*Mary.* Why do they talk so foully of your Prince,

*Renard?*

*Renard.* The lot of princes. To sit high

Is to be lied about.

*Mary.* They call him cold, Haughty, ay, worse.

*Renard.* Why, doubtless, Philip shows

Some of the bearing of your blue blood—still

All within measure—nay, it well becomes him.

*Mary.* Hath he the large ability of his father?

*Renard.* Nay, some believe that he will go beyond him.

*Mary.* Is this like him?

*Renard.* Ay, somewhat; but your Philip

Is the most princelike Prince beneath the sun.

This is a daub to Philip.

*Mary.* Of a pure life?

*Renard.* As an angel among angels.

Yea, by Heaven,

The text—Your Highness knows it, "Whosoever

Looketh after a woman," would not graze

The Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,

Chaste as your Grace!

*Mary.* I am happy in him there.

*Renard.* And would be altogether happy, Madam,

So that your sister were but look'd to closer.

You have sent her from the court, but then she goes,

I warrant, not to hear the nightingales, But hatch you some new treason in the woods.

*Mary.* We have our spies abroad to catch her tripping,  
And then if caught, to the Tower.

*Renard.* The Tower! the block. The word has turned your Highness pale; the thing

Was no such scarecrow in your father's time.

I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest

When the head leapt—so common! I do think

To save your crown that it must come to this.

*Mary.* I love her not, but all the people love her,

And would not have her even to the Tower.

*Renard.* Not yet; but your old Traitors of the Tower—

Why, when you put Northumberland to death, [all,

The sentence having past upon them Spared you the Duke of Suffolk,

Guildford Dudley,

Ev'n that young girl who dared to wear your crown?

*Mary.* Dared, no, not that; the child obey'd her father.

Spite of her tears her father forced it on her.

*Renard.* Good Madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign,

He slew not him alone who wore the purple,

But his assessor in the throne, perchance

A child more innocent than Lady Jane.

*Mary.* I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor.

*Renard.* Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,

And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this

Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne

Where you should sit with Philip: he will not come

Till she be gone.

*Mary.* Indeed, if that were true— But I must say farewell. I am somewhat faint

With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am not Queen



Of mine own heart, which every now  
and then

Beats me half dead: yet stay, this  
golden chain—

My father on a birthday gave it me,  
And I have broken with my father—  
take

And wear it as memorial of a morning  
Which found me full of foolish doubts,  
and leaves me

As hopeful.

*Renard (aside).* Whew—the folly of  
all follies

Is to be love-sick for a shadow.

*(Aloud)* Madam,

This chains me to your service, not  
with gold,

But dearest links of love. Farewell,  
and trust me,

Philip is yours. *[Exit.]*

*Mary.* Mine—but not yet all mine.

*Enter USHER.*

*Usher.* Your Council is in Session,  
please your Majesty.

*Mary.* Sir, let them sit. I must  
have time to breathe.

No, say I come. *(Exit USHER.)* I  
won by boldness once.

The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to  
Flanders.

I would not; but a hundred miles I  
rode,

Sent out my letters, call'd my friends  
together,

Struck home and won.

And when the Council would not  
crown me—thought

To bind me first by oaths I could not  
keep,

And keep with Christ and conscience  
—was it boldness

Or weakness that won there? When  
I their Queen,

Cast myself down upon my knees be-  
fore them,

And those hard men brake into woman  
tears,

Ev'n Gardiner, all amazed, and in that  
passion

Gave me my crown.

*Enter ALICE.*

Girl, hast thou ever heard  
Slanders against Prince Philip in our  
Court?

*Alice.* What slanders? I, your  
Grace; no, never.

*Mary.* Nothing?

*Alice.* Never, your Grace.

*Mary.* See that you neither hear  
them nor repeat!

*Alice (aside).* Good Lord! but I  
have heard a thousand such.

Ay, and repeated them as often—  
mum!

Why comes that old fox-Fleming back  
again?

*Enter RENARD.*

*Renard.* Madam, I scarce had left  
your Grace's presence  
Before I chanced upon the messenger  
Who brings that letter which we waited  
for—

The formal offer of Prince Philip's  
hand.

It craves an instant answer, Ay or No?

*Mary.* An instant, Ay or No! the  
Council sits.

Give it me quick.

*Alice (stepping before her).* Your  
Highness is all trembling.

*Mary.* Make way.

*[Exit into the Council Chamber.]*

*Alice.* O, Master Renard, Master  
Renard,

If you have falsely painted your fine  
Prince;

Praised, where you should have blamed  
him, I pray God

No woman ever love you, Master  
Renard.

It breaks my heart to hear her moan at  
night

As tho' the nightmare never left her  
bed.

*Renard.* My pretty maiden, tell me,  
did you ever

Sigh for a beard?

*Alice.* That's not a pretty question.

*Renard.* Not prettily put? I mean  
my pretty maiden,

A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

*Alice.* My Lord of Devon is a pretty man.

I hate him. Well, but if I have, what then?

*Renard.* Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether

A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan

A kindled fire.

*Alice.* According to the song.

"His friends would praise him, I believed 'em  
His foes would blame him, and I scorned 'em,

His friends—as Angels I received 'em,  
His foes—the Devil had suborn'd 'em."

*Renard.* Peace, pretty maiden.

I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber.

Lord Paget's "Ay" is sure—who else? and yet,

They are all too much at odds to close at once

In one full throated No! Her Highness comes.

*Enter MARY.*

*Alice.* How deathly pale!—a chair, your Highness.

[Bringing one to the QUEEN.

*Renard.* Madam,

The Council?

*Mary.* Ay! My Philip is all mine.

[Sinks into a chair, half fainting.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—ALLINGTON CASTLE.

*Sir Thomas Wyatt.* I do not hear from Carew or the Duke Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move.

The Duke hath gone to Leicester; Carew stirs

In Devon: that fine porcelain Courtenay,

Save that he fears he might be crack'd in using,

(I have known a semi-madman in my time  
So fancy-ridd'n) should be in Devon too.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

News abroad, William?

*William.* None so new, Sir Thomas, and none so old, Sir Thomas. No new news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no old news that all men hate it. Old Sir Thomas would have hated it. The bells are ringing at Maidstone. Doesn't your worship hear?

*Wyatt.* Ay, for the Saints are come to reign again.

Most like it is a Saint's-day. There's no call

As yet for me; so in this pause, before

The mine be fired, it were a pious work

To string my father's sonnets, left about

Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,

And head them with a lamer rhyme of mine,

To grace his memory.

*William.* Ay, why not, Sir Thomas? He was a fine courtier, he; Queen Anne loved him. All the women loved him. I loved him, I was in Spain with him. I couldn't eat in Spain, I couldn't sleep in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas.

*Wyatt.* But thou couldst drink in Spain if I remember.

*William.* Sir Thomas, we may grant the wine. Old Sir Thomas always granted the wine.

*Wyatt.* Hand me the casket with my father's sonnets.

*William.* Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier of the old Court, old Sir Thomas.

[Exit.

*Wyatt.* Courtier of many courts, he loved the more

His own gray towers, plain life and letter'd peace,

To read and rhyme in solitary fields,

The lark above, the nightingale below,  
 And answer them in song. The Sire  
     begets  
 Not half his likeness in the son. I  
     fail  
 Where he was fullest: yet—to write it  
     down. [He writes.]

*Re-enter WILLIAM.*

*William.* There *is* news, there *is*  
 news, and no call for sonnet-sorting  
 now, nor for sonnet-making either, but  
 ten thousand men on Penenden Heath  
 all calling after your worship, and  
 your worship's name heard into Maid-  
 stone market, and your worship the  
 first man in Kent and Christendom,  
 for the world's up, and your worship  
 a-top of it.

*Wyatt.* Inverted Æsop—mountain  
 out of mouse.

Say for ten thousand ten—and pot-  
 house knaves,  
 Brain-dizzied with a draught of morn-  
 ing ale.

*Enter ANTONY KNYVETT.*

*William.* Here's Antony Knyvett.

*Knyvett.* Look you, Master Wyatt,  
 Tear up that woman's work there.

*Wyatt.* No; not these,  
 Dumb children of my father, that will  
 speak

When I and thou and all rebellions lie  
 Dead bodies without voice. Song flies,  
     you know,

For ages.

*Knyvett.* Tut, your sonnet's a flying  
 ant,

Wing'd for a moment.

*Wyatt.* Well, for mine own work,  
[Tearing the paper.]

It lies there in six pieces at your feet;  
 For all that I can carry it in my head.

*Knyvett.* If you can carry your head  
 upon your shoulders.

*Wyatt.* I fear you come to carry it  
 off my shoulders,

And sonnet-making's safer.

*Knyvett.* Why, good Lord,

Write you as many sonnets as you will,  
 Ay, but not now; what, have you eyes,  
     ears, brains?

This Philip and the black-faced swarms  
 of Spain,

The hardest, cruellest people in the  
 world,

Come locusting upon us, eat us up,  
 Confiscate lands, goods, money—  
     Wyatt, Wyatt.

Wake, or the stout old island will be-  
 come

A rotten limb of Spain. They roar  
 for you

On Penenden Heath, a thousand of  
 them—more—

All arm'd, waiting a leader; there's no  
 glory

Like his who saves his country: and  
 you sit

Sing-singing here; but, if I'm any  
 judge,

By God, you are as poor a poet,  
     Wyatt,

As a good soldier.

*Wyatt.* You as poor a critic  
 As an honest friend: you stroke me  
 on one cheek,

Buffet the other. Come, you bluster,  
 Antony!

You know I know all this. I must  
 not move

Until I hear from Carew and the  
 Duke.

I fear the mine is fired before the  
 time.

*Knyvett (showing a paper).* But here's  
 some Hebrew. Faith, I half for-  
 got it.

Look; can you make it English? A  
 strange youth

Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd.  
 "Wyatt,"

And whisking round a corner, show'd  
 his back

Before I read his face.

*Wyatt.* Ha! Courtenay's cipher.  
[Reads.] "Sir Peter Carew fled to  
 France: it is thought the Duke will be  
 taken. I am with you still; but for  
 appearance's sake, stay with the Queen,



Gardiner knows, but the Council are all at odds, and the Queen hath no force for resistance. Move, if you move, at once."

Is Peter Carew fled? Is the Duke taken?

Down scabbard, and out sword! and let Rebellion

Roar till throne rock, and crown fall.

No; not that;

But we will teach Queen Mary how to reign.

Who are those that shout below there?

*Knyvett.* Why, some fifty That follow'd me from Penenden Heath in hope

To hear you speak.

*Wyatt.* Open the window, Knyvett; The mine is fired, and I will speak to them.

Men of Kent; England of England; you that have kept your old customs upright, while all the rest of England bow'd theirs to the Norman, the cause that hath brought us together is not the cause of a county or a shire, but of this England, in whose crown our Kent is the fairest jewel. Philip shall not wed Mary; and ye have called me to be your leader. I know Spain. I have been there with my father; have seen them in their own land; have marked the haughtiness of their nobles; the cruelty of their priests. If this man marry our Queen, however the Council and the Commons may fence round his power with restriction, he will be King, King of England, my masters; and the Queen, and the laws, and the people, his slaves. What! shall we have Spain on the throne and in the parliament; Spain in the pulpit and on the law-bench; Spain in all the great offices of state; Spain in our ships, in our forts, in our houses, in our beds?

*Crowd.* No! no! no Spain.

*William.* No Spain in our beds—that were worse than all. I have been

there with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I know. I hate Spain.

*A Peasant.* But, Sir Thomas, must we levy war against the Queen's Grace?

*Wyatt.* No, my friend; war for the Queen's Grace—to save her from herself and Philip—war against Spain. And think not we shall be alone—thousands will flock to us. The Council, the Court itself, is on our side. The Lord Chancellor himself is on our side. The King of France is with us; the King of Denmark is with us; the world is with us—war against Spain! And if we move not now, yet it will be known that we have moved; and if Philip come to be King, O my God! the rope, the rack, the thumb-screw, the stake, the fire. If we move not now, Spain moves, bribes our nobles with her gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about our legs till we cannot move at all; and ye know, my masters, that wherever Spain hath ruled she hath wither'd all beneath her. Look at the New World—a paradise made hell; the red man, that good helpless creature, starv'd, maim'd, flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd, buried alive, worried by dogs; and here, nearer home, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, Lombardy. I say no more—only this, their lot is yours. Forward to London with me! forward to London! If ye love your liberties or your skins, forward to London!

*Crowd.* Forward to London! A

Wyatt! a Wyatt!

*Wyatt.* But first to Rochester, to take the guns

From out the vessels lying in the river. Then on.

*A Peasant.* Ay, but I fear we be too few, Sir Thomas.

*Wyatt.* Not many yet. The world as yet, my friend, Is not half-waked; but every parish tower

Shall clang and clash alarm as we pass,

And pour along the land, and swoll'n  
and fed

With indraughts and side-currents, in  
full force

Roll upon London.

*Crowd.* A Wyatt! a Wyatt! Forward!

*Knyvett.* Wyatt, shall we proclaim  
Elizabeth?

*Wyatt.* I'll think upon it, Knyvett.

*Knyvett.* Or Lady Jane?

*Wyatt.* No, poor soul; no.

Ah, gray old castle of Allington, green  
field

Beside the brimming Medway, it may  
chance

That I shall never look upon you  
more.

*Knyvett.* Come, now, you're sonnet-  
ting again.

*Wyatt.* Not I.

I'll have my head set higher in the  
state;

Or—if the Lord God will it—on the  
stake. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—GUILDHALL.

SIR THOMAS WHITE (*The Lord  
Mayor*), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD,  
SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDER-  
MEN and CITIZENS.

*White.* I trust the Queen comes  
hither with her Guards.

*Howard.* Ay, all in arms.

*[Several of the Citizens move hastily out of the hall.]*

Why do they hurry out there?

*White.* My Lord, cut out the rotten  
from your apple,

Your apple eats the better. Let them  
go.

They go like those old Pharisees in  
John

Convicted by their conscience, arrant  
cowards,

Or tamperers with that treason out of  
Kent.

When will her Grace be here?

*Howard.* In some few minutes.

She will address your guilds and com-  
panies.

I have striven in vain to raise a man  
for her.

But help her in this exigency, make  
Your city loyal, and be the mightiest  
man

This day in England.

*White.* I am Thomas White.  
Few things have fail'd to which I set  
my will.

I do my most and best.

*Howard.* You know that after  
The Captain Brett, who went with  
your train bands

To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to  
him

With all his men, the Queen in that  
distress *[traitor,*  
Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the  
Feigning to treat with him about her  
marriage—

Know too what Wyatt said.

*White.* He'd sooner be,  
While this same marriage question  
was being argued,

Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—  
and demanded

Possession of her person and the  
Tower.

*Howard.* And four of her poor  
Council too, my Lord,  
As hostages.

*White.* I know it. What do and say  
Your Council at this hour?

*Howard.* I will trust you.  
We fling ourselves on you, my Lord.

The Council,  
The parliament as well, are troubled  
waters;

And yet like waters of the fen they  
know not

Which way to flow. All hangs on her  
address,

And upon you, Lord Mayor.

*White.* How look'd the city  
When now you past it? Quiet?

*Howard.* Like our Council,  
Your city is divided. As we past,  
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. There  
were citizens

Stood each before his shut-up booth,  
 and look'd  
 As grim and grave as from a funeral.  
 And here a knot of ruffians all in rags,  
 With execrating execrable eyes,  
 Glared at the citizen. Here was a  
 young mother,  
 Her face on flame, her red hair all  
 blown back,  
 She shrilling "Wyatt," while the boy  
 she held  
 Mimick'd and piped her "Wyatt," as  
 red as she  
 In hair and cheek; and almost elbow-  
 ing her,  
 So close they stood, another, mute as  
 death,  
 And white as her own milk; her babe  
 in arms  
 Had felt the faltering of his mother's  
 heart,  
 And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious  
 Catholic,  
 Mumbling and mixing up in his scared  
 prayers  
 Heaven and earth's Maries; over his  
 bow'd shoulder  
 Scowl'd that world-hated and world-  
 hating beast,  
 A haggard Anabaptist. Many such  
 groups.  
 The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Cour-  
 tenay,  
 Nay the Queen's right to reign—'fore  
 God, the rogues—  
 Were freely buzz'd among them. So  
 I say  
 Your city is divided, and I fear  
 One scruple, this or that way, of suc-  
 cess  
 Would turn it thither. Wherefore  
 now the Queen  
 In this low pulse and palsy of the  
 state,  
 Bade me to tell you that she counts on  
 you  
 And on myself as her two hands; on  
 you,  
 In your own city, as her right, my  
 Lord,  
 For you are loyal.

*White.* Am I Thomas White?  
 One word before she comes. Eliza-  
 beth—  
 Her name is much abused among these  
 traitors.  
 Where is she? She is loved by all of  
 us.

I scarce have heart to mingle in this  
 matter.

If she should be mishandled?

*Howard.* No; she shall not.  
 The Queen has written her word to  
 come to court.

Methought I smelt out Renard in the  
 letter,

And fearing for her, sent a secret mis-  
 sive,

Which told her to be sick. Happily  
 or not,

It found her sick indeed.

*White.* God send her well;  
 Here comes her Royal Grace.

*Enter Guards, MARY and GARDINER.*  
 SIR THOMAS WHITE leads her to a  
 raised seat on the dais.

*White.* I, the Lord Mayor, and these  
 our companies

And guilds of London, gathered here,  
 beseech

Your Highness to accept our lowliest  
 thanks

For your most princely presence: and  
 we pray

That we, your true and loyal citizens,  
 From your own royal lips, at once may  
 know

The wherefore of this coming, and so  
 learn

Your royal will, and do it.—I, Lord  
 Mayor

Of London, and our Guilds and Com-  
 panies.

*Mary.* In mine own person am I  
 come to you,

To tell ye what indeed ye see and  
 know,

How traitorously these rebels out of  
 Kent

Have made strong head against our-  
 selves and you.



They would not have me wed the  
 Prince of Spain;  
 That was their pretext—so they spake  
 at first—  
 But we sent divers of our Council to  
 them,  
 And by their answers to the question  
 ask'd,  
 It doth appear this marriage is the  
 least  
 Of all their quarrel.  
 They have betrayed the treason of  
 their hearts:  
 Seek to possess our person, hold our  
 Tower,  
 Place and displace our councillors, and  
 use  
 Both us and them according as they  
 will.  
 Now what am I ye know right well—  
 your Queen;  
 To whom, when I was wedded to the  
 realm  
 And the realm's laws (the spousal ring  
 whereof,  
 Not ever to be laid aside, I wear  
 Upon this finger), ye did promise full  
 Allegiance and obedience to the death.  
 Ye know my father was the rightful  
 heir  
 Of England, and his right came down  
 to me,  
 Corroborate by your acts of Parlia-  
 ment:  
 And as ye were most loving unto  
 him,  
 So doubtless will ye show yourselves  
 to me.  
 Wherefore, ye will not brook that any  
 one  
 Should seize our person, occupy our  
 state,  
 More specially a traitor so presump-  
 tuous  
 As this same Wyatt, who hath tam-  
 per'd with  
 A public ignorance, and, under color  
 Of such a cause as hath no color,  
 seeks  
 To bend the laws to his own will, and  
 yield

Full scope to persons rascal and for-  
 lorn,  
 To make free spoil and havoc of your  
 goods.  
 Now as your Prince, I say,  
 I, that was never mother, cannot tell  
 How mothers love their children; yet,  
 methinks,  
 A prince as naturally may love his  
 people  
 As these their children; and be sure  
 your Queen  
 So loves you, and so loving, needs  
 must deem  
 This love by you return'd as heartily;  
 And thro' this common knot and bond  
 of love,  
 Doubt not they will be speedily over-  
 thrown.  
 As to this marriage, ye shall under-  
 stand  
 We made thereto no treaty of our-  
 selves, [vised  
 And set no foot theretoward unad-  
 Of all our Privy Council; further-  
 more,  
 This marriage had the assent of those  
 to whom  
 The king, my father, did commit his  
 trust;  
 Who not alone esteemed it honorable,  
 But for the wealth and glory of our  
 realm,  
 And all our loving subjects, most ex-  
 pedient.  
 As to myself,  
 I am not so set on wedlock as to  
 choose  
 But where I list, nor yet so amorous  
 That I must needs be husbanded; I  
 thank God,  
 I have lived a virgin, and I noway  
 doubt  
 But that, with God's grace, I can live  
 so still.  
 Yet if it might please God that I should  
 leave  
 Some fruit of mine own body after  
 me,  
 To be your king, ye would rejoice  
 thereat,

And meeting Pembroke, bent to his  
saddle-bow,

As if to win the man by flattering him.

*Is he so safe to fight upon her side?*

*First Alderman.* If not, there's no man safe.

*White.* Yes, Thomas White. I am safe enough; no man need flatter me.

*Second Alderman.* Nay, no man need; but did you mark our Queen?

The color freely play'd into her face,  
And the half sight which makes her look so stern,

Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of hers,

To read our faces, I have never seen So queenly or so goodly.

*White.* Courage, sir, That makes or man or woman look their goodliest.

Die like the torn fox dumb, but never whine

Like that poor heart, Northumberland, at the block.

*Bagenhall.* The man had children, and he whined for those.

Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else

Should we so doat on courage, were it commoner?

The Queen stands up, and speaks for her own self;

And all men cry, she is queenly, she is goodly.

Yet she's no goodlier; tho' my Lord Mayor here,

By his own rule, he hath been so bold to-day,

Should look more goodly than the rest of us.

*White.* Goodly? I feel most goodly heart and hand,

And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all Kent.

Ha! ha! sir; but you jest; I love it: a jest

In time of danger shows the pulses even.

Be merry! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but sad.

I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself,

Tho' all the world should bay like winter wolves.

*Bagenhall.* Who knows? the man is proven by the hour.

*White.* The man should make the hour, not this the man;

And Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt,

And he will prove an Iden to this Cade,

And he will play the Walworth to this Wat;

Come, sirs, we prate; hence all—gather your men—

Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to Southwark;

I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the Thames,

And see the citizen arm'd. Good day; good day. [Exit WHITE.]

*Bagenhall.* One of much outdoor bluster.

*Howard.* For all that,

Most honest, brave, and skilful; and his wealth

A fountain of perennial alms—his fault So thoroughly to believe in his own self.

*Bagenhall.* Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,

So one's own self be thorough, were to do

Great things, my lord.

*Howard.* It may be.

*Bagenhall.* I have heard One of your council flee and jeer at him.

*Howard.* The nursery-cocker'd child will jeer at aught

That may seem strange beyond his nursery.

The statesman that shall jeer and flee at men,

Makes enemies for himself and for his king;

And if he jeer not seeing the true man Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool;

And if he see the man and still will jeer,



He is child and fool, and traitor to the State.

Who is he? Let me shun him.

*Bagenhall.* Nay, my Lord, He is damn'd enough already.

*Howard.* I must set The guard at Ludgate. Fare you well, Sir Ralph.

*Bagenhall.* "Who knows?" I am for England. But who knows, That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and the Pope, Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen? [Exeunt.

SCENE IIL—LONDON BRIDGE.

*Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT and BRETT.*

*Wyatt* Brett, when the Duke of Norfolk moved against us Thou criestd "a Wyatt," and flying to our side Left his all bare, for which I love thee, Brett.

Have for thine asking aught that I can give,

For thro' thine help we are come to London Bridge;

But how to cross it balks me. I fear we cannot.

*Brett.* Nay, hardly, save by boat, swimming, or wings.

*Wyatt.* Last night I climb'd into the gate-house, Brett, And scared the gray old porter and his wife.

And then I crept along the gloom and saw

They had hewn the drawbridge down into the river.

It roll'd as black as death; and that same tide

Which, coming with our coming, seem'd to smile

And sparkle like our fortune as thou saidst,

Ran sunless down, and moan'd against the piers.

But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William Howard

By torchlight, and his guard; four guns gaped at me,

Black, silent mouths: had Howard spied me there

And made them speak, as well he might have done,

Their voice had left me none to tell you this.

What shall we do?

*Brett.* On somehow. To go back Were to lose all.

*Wyatt.* On over London Bridge We cannot: stay we cannot; there is ordnance

On the White Tower and on the Devil's Tower,

And pointed full at Southwark; we must round

By Kingston Bridge.

*Brett.* Ten miles about.

*Wyatt.* Ev'n so

But I have notice from our partisans Within the city that they will stand by us

If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn to-morrow.

*Enter one of WYATT'S men.*

*Man.* Sir Thomas, I've found this paper, pray your worship read it; I know not my letters; the old priests taught me nothing.

*Wyatt (reads).* "Whosoever will apprehend the traitor Thomas Wyatt shall have a hundred pounds for reward."

*Man.* Is that it? That's a big lot of money.

*Wyatt.* Ay, ay, my friend; not read it? 'tis not written

Half plain enough. Give me a piece of paper!

[Writes "THOMAS WYATT" large. There, any may can read that.

[Sticks it in his cap.

*Brett.* But that's foolhardy.

*Wyatt.* No! boldness, which will give my followers boldness.

*Enter MAN with a prisoner.*

*Man.* We found him, your worship, a plundering o' Bishop Winchester's house; he says he's a poor gentleman.

*Wyatt.* Gentleman, a thief! Go hang him. Shall we make Those that we come to serve our sharpest foes?

*Brett.* Sir Thomas—

*Wyatt.* Hang him, I say.

*Brett.* Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon.

*Wyatt.* Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life.

*Brett.* Ev'n so; he was my neighbor once in Kent.

He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out

All that he had, and gentleman he was.

We have been glad together; let him live.

*Wyatt.* He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs.

No, no, my word's my word. Take thy poor gentleman!

Gamble thyself at once out of my sight,

Or I will dig thee with my dagger. Away!

Women and children!

*Enter a Crowd of WOMEN and CHILDREN*

*First Woman.* O Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day. He'll be the death on us; and you'll set the Devil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain.

*Second Woman.* Don't ye now go to think we be for Philip o' Spain.

*Third Woman.* No, we know that ye be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you on all our bended knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas; look ye, here's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's

but a side-cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen farther off, Sir Thomas.

*Wyatt.* My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen

Or here or there: I come to save you all,

And I'll go farther off.

*Crowd.* Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end.

*Wyatt.* Be happy, I am your friend. To Kingston, forward!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—ROOM IN THE GATE-HOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE.

MARY, ALICE, GARDINER, RENARD, LADIES

*Alice.* O madam, if Lord Pembroke should be false?

*Mary.* No, girl; most brave and loyal, brave and loyal.

His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland.

At the park gate he hovers with our guards.

These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Messenger.* Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards And gone to Ludgate.

*Gardiner.* Madam, I much fear That all is lost; but we can save your Grace:

The river still is free. I do beseech you,

There yet is time, take boat and pass to Windsor.

*Mary.* I pass to Windsor and I lose my crown.

*Gardiner.* Pass, then, I pray your Highness, to the Tower.

*Mary.* I shall but be their prisoner in the Tower.

*Cries (without).* The traitor! treason! Pembroke!

*Ladies.* Treason! treason!

*Mary.* Peace.

False to Northumberland, is he false to me?

Bear witness, Renard, that I live and die

The true and faithful bride of Philip—

A sound

Of feet and voices thickening hither—  
blows—

Hark, there is battle at the palace gates,

And I will out upon the gallery.

*Ladies.* No, no, your Grace; see there the arrows flying.

*Mary.* I am Harry's daughter, Tudor, and not fear.

[*Goes out on the gallery.*]

The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners

Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard

Truly; shame on them, they have shut the gates!

*Enter* SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

*Southwell.* The porter, please your

Grace, hath shut the gates

On friend and foe. Your gentlemen-at-arms,

If this be not your Grace's order, cry To have the gates set wide again, and they

With their good battle-axes will do you right

Against all traitors.

*Mary.* They are the flower of England; set the gates wide.

[*Exit* SOUTHWELL.

*Enter* COURTENAY.

*Courtenay.* All lost, all lost, all yielded; a barge, a barge,

The Queen must to the Tower.

*Mary.* Whence come you, sir?

*Courtenay.* From Charing Cross; the rebels broke us there,

And I sped hither with what haste I might

To save my royal cousin.

*Mary.* Where is Pembroke?  
*Courtenay.* I left him somewhere in the thick of it.

*Mary.* Left him and fled; and thou that wouldst be King,  
And hast nor heart nor honor. I myself

Will down into the battle and there bide

The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those

That are no cowards and no Courteneys.

*Courtenay.* I do not love your Grace should call me coward.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

*Messenger.* Over, your Grace, all crush'd; the brave Lord William Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor flying

To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley

Was taken prisoner.

*Mary.* To the Tower with him!

*Messenger.* 'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one

Cognizant of this, and party thereunto, My Lord of Devon.

*Mary.* To the Tower with him!

*Courtenay.* O la, the Tower, the Tower, always the Tower,

I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower.

*Mary.* Your Lordship may not have so long to wait.

Remove him!

*Courtenay.* La, to whistle out my life,

And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[*Exit* COURTENAY, guarded.

*Messenger.* Also this Wyatt did confess the Princess

Cognizant thereof; and party thereunto.

*Mary.* What? whom—whom did you say?

*Messenger.* Elizabeth,

Your royal sister.

*Mary.* To the Tower with her!



My foes are at my feet and I am Queen.

*GARDINER and her LADIES kneel to her.*

*Gardiner (rising).* There let them lie, your footstool! (*Aside*). Can I strike

Elizabeth?—not now and save the life Of Devon: if I save him, he and his Are bound to me—may strike hereafter. (*Aloud*) Madam,

What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,

Cries of the moment and the street—*Mary.* He said it.

*Gardiner.* Your courts of justice will determine that.

*Renard (advancing).* I trust by this your highness will allow

Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,

When last we talk'd, that Philip would not come

Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk

And Lady Jane had left us.

*Mary.* They shall die.

*Renard.* And your so loving sister?

*Mary.* She shall die.

My foes are at my feet, and Philip King. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—THE CONDUIT IN GRACE-CHURCH,

*Painted with the Nine Worthies, among them King Henry VIII. holding a book, on it inscribed "Verbum Dei."*

*Enter SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and SIR THOMAS STAFFORD.*

*Bagenhall.* A hundred here and hundreds hang'd in Kent.

The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at last,

And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd them.

In every London street a gibbet stood  
They are down to-day. Here by this house was one;

The traitor husband dangled at the door,

And when the traitor wife came out for bread

To still the petty treason therewithin,  
Her cap would brush his heels.

*Stafford.* It is Sir Ralph,  
And muttering to himself as heretofore.

Sir, see you aught up yonder?

*Bagenhall.* I miss something.  
The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone.

*Stafford.* What tree, sir?

*Bagenhall.* Well, the tree in Virgil, sir,

That bears not its own apples.

*Stafford.* What! the gallows?

*Bagenhall.* Sir, this dead fruit was ripening overmuch,

And had to be removed lest living Spain

Should sicken at dead England.

*Stafford.* Not so dead,

But that a shock may rouse her.

*Bagenhall.* I believe

Sir Thomas Stafford?

*Stafford.* I am ill disguised.

*Bagenhall.* Well, are you not in peril here?

*Stafford.* I think so.

I came to feel the pulse of England, whether

It beats hard at this marriage. Did you see it?

*Bagenhall.* Stafford, I am a sad man and a serious.

Far liefer had I in my country hall

Been reading some old book, with mine old hound

Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask of wine

Beside me, than have seen it, yet I saw it.

*Stafford.* Good; was it splendid?

*Bagenhall.* Ay, if Dukes and Earls, And Counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers.

Some six or seven Bishops, diamonds,  
pearls,  
That royal commonplace too, cloth of  
gold,  
Could make it so.

*Stafford.* And what was Mary's  
dress?

*Bagenhall.* Good faith, I was too  
sorry for the woman

To mark the dress. She wore red  
shoes!

*Stafford.* Red shoes!

*Bagenhall.* Scarlet, as if her feet  
were wash'd in blood,

As if she had waded in it.

*Stafford.* Were your eyes  
So bashful that you look'd no higher?

*Bagenhall.* A diamond,

And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's  
love,

Who hath not any for any,—tho' a  
true one,

Blazed false upon her heart.

*Stafford.* But this proud Prince—

*Bagenhall.* Nay, he is King, you  
know, the King of Naples.

The father ceded Naples, that the son  
Being a King, might wed a Queen—O  
he

Flamed in brocade—white satin his  
trunk hose,

Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a  
collar,

Gold, thick with diamonds; hanging  
down from this

The Golden Fleece—and round his  
knee, misplaced,

Our English Garter, studded with  
great emeralds,

Rubies, I know not what. Have you  
had enough

Of all this gear?

*Stafford.* Ay, since you hate the  
telling it.

How look'd the Queen?

*Bagenhall.* No fairer for her jewels.

And I could see that as the new-made  
couple

Came from the Minster, moving side  
by side

Beneath one canopy, ever and anon

She cast on him a vassal smile of love,  
Which Philip with a glance of some  
distaste,

Or so methought, return'd. I may be  
wrong, sir.

This marriage will not hold.

*Stafford.* I think with you.  
The King of France will help to break  
it.

*Bagenhall.* France!  
We once had half of France, and  
hurl'd our battles

Into the heart of Spain; but England  
now

Is but a ball chuck'd between France  
and Spain,

His in whose hand she drops; Harry  
of Bolingbroke

Had holpen Richard's tottering throne  
to stand,

Could Harry have foreseen that all  
our nobles [field,

Would perish on the civil slaughter—  
And leave the people naked to the  
crown,

And the crown naked to the people;  
the crown

Female, too! Sir, no woman's regimen  
Can save us. We are fallen, and as I  
think,

Never to rise again.

*Stafford.* You are too black-  
blooded.

I'd make a move myself to hinder  
that:

I know some lusty fellows there in  
France.

*Bagenhall.* You would but make  
us weaker, Thomas Stafford.

Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he  
fail'd,

And strengthen'd Philip.

*Stafford.* Did not his last breath  
Clear Courtenay and the Princess from  
the charge

Of being his co-rebels?

*Bagenhall.* Ay, but then  
What such a one as Wyatt says is  
nothing:

We have no men among us. The  
new Lords

Are quieted with their sop of Abbey-lands,

And ev'n before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them

With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage!

Why, ev'n the haughty prince, Northumberland,

The leader of our Reformation, knelt And blubber'd like a lad, and on the scaffold

Recanted, and resold himself to Rome.

*Stafford.* I swear you do your country wrong, Sir Ralph.

I know a set of exiles over there, Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit it out

At Philip's beard: they pillage Spain already.

The French king winks at it. An hour will come

When they will sweep her from the seas. No men? [man?

Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true Is not Lord William Howard a true man?

Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black-blooded:

And I, by God, believe myself a man. Ay, even in the church there is a man—

Cranmer. Fly, would he not, when all men bade him fly.

And what a letter he wrote against the Pope!

There's a brave man, if any.

*Bagenhall.* Ay; if it hold.

*Crowd (coming on).* God save their Graces!

*Stafford.* Bagenhall, I see The Tudor green and white. (*Trumpets.*) They are coming now.

And here's a crowd as thick as herring-shoals.

*Bagenhall.* Be limpets to this pillar, or we are torn

Down the strong wave of brawlers.

*Crowd.* God save their Graces.

[*Procession of Trumpeters, Javelin-men, etc.; then Spanish and Flemish Nobles intermingled.*

*Stafford.* Worth seeing, Bagenhall!

These black-dog-Dons

Garb themselves bravely. Who's the long-face there,

Looks very Spain of very Spain?

*Bagenhall.* The Duke

Of Alva, an iron soldier.

*Stafford.* And the Dutchman,

Now laughing at some jest?

*Bagenhall.* William of Orange, William the Silent.

*Stafford.* Why do they call him so?

*Bagenhall.* He keeps, they say, some secret that may cost

Philip his life.

*Stafford.* But then he looks so merry.

*Bagenhall.* I cannot tell you why they call him so.

*The KING and QUEEN pass, attended by Peers of the Realm, Officers of State, etc. Cannon shot off.*

*Crowd.* Philip and Mary, Philip and Mary.

Long live the King and Queen, Philip and Mary.

*Stafford.* They smile, as if content with one another.

*Bagenhall.* A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home.

[*KING and QUEEN pass on. Procession.*

*First Citizen.* I thought this Philip had been one of those black devils of Spain, but he hath a yellow beard.

*Second Citizen.* Not red like Iscariot's.

*First Citizen.* Like a carrot's, as thou sayst, and English carrot's better than Spanish licorice; but I thought he was a beast.

*Third Citizen.* Certain I had heard that every Spaniard carries a tail like a devil under his trunk hose.

*Tailor.* Ay, but see what trunk hoses! Lord! they be fine; I never stitch'd none such. They make amends for the tails.

*Fourth Citizen.* Tut! every Spanish priest will tell you that all English heretics have tails.

*Fifth Citizen.* Death and the Devil—if he find I have one—



*Fourth Citizen.* Lo ! thou hast call'd them up ! here they come—a pale horse for Death and Gardiner for the Devil.

*Enter GARDINER, turning back from the procession.*

*Gardiner.* Knave, wilt thou wear thy cap before the Queen ?

*Man.* My Lord, I stand so squeezed among the crowd

I cannot lift my hands unto my head.

*Gardiner.* Knock off his cap there, some of you about him !

See there be others that can use their hands.

Thou art one of Wyatt's men ?

*Man.* No, my Lord, no.

*Gardiner.* Thy name, thou knave !

*Man.* I am nobody, my Lord.

*Gardiner (shouting).* God's passion ! knave, thy name ?

*Man.* I have ears to hear.

*Gardiner.* Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear.

Find out his name and bring it me (*to ATTENDANT*).

*Attendant.* Ay, my Lord.

*Gardiner.* Knave, thou shalt lose thine ears and find thy tongue,

And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that.

[*Coming before the Conduit.*

The conduit painted—the nine worthies—ay !

But then what's here ? King Harry with a scroll.

Ha—*Verbum Dei*—*verbum*—word of God !

God's passion ! do you know the knave that painted it ?

*Attendant.* I do, my Lord.

*Gardiner.* Tell him to paint it out, And put some fresh device in lieu of it—

A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir ; ha ?

There is no heresy there.

*Attendant.* I will, my Lord.

The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure

(Knowing the man) he wrought it ignorantly,

And not from any malice.

*Gardiner.* Word of God In English ! over this the brainless loons

That cannot spell *Esaias* from St. Paul,

Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare

Into rebellions. I'll have their Bibles burnt. [what !

The Bible is the priest's. Ay ! fellow, Stand staring at me ! shout, you gaping rogue.

*Man.* I have, my Lord, shouted till I am hoarse.

*Gardiner.* What hast thou shouted, knave ?

*Man.* Long live Queen Mary.

*Gardiner.* Knave, their be two.

There be both King and Queen,

Philip and Mary. Shout.

*Man.* Nay, but, my Lord, The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.

*Gardiner.* Shout, then, Mary and Philip.

*Man.* Mary and Philip !

*Gardiner.* Now, Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine !

Philip and Mary !

*Man.* Must it be so, my Lord ?

*Gardiner.* Ay, knave.

*Man.* Philip and Mary !

*Gardiner.* I distrust thee. Thine is a half voice and a lean assent. What is thy name ?

*Man.* Sanders.

*Gardiner.* What else ?

*Man.* Zerubbabel.

*Gardiner.* Where dost thou live ?

*Man.* In Cornhill.

*Gardiner.* Where, knave, where ?

*Man.* Sign of the Talbot.

*Gardiner.* Come to me to-morrow.—Rascal !—this land is like a hill of fire, One crater opens when another shuts. But so I get the laws against the heretic,

Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,  
And others of our Parliament, revived,  
I will show fire on my side—stake and fire—  
Sharp work and short. The knaves  
are easily cow'd.  
Follow their Majesties.

[*Exit. The crowd following.*]

*Bagenhall.* As proud as Becket.

*Stafford.* You would not have him murder'd as Becket was?

*Bagenhall.* No—murder fathers murder; but I say

There is no man—there was one woman with us—

It was a sin to love her married, dead  
I cannot choose but love her.

*Stafford.* Lady Jane?

*Crowd (going off).* God save their Graces.

*Stafford.* Did you see her die?

*Bagenhall.* No, no; her innocent blood had blinded me.

You call me too black-blooded—true enough

Her dark dead blood is in my heart with mine.

If ever I cry out against the Pope,  
Her dark dead blood that ever moves with mine

Will stir the living tongue and make the cry.

*Stafford.* Yet doubtless you can tell me how she died?

*Bagenhall.* Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music

Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning

Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,

So wife-like humble to the trivial boy  
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have heard

She would not take a last farewell of him,

She fear'd it might unman him for his end.

She could not be unmann'd—no, nor out-woman'd—

Seventeen—a rose of grace!

Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;

Rose never blew that equal'd such a bud.

*Stafford.* Pray you go on.

*Bagenhall.* She came upon the scaffold,

And said she was condemn'd to die for treason;

She had but follow'd the device of those

Her nearest kin: she thought they knew the laws.

But for herself, she knew but little law,  
And nothing of the titles to the crown;

She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,

And trusted God would save her thro' the blood

Of Jesus Christ alone.

*Stafford.* Pray you go on.

*Bagenhall.* Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei—

But all in English, mark you; rose again,

And when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,

Said, "You will give me my true crown at last, [she,

But do it quickly;" then all wept but Who changed not color when she saw the block,

But ask'd him, childlike: "Will you take it off

Before I lay me down?" "No, madam," he said,

Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were bound,

She, with her poor blind hands feeling —"where is it?

Where is it?"—You must fancy that which follow'd,

If you have heart to do it!

*Crowd (in the distance).* God save their Graces!

*Stafford.* Their Graces, our disgraces! God confound them!

Why she's grown bloodier! when I last was here,

This was against her conscience—would be murder!

*Bagenhall.* The "Thou shalt do no murder," which God's hand  
Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd  
out pale—

She could not make it white—and over  
that,

Traced in the blackest text of Hell—  
"Thou shalt!"

And sign'd it—Mary!

*Stafford.* Philip and the Pope  
Must have sign'd too. I hear this  
Legate's coming

To bring us absolution from the Pope.  
The Lords and Commons will bow  
down before him—

You are of the house? what will you  
do, Sir Ralph?

*Bagenhall.* And why should I be  
bolder than the rest,

Or honester than all?

*Stafford.* But, sir, if I—  
And over sea they say this state of  
yours

Hath no more mortise than a tower of  
cards;

And that a puff would do it—then if I  
And others made that move I touch'd  
upon,

Back'd by the power of France, and  
landing here,

Came with a sudden splendor, shout,  
and show,

And dazzled men and deat'n'd by  
some bright

Loud venture, and the people so un-  
quiet—

And I the race of murder'd Bucking-  
ham—

Not for myself, but for the kingdom—  
Sir,

I trust that you would fight along with  
us.

*Bagenhall.* No! you would fling  
your lives into the gulf.

*Stafford.* But if this Philip, as he's  
like to do,

Left Mary a wife-widow here alone,  
Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads  
hither

To seize upon the forts and fleet, and  
make us

A Spanish province; would you not  
fight then?

*Bagenhall.* I think I should fight  
then.

*Stafford.* I am sure of it.  
Hist! there's the face coming on here  
of one

Who knows me. I must leave you.  
Fare you well,

You'll hear of me again.

*Bagenhall.* Upon the scaffold.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—ROOM IN WHITE- HALL PALACE.

MARY. *Enter PHILIP and CARDINAL  
POLE.*

*Pole.* Ave Maria, gratia plena, Ben-  
edicta tu in mulieribus.

*Mary.* Loyal and royal cousin, hum-  
blest thanks.

Had you a pleasant voyage up the  
river?

*Pole.* We had your royal barge, and  
that same chair,

Or rather throne of purple, on the  
deck.

Our silver cross sparkled before the  
prow,

The ripples twinkled at their diamond-  
dance,

The boats that follow'd, were as glow-  
ing gay

As regal gardens; and your flocks of  
swans,

As fair and white as angels; and your  
shores

Wore in mine eyes the green of Para-  
dise.

My foreign friends, who dream'd us  
blanketed

In ever-closing fog, were much amazed  
To find as fair a sun as might have

flash'd  
Upon their Lake of Garda fire the  
Thames;

Our voyage by sea was all but miracle;  
And here the river flowing from the

sea,



Not toward it (for they thought not of  
our tides),  
Seem'd as a happy miracle to make  
glide—

In quiet—home your banish'd coun-  
tryman.

*Mary.* We heard that you were sick  
in Flanders, cousin.

*Pole.* A dizziness.

*Mary.* And how came you round  
again?

*Pole.* The scarlet thread of Rahab  
saved her life;

And mine, a little letting of the blood.

*Mary.* Well? now?

*Pole.* Ay, cousin, as the heathen  
giant

Had but to touch the ground, his force  
return'd—

Thus, after twenty years of banish-  
ment,

Feeling my native land beneath my  
foot,

I said thereto: "Ah, native land of  
mine,

Thou art much beholden to this foot  
of mine,

That hastes with full commission from  
the Pope

To absolve thee from thy guilt of  
heresy.

Thou hast disgraced me and attainted  
me,

And mark'd me ev'n as Cain, and I  
return

As Peter, but to bless thee: make me  
well."

Methinks the good land heard me, for  
to-day

My heart beats twenty, when I see you,  
cousin.

Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's  
death,

How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's  
gate!

And Mary would have risen and let  
him in,

But, Mary, there were those within the  
house

Who would not have it.

*Mary.* True, good cousin Pole;

And there were also those without the  
house

Who would not have it.

*Pole.* I believe so, cousin.

State-policy and church-policy are con-  
joint,

But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.  
I fear the Emperor much misvalued  
me.

But all is well; 'twas ev'n the will of  
God, [now,

Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd,  
Makes me his mouth of holy greeting.

"Hail,

Daughter of God, and savor of the  
faith,

Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui!"

*Mary.* Ah, heaven!

*Pole.* Unwell, your Gracc?

*Mary.* No, cousin, happy—

Happy to see you; never yet so  
happy

Since I was crown'd.

*Pole.* Sweet cousin, you forget  
That long low minster where you gave  
your hand

To this great Catholic King.

*Philip.* Well said, Lord Legat<sup>e</sup>.

*Mary.* Nay, not well said; I thought  
of you, my liege,

Ev'n as I spoke.

*Philip.* Ay, Madam; my Lord Paget  
Waits to present our Council to the  
Legate.

Sit down here, all; Madam, between  
us you.

*Pole.* Lo, now you are enclosed with  
boards of cedar,

Our little sister of the Song of Songs!  
You are doubly fenced and shielded

sitting here

Between the two most high-set thrones  
on earth,

The Emperor's highness happily sym-  
bol'd by

The King your husband, the Pope's  
Holiness

By mine own self.

*Mary.* True, cousin, I am happy.  
When will you that we summon both  
our houses

To take his absolution from your lips  
And be regather'd to the Papal fold?

*Pole.* In Britain's calendar the bright-  
est day

Beheld our rough forefathers break  
their Gods,

And clasp the faith in Christ; but after  
that

Might not St. Andrew's be her hap-  
piest day?

*Mary.* Then these shall meet upon  
St. Andrew's day.

*Enter PAGET, who presents the Coun-  
cil. Dumb show.*

*Pole.* I am an old man wearied with  
my journey,

Ev'n with my joy. Permit me to with-  
draw.

To Lambeth?

*Philip.* Ay, Lambeth has ousted  
Cranmer.

It was not meet the heretic swine  
should live

In Lambeth.

*Mary.* There or anywhere, or at all.

*Philip.* We have had it swept and  
garnish'd after him.

*Pole.* Not for the seven devils to enter  
in?

*Philip.* No, for we trust they parted  
in the swine.

*Pole.* True, and I am the Angel of  
the Pope.

Farewell, your Graces.

*Philip.* Nay, not here—to me;  
I will go with you to the waterside.

*Pole.* Not be my Charon to the  
counter side?

*Philip.* No, my Lord Legate, the  
Lord Chancellor goes.

*Pole.* And unto no dead world; but  
Lambeth palace,

Henceforth a centre of the living faith.

[*Exeunt PHILIP, POLE, PAGET, etc.*

*Manet MARY.*

*Mary.* He hath awaked! he hath  
awaked!

He stirs within the darkness!

Oh, Philip, husband! now thy love to  
mine

Will cling more close, and those bleak  
manners thaw,

That make me shamed and tongue-  
tied in my love.

The second Prince of Peace—

The great unborn defender of the  
Faith,

Who will avenge me of mine ene-  
mies—

He comes, and my star rises.

The stormy Wyatts and Northumber-  
lands,

The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,

And all her fieriest partisans—are  
pale

Before my star!

The light of this new learning wanes  
and dies:

The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius  
fade

Into the deathless hell which is their  
doom

Before my star! [Ind!]

His sceptre shall go forth from land to  
His sword shall hew the heretic peo-  
ples down!

His faith shall clothe the world that  
will be his,

Like universal air and sunshine!

Open,

Ye everlasting gates! The King is  
here!—

My star, my son!

*Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, etc.*

Oh, Philip, come with me;

Good news have I to tell you, news to  
make

Both of us happy—ay, the Kingdom  
too.

Nay come with me—one moment!

*Philip (to ALVA).* More than that;  
There was one here of late—William  
the Silent

They call him—he is free enough in  
talk,

But tells me nothing. You will be,  
we trust,

Some time the viceroy of those prov-  
inces—

He must deserve his surname better.

*Alva.* Ay, sir ;  
Inherit the Great Silence.

*Philip.* True ; the provinces  
Are hard to rule and must be hardly  
ruled ; rind,  
Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty  
All hollow'd out with stinging heresies ;  
And for their heresies, *Alva*, they will  
fight :

You must break them or they break  
you.

*Alva (proudly).* The first.

*Philip.* Good!

Well, Madam, this new happiness of  
mine. [Exeunt.

*Enter THREE PAGES.*

*First Page.* News, mates ! a miracle,  
a miracle ! news !

The bells must ring ; Te Deums must  
be sung ;

The Queen hath felt the motion of her  
babe !

*Second Page.* Ay ; but see here !

*First Page.* See what ?

*Second Page.* This paper, Dickon.  
I found it fluttering at the palace  
gates :—

“The Queen of England is delivered  
of a dead dog !”

*Third Page.* These are the things  
that madden her. Fie upon it.

*First Page.* Ay, but I hear she hath  
a dropsy, lad,

Or a high-dropsy, as the doctors call  
it.

*Third Page.* Fie on her dropsy, so  
she have a dropsy !

I know that she was ever sweet to me.

*First Page.* For thou and thine are  
Roman to the core.

*Third Page.* So thou and thine must  
be. Take heed !

*First Page.* Not I,

And whether this flash of news be  
false or true,

So the wine run, and there be revelry,  
Content am I. Let all the steeples  
clash,

Till the sun dance, as upon Easter  
Day. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL.

*At the far end a dais. On this three  
chairs, two under one canopy for  
MARY and PHILIP, another on the  
right of these for POLE. Under the  
dais on POLE's side, ranged along the  
wall, sit all the Spiritual Peers, and  
along the wall opposite, all the Tem-  
poral. The Commons on cross benches  
in front, a line of approach to the  
dais between them. In the foreground  
SIR RALPH BAGENHALL and other  
MEMBERS of the COMMONS.*

*First Member.* St. Andrew's day ; sit  
close, sit close, we are friends.

Is reconciled the word ? the Pope  
again ?

It must be thus ; and yet, cocksbody !  
how strange

That Gardiner, once so one with all of  
us

Against this foreign marriage, should  
have yielded

So utterly !—strange ! but stranger  
still that he,

So fierce against the Headship of the  
Pope,

Should play the second actor in this  
pageant

That brings him in ; such a chameleon  
he !

*Second Member.* This Gardiner turn'd  
his coat in Henry's time ;

The serpent that hath slough'd will  
slough again.

*Third Member.* Tut, then we all are  
serpents.

*Second Member.* Speak for yourself.

*Third Member.* Ay, and for Gar-  
diner ! being English citizen,

How should he bear a bridegroom out  
of Spain ?

The Queen would have him ! being  
English churchman,

How should he bear the headship of  
the Pope ?

The Queen would have it ! Statesmen  
that are wise



Shape a necessity, as the sculptor  
clay,  
To their own model.

*Second Member.* Statesmen that are  
wise

Take truth herself for model, what say  
you?

[*To SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.*

*Bagenhall.* We talk and talk.

*First Member.* Ay, and what use to  
talk?

Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's  
husband,

He's here, and king, or will be,—yet,  
coxswain!

So hated here! I watch'd a hive of  
late;

My seven-years' friend was with me,  
my young boy;

Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm  
behind.

"Philip," says he. I had to cuff the  
rogue

For infant treason.

*Third Member.* But they say that  
bees,

If any creeping life invade their hive  
Too gross to be thrust out, will build  
him round,

And bind him in from harming of their  
combs.

And Philip by these articles is bound  
From stirring hand or foot to wrong  
the realm.

*Second Member.* By bonds of bees-  
wax, like your creeping thing;

But your wise bees had stung him first  
to death.

*Third Member.* Hush, hush!

You wrong the Chancellor: the clauses  
added

To that same treaty which the emperor  
sent us

Were mainly Gardiner's: that no for-  
eigner

Hold office in the household, fleet,  
forts, army;

That if the Queen should die without  
a child,

The bond between the kingdoms be  
dissolved;

That Philip should not mix us any  
way

With his French wars—

*Second Member.* Ay, ay, but what se-  
curity,

Good sir, for this, if Philip—

*Third Member.* Peace—the Queen,  
Philip, and Pole. [*All rise, and stand.*

*Enter MARY, PHILIP, and POLE.*

[*GARDINER conducts them to the three  
chairs of state. PHILIP sits on the  
QUEEN'S left, POLE on her right.*

*Gardiner.* Our short-lived sun, be-  
fore his winter plunge,

Laughs at the last red leaf, and An-  
drew's day.

*Mary.* Should not this day be held  
in after years

More solemn than of old?

*Philip.* Madam, my wish  
Echoes your majesty's.

*Pole.* It shall be so.

*Gardiner.* Mine echoes both your  
Graces'; (*aside*) but the Pope—

Can we not have the Catholic church  
as well

Without as with the Italian? if we  
cannot,

Why then the Pope.

My lords of the upper house,  
And ye, my masters, of the lower  
house,

Do ye stand fast by that which ye re-  
solved?

*Voices.* We do.

*Gardiner.* And be you all one mind  
to supplicate

The Legate here for pardon, and ac-  
knowledge

The primacy of the Pope?

*Voices.* We are all one mind.

*Gardiner.* Then must I play the vas-  
sal to this Pole. [*Aside.*

[*He draws a paper from under his  
robes and presents it to the KING  
and QUEEN, who look through it  
and return it to him; then ascends  
a tribune and reads.*

We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,

And Commons here in Parliament assembled,  
 Presenting the whole body of this realm  
 Of England, and dominions of the same,  
 Do make most humble suit unto your Majesties,  
 In our own name and that of all the state,  
 That by your gracious means and intercession  
 Our supplication be exhibited  
 To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as Legate  
 From our most holy father Julius, Pope,  
 And from the apostolic see of Rome;  
 And do declare our penitence and grief  
 For our long schism and disobedience,  
 Either in making laws and ordinances  
 Against the Holy Father's primacy,  
 Or else by doing or by speaking aught  
 Which might impugn or prejudice the same;  
 By this our supplication promising,  
 As well for our own selves as all the realm,  
 That now we be and ever shall be quick,  
 Under and with your Majesties' authorities,  
 To do to the utmost all that in us lies  
 Towards the abrogation and repeal  
 Of all such laws and ordinances made;  
 Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,  
 As persons undefiled with our offence,  
 So to set forth this humble suit of ours  
 That we the rather by your intercession  
 May from the apostolic see obtain,  
 Thro' this most reverend Father, absolution,  
 And full release from danger of all censures  
 Of Holy Church that we be fall'n into,

So that we may, as children penitent,  
 Be once again received into the bosom  
 And unity of Universal Church,  
 And that this noble realm thro' after years  
 May in this unity and obedience  
 Unto the holy see and reigning Pope  
 Serve God and both your Majesties  
*Voices—Amen. [All sit  
 [He again presents the petition to the  
 KING and QUEEN, who hand it  
 reverentially to POLE.  
 Pole (sitting). This is the loveliest  
 day that ever smiled  
 On England. All her breath should,  
 incense like,  
 Rise to the heavens in grateful praise  
 of Him  
 Who now recalls her to his ancient  
 fold.  
 Lo! once again God to this realm hath  
 given  
 A token of His more especial Grace;  
 For as this people were the first of  
 all  
 The islands call'd into the dawning  
 church  
 Out of the dead, deep night of heath  
 endom,  
 So now are these the first whom God  
 hath given  
 Grace to repent and sorrow for their  
 schism;  
 And if your penitence be not mockery,  
 Oh how the blessed angels who rejoice  
 Over one saved do triumph at this  
 hour  
 In the reborn salvation of a land  
 So noble. [A pause.  
 For ourselves we do protest  
 That our commission is to heal, not  
 harm;  
 We come not to condemn, but recon-  
 cile;  
 We come not to compel, but call  
 again;  
 We come not to destroy, but edify;  
 Nor yet to question things already  
 done;  
 These are forgiven—matters of the  
 past—*

And range with jetsam and with offal  
thrown  
Into the blind sea of forgetfulness.

[*A pause.*]

Ye have reversed the attainder laid on  
us  
By him who sack'd the house of God;  
and we,  
Amplifier than any field on our poor  
earth  
Can render thanks in fruit for being  
sown,  
Do here and now repay you sixty-fold,  
A hundred, yea, a thousand thousand  
fold,  
With heaven for earth.

[*Rising and stretching forth his hands.*  
*All kneel but SIR RALPH BAGEN-*  
*HALL, who rises and remains stand-*  
*ing.*

The Lord who hath redeem'd us  
With his own blood, and wash'd us  
from our sins,  
To purchase for Himself a stainless  
bride;  
He, whom the Father hath appointed  
Head  
Of all his church, He by His mercy  
absolve you!

[*A pause.*]

And we by that authority Apostolic  
Given unto us, his Legate, by the  
Pope,  
Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius,  
God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon  
earth,

Do here absolve you and deliver you  
And every one of you, and all the  
realm

And its dominions from all heresy,  
All schism, and from all and every cen-  
sure,

Judgment, and pain accruing there-  
upon;

And also we restore you to the bosom  
And unity of Universal Church.

[*Turning to GARDINER.*]

Our letters of commission will declare  
this plainlier.

[*QUEEN heard sobbing. Cries of*  
*Amen! Amen! Some of the*  
*members embrace one another.*

*All but SIR RALPH BAGENHALL*  
*pass out into the neighboring*  
*chapel, whence is heard the Te*  
*Deum.*

*Bagenhall.* We strove against the  
papacy from the first,  
In William's time, in our first Edward's  
time,

And in my master Henry's time; but  
now,

The unity of Universal Church,  
Mary would have it; and this Gardiner  
follows;

The unity of Universal Hell,  
Philip would have it; and this Gar-  
diner follows!

A Parliament of imitative apes!  
Sheep at the gap which Gardiner  
takes, who not

Believes the Pope, nor any of them be-  
lieve—

These spaniel-Spaniard English of the  
time,

Who rub their fawning noses in the  
dust,

For that is Philip's gold-dust, and  
adore

This Vicar of their Vicar. Would I  
had been

Born Spaniard! I had held my head  
up then.

I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,  
English.

*Enter OFFICER.*

*Officer.* Sir Ralph Bagenhall.

*Bagenhall.* What of that?

*Officer.* You were the one sole man  
in either house

Who stood upright when both the  
houses fell.

*Bagenhall.* The houses fell!

*Officer.* I mean the houses kneel  
Before the Legate.

*Bagenhall.* Do not scrimp your  
phrase,

But stretch it wider; say when Eng-  
land fell.

*Officer.* I say you were the one  
sole man who stood.

*Bagenhall.* I am the one sole man  
in either house.



Perchance in England, loves her like a son.

*Officer.* Well, you one man, because you stood upright,

Her Grace the Queen commands you to the Tower.

*Bagenhall.* As traitor, or as heretic, or for what?

*Officer.* If any man in any way would be

The one man he shall be so to his cost.

*Bagenhall.* What! will she have my head?

*Officer.* A round fine likelier.

Your pardon. [*Calling to Attendant*

By the river to the Tower.

[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—WHITEHALL. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET, BONA-  
NER, *etc.*

*Mary.* The king and I, my Lords,  
now that all traitors  
Against our royal state have lost the  
heads

Wherewith they plotted in their trea-  
sonous malice,

Have talk'd together, and are well  
agreed

That those old statutes touching Lol-  
lardism

To bring the heretic to the stake,  
should be

No longer a dead letter, but requick-  
en'd.

*One of the Council.* Why, what hath  
fluster'd Gardiner? how he rubs  
His forelock.

*Paget.* I have changed a word with  
him

In coming, and may change a word  
again.

*Gardiner.* Madam, your Highness  
is our sun, the King

And you together our two suns in one;  
And so the beams of both may shine  
upon us,

The faith that seem'd to droop will  
feel your light,

Lift head, and flourish; yet not light  
alone,

There must be heat—there must be  
heat enough

To scorch and wither heresy to the  
root.

For what saith Christ? "Compel  
them to come in."

And what saith Paul? "I would they  
were cut off

That trouble you." Let the dead  
letter live!

Trace it in fire, that all the louts to  
whom

Their A B C is darkness, clowns and  
grooms

May read it! so you quash rebellion  
too,

For heretic and traitor are all one;  
Two vipers of one breed—an amphis-  
bœna,

Each end a sting: Let the dead letter  
burn!

*Paget.* Yet there be some disloyal  
Catholics,

And many heretics loyal: heretic  
throats

Cried no God-bless-her to the Lady  
Jane,

But shouted in Queen Mary. So there  
be

Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and  
cord.

To take the lives of others that are  
loyal,

And by the churchman's pitiless doom  
of fire,

Were but a thankless policy in the  
crown,

Ay, and against itself; for there are  
many.

*Mary.* If we could burn out heresy,  
my Lord Paget,

We reck not tho' we lost this crown of  
England—

Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

*Gardiner.* Right, your Grace.

Paget, you are all for this poor life of

And care but little for the life to be.

*Paget.* I have some time, for  
curiousness, my Lord,  
Watch'd children playing at *their* life  
to be,  
And cruel at it, killing helpless flies;  
Such is our time—all times for aught  
I know.

*Gardiner.* We kill the heretics that  
sting the soul—  
They, with right reason, flies that prick  
the flesh.

*Paget.* They had not reach'd right  
reason; little children!  
They kill'd but for their pleasure and  
the power

They felt in killing.

*Gardiner.* A spice of Satan, ha!  
Why, good! what then? granted!—  
we are fallen creatures;  
Look to your Bible, *Paget*! we are  
fallen.

*Paget.* I am but of the laity, my  
Lord Bishop,  
And may not read your Bible, yet I  
found  
One day a wholesome scripture,  
"Little children,  
Love one another."

*Gardiner.* Did you find a scripture,  
"I come not to bring peace but a  
sword?" The sword  
Is in her Grace's hand to smite with.

*Paget.*  
You stand up here to fight for heresy,  
You are more than guess'd at as a  
heretic,  
And on the steep-up track of the true  
faith

Your lapses are far seen.

*Paget.* The faultless *Gardiner*!  
*Mary.* You brawl beyond the ques-  
tion; speak, Lord Legate.

*Pole.* Indeed, I cannot follow with  
your Grace,  
Rather would say—the shepherd doth  
not kill  
The sheep that wander from his flock,  
but sends  
His careful dog to bring them to the  
fold.

Look to the Netherlands, wherein  
have been  
Such holocausts of heresy! to what  
end?

For yet the faith is not established  
there.

*Gardiner.* The end's not come.

*Pole.* No—nor this way will come,  
Seeing there lie two ways to every  
end,

A better and a worse—the worse is  
here

To persecute, because to persecute  
Makes a faith hated, and is further-  
more

No perfect witness of a perfect faith  
In him who persecutes: when men are  
tost

On tides of strange opinion, and not  
sure

Of their own selves, they are wroth  
with their own selves,  
And thence with others; then *who*  
lights the fagot?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking  
doubt.

Old Rome, that first made martyrs in  
the Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these  
were trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble?

*Paget.* Did she not  
In Henry's time and Edward's?

*Pole.* What, my Lord!  
The Church on Peter's rock? never!  
I have seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow  
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the  
pine—

The cataract shook the shadow. To  
my mind,

The cataract typed the headlong  
plunge and fall

Of heresy to the pit: the pine was  
Rome.

You see, my Lords,  
It was the shadow of the Church that  
trembled;

Your church was but the shadow of a  
church,

Wanting the triple mitre.

*Gardiner* (muttering). Here he tropes.

*Pole*. And tropes are good to clothe a naked truth,  
And make it look more seemly.

*Gardiner*. Tropes again!

*Pole*. You are hard to please. Then without tropes, my Lord,  
An overmuch severeness, I repeat,  
When faith is wavering makes the waverer pass

Into more settled hatred of the doctrines

Of those who rule, which hatred by and by

Involves the ruler (thus there springs to light

That Centaur of a monstrous Commonwealth,

The traitor-heretic), then tho' some may quail, [fire,

Yet others are that dare the stake and  
And their strong torment, bravely borne, begets

An admiration and an indignation,  
And hot desire to imitate; so the plague

Of schism spreads; were there but three or four

Of these misleaders, yet I would not say

Burn! and we cannot burn whole towns; they are many,

As my Lord Paget says.

*Gardiner*. Yet my Lord Cardinal—

*Pole*. I am your Legate; please you let me finish.

Methinks that under our Queen's regimen

We might go softlier than with crimson rowel

And streaming lash. When Herod-Henry first

Began to batter at your English Church,

This was the cause, and hence the judgment on her.

She seethed with such adulteries, and the lives

Of many among your churchmen were so foul;

That heaven wept and earth blush'd.  
I would advise

That we should thoroughly cleanse the Church within

Before these bitter statutes be requickened.

So after that when she once more is seen  
White as the light, the spotless bride of Christ,

Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly  
The Lutheran may be won to her again; [ance.

Till when, my Lords, I counsel tolerance.  
*Gardiner*. What if a mad dog bit

your hand, my Lord,  
Would you not chop the bitten finger off,

Lest your whole body should madden with the poison?

I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the heretic,

No, not an hour. The ruler of a land  
Is bounden by his power and place to see

His people be not poison'd. Tolerate them?

Why? do they tolerate you? Nay, many of them

Would burn—have burnt each other; call they not

The one true faith a loathsome idol-worship?

Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime

Than heresy is itself; beware, I say,  
Lest men accuse you of indifference

To all faiths, all religion; for you know  
Right well that you yourself have been

supposed  
Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.

*Pole* (angered). But you, my Lord,  
beyond all supposition,

In clear and open day were congruent  
With that vile Cranmer in the accursed

lie  
Of good Queen Catherine's divorce—the spring

Of all those evils that have flow'd upon us;

For you yourself have truckled to the tyrant,



And done your best to bastardize our Queen,

For which God's righteous judgment fell upon you

In your five years of imprisonment, my Lord,

Under young Edward. Who so bolster'd up

The gross King's headship of the Church, or more

Denied the Holy Father!

*Gardiner.* Ha! what! eh? But you, my Lord, a polish'd gentleman,

A bookman, flying from the heat and tussle,

You lived among your vines and oranges,

In your soft Italy yonder! you were sent for,

You were appeal'd to, but you still prefer'd

Your learned leisure. As for what I did

I suffer'd and repented. You, Lord Legate

And Cardinal-Deacon, have not now to learn

That ev'n St. Peter in his time of fear Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, my Lord.

*Pole.* But not for five and twenty years, my Lord.

*Gardiner.* Ha! good! it seems then I was sommon'd hither

But to be mock'd and baited. Speak, friend Bonner,

And tell this learned Legate he lacks zeal.

The Church's evil is not as the King's, Cannot be heal'd by stroking. The mad bite

Must have the cautery—tell him—and at once.

What wouldst thou do hadst thou his power, thou

That layest so long in heretic bonds with me.

Wouldst thou not burn and blast them root and branch?

*Bonner.* Ay, after you, my Lord.

*Gardiner.* Nay, God's passion, before me! speak.

*Bonner.* I am on fire until I see them flame.

*Gardiner.* Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cobblers, scum—

But this most noble prince Plantagenet, Our good Queen's cousin—dallying

over seas

Even when his brother's, nay, his noble mother's,

Head fell—

*Pole.* Peace, mad man! Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not fathom.

Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord Chancellor

Of England! no more rein upon thine anger

Than any child! Thou mak'st me much ashamed [thee.

That I was for a moment wroth at *Mary.* I come for counsel and ye

give me feuds, Like dogs that set to watch their master's gate,

Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the walls,

To worrying one another. My Lord Chancellor,

You have an old trick of offending us: And but that you are art and part with us

[this In purging heresy, well we might, for Your violence and much roughness to

the Legate,

Have shut you from our counsels. Cousin Pole,

You are fresh from brighter lands. Retire with me. [us]

His highness and myself (so you allow Will let you learn in peace and privacy

What power this cooler sun of England hath

In breeding Godless vermin. And pray Heaven

That you may see according to our sight.

Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and POLE, etc*

*Gardiner.* Pole has the Plantagenet face,  
But not the force made them our mightiest kings.

Fine eyes — but melancholy, irresolute—

A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard. [ha?

But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—

*Bonner.* Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

*Gardiner.* And not like thine  
To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.

*Bonner.* I'd do my best, my Lord;  
but yet the Legate

Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,

And if he go not with you—

*Gardiner.* Tut, Master Bishop,  
Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he flush'd?

Touch him upon his old heretical talk,  
He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.

And let him call me truckler. In those times,

Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck, or die;

I kept my head for use of Holy Church;

And see you, we shall have to dodge again,

And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge

His foreign fist into our island Church  
To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.

For a time, for a time.

Why? that these statutes may be put in force,

And that his fan may thoroughly purge his floor.

*Bonner.* So then you hold the Pope—

*Gardiner.* I hold the Pope!  
What do I hold him? what do I hold the Pope?

Come, come, the morsel stuck—this Cardinal's fault—

I have gulpt it down. I am wholly for the Pope,

Utterly and altogether for the Pope,  
The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,

Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king of kings,

God upon earth! what more? what would you have?

Hence, let's be gone.

*Enter USHER.*

*Usher.* Well that you be not gone,  
My Lord. The Queen, most wroth at first with you,

Is now content to grant you full forgiveness,

So that you crave full pardon of the Legate.

I am sent to fetch you.

*Gardiner.* Doth Pole yield, sir, ha!  
Did you hear 'em? were you by?

*Usher.* I cannot tell you,  
His bearing is so courtly-delicate;  
And yet methinks he falters; their two Graces

Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,

So press on him the duty which as Legate

He owes himself, and with such royal smiles—

*Gardiner.* Smiles that burn men  
Bonner, it will be carried.

He falters, ha? 'fore God we change and change;

Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you,

At threescore years; then if we change at all

We needs must do it quickly; it is an age

Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,

As I have shown to-day. I am sorry for it

If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,

Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often,

He knows not where he stands which, if this pass,

We too shall have to teach him; let  
'em look to it,  
Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Lat-  
imer,  
Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is  
come,  
Their hour is hard at hand, their  
"dies Iraë,"  
Their "dies Illa," which will test their  
sect.  
I feel it but a duty—you will find in it  
Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bon-  
ner,—  
To test their sect. Sir, I attend the  
Queen  
To crave most humble pardon—of her  
most  
Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—WOODSTOCK.

ELIZABETH, LADY IN WAITING.

*Lady.* The colors of our Queen are  
green and white,  
These fields are only green, they make  
me gape.

*Elizabeth.* There's whitethorn, girl.

*Lady.* Ay, for an hour in May.  
But court is always May, buds out in  
masks,  
Breaks into feather'd merriments, and  
flowers

In silken pageants. Why do they  
keep us here?

Why still suspect your Grace?

*Elizabeth.* Hard upon both.

[*Writes on the window with a dia-  
mond.*]

Much suspected, of me  
Nothing proven can be,  
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

*Lady.* What hath your Highness  
written?

*Elizabeth.* A true rhyme.

*Lady.* Cut with a diamond; so to  
last like truth.

*Elizabeth.* Ay, if truth last.

*Lady.* But truth, they say, will out,

So it must last. It is not like a word,  
That comes and goes in uttering.

*Elizabeth.* Truth, a word!  
The very Truth and very Word are  
one.

But truth of story, which I glanced at,  
girl,

Is like a word that comes from olden  
days,

And passes thro' the peoples: every  
tongue

Alters it passing, till it spells and  
speaks

Quite other than at first.

*Lady.* I do not follow.

*Elizabeth.* How many names in the  
long sweep of time

That so foreshortens greatness, may  
but hang

On the chance mention of some fool  
that once

Brake bread with us, perhaps; and  
my poor chronicle

Is but of glass. Sir Henry Beding-  
field

May split it for a spite.

*Lady.* God grant it last,  
And witness to your Grace's inno-  
cence,

Till doomsday melt it.

*Elizabeth.* Or a second fire,  
Like that which lately crackled under-  
foot

And in this very chamber, fuse the  
glass,

And char us back again into the dust  
We spring from. Never peacock  
against rain

Scream'd as you did for water.

*Lady.* And I got it.  
I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to  
you—

I read his honest horror in his eyes.

*Elizabeth.* Or true to you?

*Lady.* Sir Henry Bedingfield!

I will have no man true to me, your  
Grace,

But one that pares his nails; to me?  
the clown!

For, like his cloak, his manners want  
the nap



And gloss of court ; but of this fire he  
says,

Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,

Only a natural chance.

*Elizabeth.* A chance—perchance  
One of those wicked wilfuls that men  
make,

Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I  
know

They hunt my blood. Save for my  
daily range

Among the pleasant fields of Holy  
Writ

I might despair. But there hath some  
one come ;

The house is all in movement. Hence,  
and see. *[Exit LADY.]*

*Milkmaid (singing without).*

Shame upon you, Robin,

Shame upon you now !

Kiss me would you ? with my hands

Milking the cow ?

Daisies grow again,

Kingcups blow again,

And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,

Kiss'd me well I vow ;

Cuff him could I ? with my hands

Milking the cow ?

Swallows fly again,

Cuckoos cry again,

And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,

Come and kiss me now ;

Help it can I ? with my hands

Milking the cow ?

Ringdoves coo again,

All things woo again.

Come behind and kiss me milking the cow !

*Elizabeth.* Right honest and red-  
cheek'd ; Robin was violent,

And she was crafty—a sweet violence,  
And a sweet craft. I would I were a  
milkmaid,

To sing, love, marry, churn brew,  
bake, and die,

Then have my simple headstone by  
the church,

And all things lived and ended hon-  
estly.

I could not if I would. I am Harry's  
daughter ;

Gardiner would have my head. They  
are not sweet,

The violence and the craft that do di-  
vide

The world of nature ; what is weak  
must lie ;

The lion needs but roar to guard his  
young ;

The lapwing lies, says " here " when  
they are there.

Threaten the child ; " I'll scourge you  
if you did it."

What weapon hath the child, save his  
soft tongue,

To say " I did not ? " and my rod's  
the block.

I never lay my head upon the pillow  
But that I think, " Wilt thou lie there  
to-morrow ? " *[fell,*

How oft the falling axe, that never  
Hath shock'd me back into the day-

light truth

That it may fall to-day ! Those damp,  
black, dead

Nights in the Tower ; dead—with the  
fear of death—

Too dead ev'n for a death-watch ! Toll  
of a bell,

Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a  
rat

Affrighted me, and then delighted me,  
For there was life—And there was life  
in death—

The little murder'd princes, in a pale  
light,

Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd  
" come away,

The civil wars are gone forevermore :  
Thou last of all the Tudors, come  
away,

With us in peace ! " The last ? It  
was a dream ;

I must not dream, not wink, but watch,  
She has gone,

Maid Marian to her Robin—by and by  
Both happy ! a fox may filch a hen by  
night,

And make a morning outcry in the  
yard :

But there's no Renard here to " catch  
her tripping."

Catch me who can; yet sometime I  
have wish'd  
That I were caught, and kill'd away at  
once  
Out of the flutter. The gray rogue,  
Gardiner,  
Went on his knees, and pray'd me to  
confess  
In Wyatt's business, and to cast my-  
self  
Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay,  
when, my Lord?  
God save the Queen. My jailer—

*Enter* SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

*Bedingfield.* One, whose bolts,  
That jail you from free life, bar you  
from death.  
There haunt some Papist ruffians here-  
about  
Would murder you.

*Elizabeth.* I thank you heartily, sir,  
But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,  
And God hath blest or cursed me with  
a nose—

Your boots are from the horses.

*Bedingfield.* Ay, my Lady.  
When next there comes a missive from  
the Queen

It shall be all my study for one hour  
To rose and lavender my horsiness,  
Before I dare to glance upon your  
Grace

*Elizabeth.* A missive from the Queen:  
last time she wrote,

I had like to have lost my life: it takes  
my breath:

O God, sir, do you look upon your  
boots,

Are you so small a man? Help me:  
what think you,

Is it life or death?

*Bedingfield.* I thought not on my  
boots; [made

The devil take all boots were ever  
Since man went barefoot. See, I lay  
it here,

For I will come no nearer to your  
Grace; [*Laying down the letter.*

And whether it bring you bitter news  
or sweet,

And God have given your Grace a  
nose, or not,  
I'll help you, if I may.

*Elizabeth.* Your pardon, then?  
It is the heat and narrowness of the  
cage

That makes the captive testy; with  
free wing

The world were all one Araby. Leave  
me now,

Will you, companion to myself, sir?

*Bedingfield.* Will I?  
With most exceeding willingness, I  
will;

You know I never come till I be call'd.

[*Exit.*

*Elizabeth.* It lies there folded; is  
there venom in it?

A snake—and if I touch it, it may  
sting.

Come, come, the worst!

Best wisdom is to know the worst at  
once. [*Reads:*

“It is the King's wish that you  
should wed Prince Philibert of Savoy.  
You are to come to Court on the in-  
stant; and think of this in your coming.

“MARY THE QUEEN.”

Think! I have many thoughts;  
I think there may be birdlime here for  
me;

I think they fain would have me from  
the realm;

I think the Queen may never bear a  
child;

I think that I may be sometime the  
Queen,

Then, Queen indeed: no foreign prince  
or priest

Should fill my throne, myself upon the  
steps.

I think I will not marry any one,  
Specially not this landless Philibert

Of Savoy; but, if Philip menace me,  
I think that I will play with Philibert,—

As once the holy father did with mine,  
Before my father married my good

mother.—

For fear of Spain.

*Enter* LADY.

*Lady.* O Lord! your Grace, your Grace,

I feel so happy: it seems that we shall fly

These bald, blank fields, and dance into the sun

That shines on princes.

*Elizabeth.* Yet, a moment since, I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing here,

To kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers—

A right rough life and healthful.

*Lady.* But the wench Hath her own troubles; she is weeping now;

For the wrong Robin took her at her word.

Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.

Your Highness such a milkmaid?

*Elizabeth.* I had kept My Robins and my cows in sweeter order

Had I been such.

*Lady (slyly).* And had your grace a Robin,

*Elizabeth.* Come, come, you are chill here; you want the sun

That shines at court; make ready for the journey.

Pray God, we 'scape the sunstroke. Ready at once. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

LORD PETRE and LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

*Petre.* You cannot see the Queen. Renard denied her, Ev'n now, to me.

*Howard.* Their Flemish go-between And all-in-all. I came to thank her Majesty

For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the Tower;

A grace to me! Mercy, that herb-of-grace,

Flowers now but seldom.

*Petre.* Only now, perhaps, Because the Queen hath been three days in tears

For Philip's going—like the wild hedge-rose

Of a soft winter, possible, not probable.

However, you have prov'n it.

*Howard.* I must see her

*Enter* RENARD.

*Renard.* My Lords, you cannot see her Majesty.

*Howard.* Why then the King! for I would have him bring it

Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,

Before he go, that since these statutes past,

Gardiner out-Gardiners Gardiner in his heat,

Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own self—

Beast!—but they play with fire as children do,

And burn the house. I know that these are breeding

A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men

Against the King, the Queen, the Holy Father,

The faith itself. Can I not see him?

*Renard.* Not now. And in all this, my Lord, her Majesty

Is flint of flint, you may strike fire from her,

Not hope to melt her. I will give you message.

[*Exeunt* PETRE and HOWARD.]

*Enter* PHILIP (*musings*)

*Philip.* She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy,

I talk'd with her in vain—she says she will live

And die true maid—a goodly creature too.

Would *she* had been the Queen! yet she must have him;

She troubles England: that she breathes in England



Is life and lungs to every rebel birth  
That passes out of embryo.

Simon Renard!—

This Howard, whom they fear, what  
was he saying?

*Renard.* What your imperial father  
said, my liege,

To deal with heresy gentlier. Gardi-  
ner burns,

And Bonner burns : and it would  
seem this people

Care more for our brief life in their  
wet land,

Than yours in happier Spain. I told  
my Lord

He should not vex her Highness ; she  
would say

These are the means God works with,  
that his church

May flourish.

*Philip.* Ay, sir, but in statesmanship  
To strike too soon is oft to miss the  
blow.

Thou knowest I bade my chaplain,  
Castro, preach

Against these burnings.

*Renard.* And the Emperor  
Approved you, and when last he wrote,  
declared

His comfort in your Grace that you  
were bland

And affable to men of all estates,  
In hope to charm them from their hate

of Spain.

*Philip.* In hope to crush all heresy  
under Spain.

But, Renard, I am sicker staying here  
Than any sea could make me passing

hence,

Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea.

So sick am I with biding for this child.  
Is it the fashion in this clime for

women

To go twelve months in bearing of a  
child?

The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped,  
they led

Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd  
their bells,

Shot off their lying cannon, and her  
priests

Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair  
prince to come,

Till, by St. James, I find myself the  
fool. [thus?

Why do you lift your eyebrow at me  
*Renard.* I never saw your Highness

moved till now.

*Philip.* So, weary am I of this wet  
land of theirs,

And every soul of man that breathes  
therein.

*Renard.* My liege, we must not drop  
the mask before

The masquerade is over—

*Philip.* —Have I dropt it?  
I have but shown a loathing face to

you,

Who knew it from the first.

*Enter MARY.*

*Mary (aside).* With Renard. Still  
Parleying with Renard, all the day with

Renard,

And scarce a greeting all the day for  
me—

And goes to-morrow. [Exit MARY.

*Philip (to RENARD, who advances to  
him).* Well, sir, is there more?

*Renard (who has perceived the  
QUEEN).* May Simon Renard  
speak a single word?

*Philip.* Ay.

*Renard.* And be forgiven for it?

*Philip.* Simond Renard  
Knows me too well to speak a single

word

That could not be forgiven.

*Renard.* Well, my liege,  
Your Grace hath a most chaste and

loving wife.

*Philip.* Why not? The Queen of  
Philip should be chaste.

*Renard.* Ay, but, my Lord, you know  
what Virgil sings,

Woman is various and most mutable.

*Philip.* She play the harlot! never.

*Renard.* No, sire, no,  
Not dream'd of by the rabidest Gos-  
peller.

There was a paper thrown into the  
palace,

"The King hath wearied of his barren bride."

She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,

With all the rage of one who hates a truth

He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have you—

What should I say, I cannot pick my words—

Be somewhat less—majestic to your Queen.

*Philip.* Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard,

Because these islanders are brutal beasts?

Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,

And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

*Renard.* Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen them, sire,

When you perchance were trifling royally [fill

With some fair dame of court, suddenly

With such fierce fire—had it been fire indeed

It would have burnt both speakers.

*Philip.* Ay, and then?

*Renard.* Sire, might it not be policy in some matter

Of small importance now and then to cede

A point to her demand?

*Philip.* Well, I am going.

*Renard.* For should her love, when you are gone, my liege,

Witness these papers, there will not be wanting

Those that will urge her injury—should her love—

And I have known such women more than one—

Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse

Almost into one metal love and hate,— And she impress her wrongs upon her Council,

And these again upon her Parliament— We are not loved here, and would be then perhaps

Not so well holpen in our wars with France,

As else we might be—here she comes.

*Enter MARY.*

*Mary.* O Philip! Nay, must you go indeed?

*Philip.* Madam, I must.

*Mary.* The parting of a husband and a wife [half

Is like the cleaving of a heart; one Will flutter here, one there.

*Philip.* You say true, Madam.

*Mary.* The Holy Virgin will not have me yet

Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.

If such a prince were born and you not here!

*Philip.* I should be here if such a prince were born.

*Mary.* But must you go?

*Philip.* Madam, you know my father, Retiring into cloistral solitude

To yield the remnant of his years to heaven,

Will shift the yoke and weight of all the world

From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brussels.

But since mine absence will not be for long, [me,

Your Majesty shall go to Dover with And wait my coming back.

*Mary.* To Dover? no, I am too feeble. I will go to Green-

wich,

So you will have me with you; and there watch

All that is gracious in the breath of heaven

Draw with your sails from our poor land, and pass

And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for you.

*Philip.* And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.

*Mary.* Methinks that would you tarry one day more

(The news was sudden) I could mould myself

To bear your going better ; will you do it ?

*Philip.* Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

*Mary.* A day may save a heart from breaking too.

*Philip.* Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day ?

*Renard.* Your Grace's business will not suffer, sire,

For one day more, so far as I can tell.

*Philip.* Then one day more to please her Majesty.

*Mary.* The sunshine sweeps across my life again.

O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip, As I do !

*Philip.* By St. James I do protest, Upon the faith and honor of a Spaniard,

I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.

Simon, is supper ready ?

*Renard.* Ay, my liege, I saw the covers laying.

*Philip.* Let us have it.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, CARDINAL POLE.

*Mary.* What have you there ?

*Pole.* So please your Majesty, A long petition from the foreign exiles To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop Thirlby,

And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,

Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace.

Hath he not written himself—infatuated—

To sue you for his life ?

*Mary.* His life ? Oh, no ; Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain.

But so much of the anti-papal leaven

Works in him yet, he hath prayed me not to sully

Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm

By seeking justice at a stranger's hand Against my natural subject. King and Queen,

To whom he owes his loyalty after God, Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince ?

Death would not grieve him more. I cannot be

True to this realm of England and the Pope

Together, says the heretic.

*Pole.* And there errs ; As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity.

A secular kingdom is but as the body Lacking a soul ; and in itself a beast.

The Holy Father in a secular kingdom Is as the soul descending out of heaven Into a body generate.

*Mary.* Write to him, then.

*Pole.* I will.

*Mary.* And sharply, Pole.

*Pole.* Here comes the Cranmerites!

*Enter* THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

*Howard.* Health to your Grace, Good-morrow, my Lord Cardinal ;

We make our humble prayer unto your Grace

That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,

Or into private life within the realm. In several bills and declarations,

Madam, He hath recanted all his heresies.

*Paget.* Ay, ay ; if Bonner have not forged the bills. [*Aside.*]

*Mary.* Did not More die, and Fisher ? he must burn.

*Howard.* He hath recanted, Madam.

*Mary.* The better for him. He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell.

*Howard.* Ay, ay, your Grace ; but it was never seen

That any one recanting thus at full, As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth.



*Mary.* It will be seen now, then.

*Thirby.* O Madam, Madam!  
I thus implore you, low upon my  
knees,  
To reach the hand of mercy to my  
friend.

I have err'd with him; with him I have  
recanted.

What human reason is there why my  
friend  
Should meet with lesser mercy than  
myself?

*Mary.* My Lord of Ely, this. After  
a riot

We hang the leaders, let their follow-  
ing go.

Cranmer is head and father of these  
heresies, God

New learning as they call it; yea, may  
Forget me at most need when I forget  
Her foul divorce—my sainted mother  
—No!—

*Howard.* Ay, ay, but mighty doctors  
doubted there.

The Pope himself waver'd; and more  
than one

Row'd in that galley—Gardiner to wit,  
Whom truly I deny not to have been  
Your faithful friend and trusty coun-  
cillor.

Hath not your Highness ever read his  
book,

His tractate upon True Obedience,  
Writ by himself and Bonner?

*Mary.* I will take  
Such order with all bad, heretical books  
That none shall hold them in his house  
and live,

Henceforward. No, my Lord.

*Howard.* Then never read it.  
The truth is here. Your father was a  
man

Of such colossal kinghood, yet so  
courteous,

Except when wroth, you scarce could  
meet his eye

And hold your own; and were he  
wroth indeed,

You held it less, or not at all. I say,  
Your father had a will that beat men  
down;

Your father had a brain that beat men  
down—

*Pole.* Not me, my Lord.

*Howard.* No, for you were not  
here;

You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's  
throne;

And it would more become you, my  
Lord Legate,

To join a voice, so potent with her  
Highness,

To ours in plea for Cranmer than to  
stand

On naked self-assertion.

*Mary.* All your voices  
Are waves on flint. The heretic must  
burn.

*Howard.* Yet once he saved your  
Majesty's own life;

Stood out against the King in your be-  
half,

At his own peril.

*Mary.* I know not if he did;  
And if he did I care not, my Lord

*Howard.*

My life is not so happy, no such boon,  
That I should spare to take a heretic  
priest's,

Who saved it or not saved. Why do  
you vex me?

*Paget.* Yet to save Cranmer were to  
save the Church.

Your Majesty's I mean; he is effaced,  
Self-blotted out; so wounded in his  
honor,

He can but creep down into some dark  
hole,

Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and  
die;

But if you burn him,—well, your High-  
ness knows

The saying, "Martyr's blood—seed of  
the Church."

*Mary.* Of the true Church; but his  
is none, nor will be.

You are too politic for me, my Lord  
*Paget.*

And if he hath to live so loath'd a life,  
It were more merciful to burn him now.

*Thirby.* O, yet relent. O, Madam,  
if you knew him

As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,  
With all his learning—

*Mary.* Yet a heretic still  
His learning makes his burning the  
more just.

*Thirby.* So worshipt of all those  
that came across him;  
The stranger at his hearth, and all his  
house—

*Mary.* His children and his concu-  
bine, belike.

*Thirby.* To do him any wrong was  
to beget

A kindness from him, for his heart was  
rich,

Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd  
therein

The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Charity.

*Pole.* "After his kind it costs him  
nothing," there's

An old world English adage to the  
point.

These are but natural graces, my good  
Bishop,

Which in the Catholic garden are as  
flowers,

But on the heretic dunghill only weeds.

*Howard.* Such weeds make dung-  
hills gracious.

*Mary.* Enough, my Lords.  
It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,

And Philip's will, and mine, that he  
should burn.

He is pronounced anathema.

*Howard.* Farewell, Madam,  
God grant you ampler mercy at your  
call

Than you have shown to Cranmer.

[*Exeunt Lords.*  
*Pole.* After this,

Your Grace will hardly care to over-  
look

This same petition of the foreign exiles,  
For Cranmer's life.

*Mary.* Make out the writ to-night.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—OXFORD. CRAN-  
MER IN PRISON.

*Cranmer.* Last night, I dream'd the  
fagots were alight,

And that myself was fasten'd to the  
stake,

And found it all a visionary flame,  
Cool as the light in old decaying wood;

And then King Harry look'd from out  
a cloud,

And bade me have good courage; and  
I heard

An angel cry, "there is more joy in  
Heaven,"—

And after that, the trumpet of the dead.

[*Trumpets without.*

Why, there are trumpets blowing now;  
what is it?

*Enter FATHER COLE.*

*Cole.* Cranmer, I come to question  
you again; [Faith

Have you remain'd in the true Catholic  
I left you in?

*Cranmer.* In the true Catholic faith,  
By Heaven's grace, I am more and  
more confirm'd.

Why are the trumpets blowing, Father  
Cole?

*Cole.* Cranmer, it is decided by the  
Council

That you to-day should read your re-  
cantation

Before the people in St. Mary's  
Church.

And there be many heretics in the town,  
Who loathe you for your late return to  
Rome,

And might assail you passing through  
the street,

And tear you piecemeal: so you have  
a guard.

*Cranmer.* Or seek to rescue me. I  
thank the Council.

*Cole.* Do you lack any money?

*Cranmer.* Nay, why should I:  
The prison fare is good enough for me.

*Cole.* Ay, but to give the poor.

*Cranmer.* Hand it me, then!  
I thank you.

*Cole.* For a little space, farewell;  
Until I see you in St. Mary's Church.

[*Exit COLE.*

*Cranmer.* It is against all prece-  
dent to burn

One who recants ; they mean to pardon me.

To give the poor—they give the poor who die.

Well, burn me or not burn me, I am fixt ;

It is but a communion, not a mass :

A holy supper not a sacrifice :

No man can make his Maker—Villa Garcia.

*Enter VILLA GARCIA.*

*Villa Garcia.* Pray you write out this paper for me, Cranmer.

*Cranmer.* Have I not writ enough to satisfy you ?

*Villa Garcia.* It is the last.

*Cranmer.* Give it me, then.

[*He writes.*]

*Villa Garcia.* Now sign.

*Cranmer.* I have sign'd enough and I will sign no more.

*Villa Garcia.* It is no more than what you have sign'd already,

The public form thereof.

*Cranmer.* It may be so ;

I sign it with my presence, if I read it.

*Villa Garcia.* But this is idle of you.

Well, sir, well,

You are to beg the people to pray for you ;

Exhort them to a pure and virtuous

Declare the Queen's right to the throne ; confess

Your faith before all hearers ; and retract

That Eucharistic doctrine in your book.

Will you not sign it now ?

*Cranmer.* No, Villa Garcia, I sign no more. Will they have mercy on me ?

*Villa Garcia.* Have you good hopes of mercy ! So, farewell [*Exit.*]

*Cranmer.* Good hopes, not theirs, have I that I am fixt,

Fixt beyond fall ; however, in strange hours,

After the long brain-dazing colloquies,  
And thousand-times recurring argument

Of those two friars ever in my prison,

When left alone in my despondency,  
Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem

Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily

Against the huge corruptions of the Church,

Monsters of mistradition, old enough  
To scare me into dreaming, "what

am I,  
Cranmer, against whole ages?" was

it so,  
Or am I slandering my most inward friend,

To veil the fault of my most outward foe—

The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh ?

O higher, holier, earlier, purer church,  
I have found thee and not leave thee

any more.

It is but a communion, not a mass—  
No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast !

[*Writes.*] So, so ; this will I say—  
thus will I pray. [*Puts up the paper.*]

*Enter BONNER.*

*Bonner.* Good-day, old friend ;  
what, you look somewhat worn :

And yet it is a day to test your health  
Ev'n at the best : I scarce have spoken

with you  
Since when?—your degradation. At

your trial  
Never stood up a bolder man than you ;

You would not cap the Pope's commissioner—

Your learning, and your stoutness, and  
your heresy,

Dumfounded half of us. So, after that,  
We had to dis-archbishop and unlord,

And make you simple Cranmer once again.

The common barber clipt your hair,  
and I

Scraped from your finger-points the holy oil ;

And worse than all, you had to kneel  
to me :

Which was not pleasant for you, Master Cranmer.



Now you, that would not recognize the  
Pope,  
And you, that would not own the Real  
Presence,  
Have found a real presence in the  
stake,  
Which frights you back into the an-  
cient faith;  
And so you have recanted to the Pope.  
How are the mighty fallen, Master  
Cranmer!

*Cranmer.* You have been more  
fierce against the Pope than I:  
But why fling back the stone he strikes  
me with? [*Aside.*]

O Bonner, if I ever did you kindness—  
Power hath been given you to try faith  
by fire—

Pray you, remembering how yourself  
have changed,

Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,  
To the poor flock—to women and to  
children— [*me.*]

That when I was archbishop held with  
*Bonner.* Ay—gentle as they call you  
—live or die!

Pitiful to this pitiful heresy?  
I must obey the Queen and Council,  
man.

Win thro' this day with honor to your-  
self,

And I'll say something for you—so—  
good-by. [*Exit.*]

*Cranmer.* This hard coarse man of  
old hath crouch'd to me  
Till I myself was half ashamed for him.

*Enter THIRLBY.*

Weep not, good Thirlby.

*Thirlby.* O, my Lord, my Lord!  
My heart is no such block as Bonner's  
is:

Who would not weep?

*Cranmer.* Why do you so my-lord  
me,

Who am disgraced?

*Thirlby.* On earth; but saved in  
heaven

By your recanting.

*Cranmer.* Will they burn me,  
Thirlby?

*Thirlby.* Alas, they will; these burn-  
ings will not help  
The purpose of the faith; but my poor  
voice

Against them is a whisper to the roar  
Of a spring-tide.

*Cranmer.* And they will surely burn  
me?

*Thirlby.* Ay; and besides, will have  
you in the church

Repeat your recantation in the ears  
Of all men, to the saving of their souls,  
Before your execution. May God help  
you

Thro' that hard hour.

*Cranmer.* And may God bless you,  
Thirlby.

Well, they shall hear my recantation  
there. [*Exit THIRLBY.*]  
Disgraced, dishonor'd!—not by them,  
indeed,

By mine own self—by mine own hand!  
O thin-skinn'd hand and jutting veins,  
'twas you

That sign'd the burning of poor Joan  
of Kent;

But then she was a witch. You have  
written much,

But you were never raised to plead for  
Frith,

Whose dogmas I have reach'd: he was  
deliver'd

To the secular arm to burn: and there  
was Lambert;

Who can foresee himself? truly these  
burnings,

As Thirlby says, are profitless to the  
burners,

And help the other side. You shall  
burn too,

Burn first when I am burnt.

Fire—inch by inch to die in agony!  
Latimer

Had a brief end—not Ridley. Hooper  
burn'd

Three-quarters of an hour. Will my  
fagots

Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain.  
I will not muse upon it.

My fancy takes the burner's part, and  
makes

The fire seem even crueller than it is.  
No, I not doubt that God will give me  
strength,  
Albeit I have denied him.

*Enter SOTO and VILIA GARCIA.*

*Vilia Garcia.* We are ready  
To take you to St. Mary's, Master  
Cranmer.

*Cranmer.* And I : lead on ; ye loose  
me from my bonds. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

*COLE in the Pulpit, LORD WILLIAMS  
OF THAME presiding. LORD WIL-  
LIAM HOWARD, LORD PAGET, and  
others. CRANMER enters between  
SOTO and VILIA GARCIA, and the  
whole Choir strike up "Nunc Dimit-  
tis." CRANMER is set upon a Scaf-  
fold before the people.*

*Cole.* Behold him—

[*A pause ; people in the foreground.*  
*People.* Oh, unhappy sight!

*First Protestant.* See how the tears  
run down his fatherly face.

*Second Protestant.* James, didst thou  
ever see a carrion crow

Stand watching a sick beast before he  
dies ?

*First Protestant.* Him perch'd up  
there ? I wish some thunderbolt  
Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit  
and all.

*Cole.* Behold him, brethren : he hath  
cause to weep !—

So have we all : weep with him if ye  
will,

Yet—

It is expedient for one man to die,  
Yea, for the people, lest the people  
die.

Yet wherefore should he die that hath  
return'd

To the one Catholic Universal Church,  
Repentant of his errors ?

*Protestant Murmurs.* Ay, tell us  
that.

*Cole.* Those of the wrong side will  
despise the man,  
Deeming him one that thro' the fear of  
death

Gave up his cause, except he seal his  
faith

In sight of all with flaming martyrdom.

*Cranmer.* Ay.

*Cole.* Ye hear him, and albeit there  
may seem

According to the canons pardon due  
To him that so repents, yet are there  
causes

Wherefore our Queen and Council at  
this time

Adjudge him to the death. He hath  
been a traitor,

A shaker and confounder of the realm :  
And when the King's divorce was sued  
at Rome,

He here, this heretic metropolitan,  
As if he had been the Holy Father, sat  
And judg'd it. Did I call him here-  
tic ?

A huge heresiarch ! never was it  
known

That any man so writing, preaching  
so,

So poisoning the Church, so long con-  
tinuing,

Hath found his pardon ; therefore he  
must die,

For warning and example.

Other reasons

There be for this man's ending, which  
our Queen

And Council at this present deem it  
not expedient to be known.

*Protestant Murmurs.* I warrant you.

*Cole.* Take therefore, all, example  
by this man,

For if our Holy Queen not pardon  
him,

Much less shall others in like cause  
escape,

That all of you, the highest as the  
lowest,

May learn there is no power against  
the Lord.

There stands a man, once of so high de-  
gree,

Chief prelate of our Church, arch-  
bishop, first  
In Council, second person in the realm,  
Friend for so long time of a mighty  
King;  
And now ye see downfallen and de-  
based  
From councillor to caitiff—fallen so  
low,  
The leprous flutterings of the byway  
scum  
And offal of the city would not change  
Estates with him; in brief, so miser-  
able,  
There is no hope of better left for  
him,  
No place for worse.

Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad.  
This is the work of God. He is glori-  
fied  
In thy conversion: lo! thou art re-  
claim'd;  
He brings thee home: nor fear but  
that to day  
Thou shalt receive the penitent thief's  
award,  
And be with Christ the Lord in Para-  
dise.  
Remember how God made the fierce  
fire seem  
To those three children like a pleasant  
dew.  
Remember, too,  
The triumph of St. Andrew on his  
cross,  
The patience of St. Lawrence in the  
fire.  
Thus, if thou call on God and all the  
saints,  
God will beat down the fury of the  
flame,  
Or give thee saintly strength to un-  
dergo.  
And for thy soul shall masses here be  
sung  
By every priest in Oxford. Pray for  
him.

*Cranmer.* Ay, one and all, dear  
brothers, pray for me;  
Pray with one breath, one heart one  
soul, for me.

*Cole.* And now, lest any one among  
you doubt  
The man's conversion and remorse of  
heart,  
Yourselves shall hear him speak.  
Speak, Master Cranmer,  
Fulfil your promise made me, and pro-  
claim  
Your true undoubted faith, that all  
may hear.

*Cranmer.* And that I will. O God,  
Father of Heaven!  
O Son of God, Redeemer of the  
world! [both,  
O Holy Ghost! proceeding from them  
Three persons and one God, have  
mercy on me,  
Most miserable sinner, wretched man.  
I have offended against heaven and  
earth  
More grievously than any tongue can  
tell.

Then whither should I flee for any  
help?  
I am ashamed to lift my eyes to  
Heaven,  
And I can find no refuge upon earth.  
Shall I despair then?—God forbid! O  
God,  
For thou art merciful, refusing none  
That come to Thee for succor, unto  
Thee.

Therefore, I come; humble myself to  
Thee,  
Saying, O Lord God, although my  
sins be great,  
For thy great mercy have mercy! O  
God the Son,  
Not for slight faults alone, when thou  
becamest  
Man in the Flesh, was the great mys-  
tery wrought;  
O God the Father, not for little sins  
Didst thou yield up thy Son to human  
death;  
But for the greatest sin that can be  
sinn'd,

Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,  
Unpardonable,—sin against the light,  
The truth of God, which I had proven  
and known.



Thy mercy must be greater than all sin.

Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,

But that Thy name by man be glorified,

And Thy most blessed Son's, who died for man.

Good people, every man at time of death

Would fain set forth some saying that may live

After his death and better human-kind;

For death gives life's last word a power to live,

And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain [men.

After the vanish'd voice, and speak to God grant me grace to glorify my God!

And first I say it is a grievous case,  
Many so dote upon this bubble world,  
Whose colors in a moment break and fly,

They care for nothing else. What saith St. John:—

"Love of this world is hatred against God."

Again, I pray you all that, next to God,

You do unmurmuringly and willingly  
Obey your King and Queen, and not for dread

Of these alone, but 'from the fear of Him

Whose ministers they be to govern you.

Thirdly, I pray you all to love together  
Like brethren; yet what hatred Christian men

Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,

But mortal foes! But do you good to all

As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man more

Than you would harm your loving natural brother

Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,

Albeit he think himself at home with God,

Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

*Protestant Murmurs.* What sort of brothers then be those that lust To burn each other?

*Williams.* Peace among you, there.

*Cranmer.* Fourthly, to those that own exceeding wealth,

Remember that sore saying spoken once

By Him that was the truth, "how hard it is

For the rich man to enter into Heaven;"

Let all rich men remember that hard word.

I have not time for more: if ever, now

Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now

The poor so many, and all food so dear.

Long have I lain in prison, yet have heard

Of all their wretchedness. Give to the poor,

Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor.

And now, and forasmuch as I have come

To the last end of life, and thereupon  
Hangs all my past, and all my life to be,

Either to live with Christ in Heaven with joy,

Or to be still in pain with devils in hell;

And, seeing in a moment, I shall find

[*Pointing upwards.*

Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me,

[*Pointing downwards.*

I shall declare to you my very faith  
Without all color.

*Cole.* Hear him, my good brethren.

*Cranmer.* I do believe in God,  
Father of all;

In every article of the Catholic faith,  
And every syllable taught us by our Lord,

His prophets, and apostles, in the Testaments,  
Both Old and New.

*Cole.* Be plainer, Master Cranmer.

*Cranmer.* And now I come to the great cause that weighs  
Upon my conscience more than any thing

Or said or done in all my life by me ;  
For there be writings I have set abroad  
Against the truth I knew within my heart,

[*life,*  
Written for fear of death, to save my  
If that might be; the papers by my hand

Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand [*Holding out his right hand.*

Written and sign'd—I here renounce them all ;

And, since my hand offended, having written

Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,

So I may come to the fire.

[*Dead silence.*

*Protestant murmurs.*

*First Protestant.* I knew it would be so.

*Second Protestant.* Our prayers are heard !

*Third Protestant.* God bless him !

*Catholic Murmurs.* Out upon him !  
out upon him !

Liar ! dissembler ! traitor ! to the fire !

*Williams (raising his voice).* You know that you recanted all you said

Touching the sacrament in that same book

You wrote against my Lord of Winchester ;

Dissemble not ; play the plain Christian man.

*Cranmer.* Alas, my Lord,  
I have been a man loved plainness all my life ;

I *did* dissemble, but the hour has come  
For utter truth and plainness ; wherefore, I say,

I hold by all I wrote within that book.  
Moreover,

As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,

With all his devil's doctrines ; and refuse,

Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.

*Cries (on all sides).* Pull him down !  
Away with him.

*Cole.* Ay, stop the heretic's mouth.  
Hale him away.

*Williams.* Harm him not, harm him not, have him to the fire.

[*CRANMER goes out between two Friars, smiling ; hands are reached to him from the crowd.*  
*LORD WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD PAGET are left alone in the Church.*

*Paget.* The nave and aisles all empty  
as a fool's jest !

No, here's Lord William Howard.  
What, my Lord,

You have not gone to see the burning ?  
*Howard.* Fiet

To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,

[*again.*  
And watch a good man burn ! Never  
I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley.

Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not,  
For the pure honor of our common nature,

Hear what I might—another recantation

Of Cranmer at the stake.

*Paget.* You'd not hear that.  
He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd upright ;

His eye was like a soldier's, whom the general

He looks to and leans on as his God,  
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidd'n him

Charge one against a thousand, and the man

Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and dies.

*Howard.* Yet that he might not after all those papers

Of recantation yield again, who knows?

*Paget.* Papers of recantation, think you then

That Cranmer read all papers that he sign'd?

Or sign'd all those they tell us that he sign'd?

Nay, I trow not: and you shall see, my Lord,

That howsoever hero-like the man Dies in the fire, this Bonner or another

Will in some lying fashion misreport His ending to the glory of their church.

And you saw Latimer and Ridley die? Latimer was eighty, was he not? his best

Of life was over then.

*Howard.* His eighty years Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his frieze;

But after they had stript him to his shroud,

He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one, And gather'd with his hands the starting flame,

And wash'd his hands and all his face therein,

Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.

Ridley was longer burning: but he died

As manfully and boldly, and 'fore God, I know them heretics, but right English ones.

If ever, as heaven grant, we clash with Spain,

Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-sailors

Will teach her something.

*Paget.* Your mild Legate Pole Will tell you that the devil helpt them thro' it.

[*A murmur of the Crowd in the distance.*]

Hark, how those Roman wolfdogs howl and bay him.

*Howard.* Might it not be the other side rejoicing

In his brave end?

*Paget.* They are too crush'd, too broken,

They can but weep in silence.

*Howard.* Ay, ay, *Paget,* They have brought it in large measure on themselves.

Have I not heard them mock the blessed Host

In songs so lewd, the beast might roar his claim

To being in God's image, more than they?

Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the groom,

Gardener, and huntsman, in the parson's place,

The parson from his own spire swung out dead,

And Ignorance crying in the streets, and all men

Regarding her? I say they have drawn the fire

On their own heads: yet, *Paget,* I do hold

The Catholic, if he have the greater right,

Hath been the crueller.

*Paget.* Action and re-action, The miserable see-saw of our child-world,

Make us despise it at odd hours, my Lord.

Heaven help that this re-action not react

Yet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth, So that she come to rule us.

*Howard.* The world's mad.

*Paget.* My Lord, the world is like a drunken man,

Who cannot move straight to his end—but reels

Now to the right, then as far to the left,

Push'd by the crowd beside—and underfoot

An earthquake; for since Henry for a doubt—

Which a young lust had clapt upon the back,

Crying, "Forward,"—set our old church rocking, men



Have hardly known what to believe, or  
whether  
They should believe in anything; the  
currents  
So shift and change, they see not how  
they are borne,  
Nor whither. I conclude the King a  
beast;

Verily a lion if you will—the world  
A most obedient beast and fool—myself

Half beast and fool as appertaining to  
it;

Altho' your Lordship hath as little of  
each

Cleaving to your original Adam-clay,  
As may be consonant with mortality.

*Howard.* We talk and Cranmer suffers

The kindest man I ever knew; see,  
see,

I speak of him in the past. Unhappy  
land!

Hard-natured Queen, half Spanish in  
herself,

And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock  
of Spain— [lost

Her life, since Philip left her, and she  
Her fierce desire of bearing him a  
child,

Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's  
day,

Gone narrowing down and darkening  
to a close.

There will be more conspiracies, I  
fear.

*Paget.* Ay, ay, beware of France.

*Howard.* O Paget, Paget!

I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,  
Expectant of the rack from day to day,  
To whom the fire were welcome, lying  
chain'd

In breathless dungeons over steaming  
sewers,

Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon  
the tongue,

And putrid water, every drop a worm,  
Until they died of rotted limbs; and  
then

Cast on the dunghill naked, and be-  
come

Hideously alive again from head to  
heel,

Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel  
vomit

With hate and horror.

*Paget.* Nay, you sicken *me*  
To hear you.

*Howard.* Fancy-sick; these things  
are done,

Done right against the promise of this  
Queen

Twice given.

*Paget.* No faith with heretics, my  
Lord!

Hist! there be two old gossips—Gos-  
pellers,

I take it; stand behind the pillar  
here;

I warrant you they talk about the burn-  
ing.

*Enter TWO OLD WOMEN. JOAN, and  
after her TIB.*

*Joan.* Why, it be Tib.

*Tib.* I cum behind tha, gall, and  
couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind  
and the wet! What a day, what a  
day! nigh upo' judgment daay loike.  
Pwoaps be pretty things, Joan, but  
they wunt set i' the Lords' cheer o'  
that daay.

*Joan.* I must set down myself, Tib;  
it be a var waay vor my owld legs up  
vro' Islip. Eh, my rheumatizy be that  
bad howiver be I to win to the  
burnin'.

*Tib.* I should saay 'twur ower by  
now. I'd ha' been here avore, but  
Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, and  
Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

*Joan.* Our Daisy's as good 'z her.

*Tib.* Noa. Juan.

*Joan.* Our Daisy's butter's as good  
'z hern.

*Tib.* Noa, Joon.

*Joan.* Our Daisy's cheeses be better.

*Tib.* Noa, Joon.

*Joan.* Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me,  
Tib; ez thou hast wi' thy owld man.

*Tib.* Ay, Joan, and my owld man  
wur up and awaay betimes wi' dree hard

eggs for a good plect at the burnin'; and barrin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha been a-harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield—and barrin' the wind, Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we was forced to stick her, but we fetched her round at last. Thank the Lord therevore. Dumble 's the best milcher in Islip.

*Joan.* Thou 's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib. I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell 'ee now, I heerd summat as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a wur so owld a couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor "I wunt 'dine," says my Lord Bishop, says he 'not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley, be a-vire;" and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt. "Now," says the bishop, says he, "we'll gwo to dinner;" and the owld lord fell to 's meat wi' a will, God bless un; but Gardiner wur struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a set him all a-vire, so 'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord, therevore.

*Paget.* The fools!

*Tib.* Ay, Joan; and Queen Mary gwoes on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to git her baaby born; but all her burnin's 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy that makes the water in her. There 's nought but the vire of God's hell ez can burn out that.

*Joan.* Thank the Lord, therevore.

*Paget.* The fools!

*Tib.* A-burnin', and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk madder and madder; but tek thou my word vor 't, Joan—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year—the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'll burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver.

*Howard.* Out of the church, you brace of cursed crones, Or I will have you duck'd. (*Women hurry out.*) Said I not right? For how should reverend prelate or throned prince Brook for an hour such brute malignity?

Ah, what an acrid wine has Luther brew'd!

*Paget.* Pooh, pooh, my Lord! poor garrulous country-wives.

Buy you their cheeses, and they'll side with you; You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.

*Howard.* I think that in some sort we may. But see,

*Enter PETERS.*

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,

Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.

One that would neither misreport nor lie,

Not to gain paradise: no, nor if the Pope

Charged him to do it—he is white as death.

Peters, how pale you look! you bring the smoke

Of Cranmer's burning with you.

*Peters.* Twice or thrice The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt me round.

*Howard.* Peters, you know me Catholic, but English.

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave

All else untold.

*Peters.* My Lord, he died most bravely.

*Howard.* Then tell me all.

*Paget.* Ay, Master Peters, tell us.

*Peters.* You saw him how he past among the crowd;

And ever as he walk'd the Spanish friars

Still plied him with entreaty and reproach:

But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the  
helm  
Steers, ever looking to the happy  
haven  
Where he shall rest at night, moved to  
his death;  
And I could see that many silent  
hands  
Came from the crowd and met his  
own; and thus,  
When we had come where Ridley  
burnt with Latimer,  
He, with a cheerful smile, as one  
whose mind [rags  
Is all made up, in haste put off the  
They had mock'd his misery with, and  
all in white,  
His long white beard, which he had  
never shaven  
Since Henry's death, down-sweeping  
to the chain  
Wherewith they bound him to the  
stake, he stood,  
More like an ancient father of the  
Church,  
Than heretic of these times; and still  
the friars  
Plied him, but Cranmer only shook  
his head,  
Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;  
Whereat Lord Williams gave a sud-  
den cry:—  
"Make short! make short!" and so  
they lit the wood.  
Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to  
heaven,  
And thrust his right into the bitter  
flame;  
And crying, in his deep voice, more  
than once,  
"This hath offended—this unworthy  
hand!"  
So held it till it all was burn'd, before  
The flame had reach'd his body; I  
stood near—  
Mark'd him—he never uttered moan  
of pain:  
He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a  
statue,  
Unmoving in the greatness of the  
flame,

Gave up the ghost; and so past martyr-  
like—  
Martyr I may not call him—past—but  
whither?  
*Paget.* To purgatory, man, to purga-  
tory.  
*Peters.* Nay, but my Lord, he denied  
purgatory.  
*Paget.* Why then to heaven, and God  
ha' mercy on him.  
*Howard.* Paget, despite his fearful  
heresies,  
I loved the man, and needs must moan  
for him;  
O Cranmer!  
*Paget.* But your moan is useless  
now:  
Come out, my Lord, it is a world of  
fools. [Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—LONDON. HALL IN THE PALACE.

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

*Heath.* Madam,  
I do assure you that it must be look'd  
to:  
Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes  
Are scarce two hundred men, and the  
French fleet  
Rule in the narrow seas. It must be  
look'd to,  
If war should fall between yourself and  
France;  
Or you will lose your Calais.  
*Mary.* It shall be look'd to;  
I wish you a good-morning, good Sir  
Nicholas:  
Here is the King. [Exit HEATH.

*Enter* PHILIP.

*Philip.* Sir Nicholas tells you true,  
And you must look to Calais when I  
go.  
*Mary.* Go! must you go, indeed—  
again—so soon?



Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the  
swallow,  
That might live always in the sun's  
warm heart,  
Stays longer here in our poor north  
than you:—

Knows where he nested—ever comes  
again.

*Philip.* And, madam, so shall I.

*Mary.* O, will you? will you?  
I am faint with fear that you will come  
no more.

*Philip.* Ay, ay; but many voices call  
me hence.

*Mary.* Voices—I hear unhappy ru-  
mors—nay,

I say not, I believe. What voices call  
you

Dearer than mine that should be dear-  
est to you?

Alas, my Lord! what voices and how  
many?

*Philip.* The voices of Castile and  
Aragon,  
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,—  
The voices of Franche-Comté, and the  
Netherlands,

The voices of Peru and Mexico,  
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,  
And all the fair spice-islands of the  
East.

*Mary (admiringly).* You are the  
mightiest monarch upon earth,

I but a little Queen: and so, indeed,  
Need you the more; and wherefore  
could you not

Helm the huge vessel of your state,  
my liege,

Here, by the side of her who loves you  
most?

*Philip.* No, Madam, no! a candle in  
the sun [moon]  
Is all but smoke—a star beside the  
Is all but lost; your people will not  
crown me—

Your people are as cheerless as your  
clime;

Hate me and mine: witness the  
brawls, the gibbets.

Here swings a Spaniard—there an  
Englishman;

The peoples are unlike as their com-  
plexion;

Yet will I be your swallow and re-  
turn—

But now I cannot bide.

*Mary.* Not to help me?  
They hate me also for my love to you,  
My Philip; and these judgments on  
the land—

Harvestless autumns, horrible agues,  
plague—

*Philip.* The blood and sweat of  
heretics at the stake  
Is God's best dew upon the barren  
field.

Burn more!

*Mary.* I will, I will; and you will  
stay.

*Philip.* Have I not said? Madam, I  
came to sue [war].

Your Council and yourself to declare  
*Mary.* Sir, there are many English  
in your ranks

To help your battle.

*Philip.* So far, good. I say  
I came to sue your Council and your-  
self

To declare war against the King of  
France.

*Mary.* Not to see me?

*Philip.* Ay, Madam, to see you.  
Unalterably and pesteringly fond!

[*Aside.*]  
But, soon or late you must have war  
with France;

King Henry warms your traitors at his  
hearth.

Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford  
there.

Courtenay, belike—

*Mary.* A fool and featherhead!  
*Philip.* Ay, but they use his name.

In brief, this Henry  
Stirs up your land against you to the  
intent

That you may lose your English her-  
itage.

And then, your Scottish namesake  
marrying

The Dauphin, he would weld France,  
England, Scotland,

Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

*Mary.* And yet the Pope is now colleague with France;  
You make your wars upon him down in Italy:—

Philip, can that be well?

*Philip.* Content you, Madam;  
You must abide my judgment, and my father's,

Who deems it a most just and holy war.

The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples:

He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.

The Pope has push'd his horns beyond his mitre—

Beyond his province. Now, Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns,

And he withdraws; and of his holy head—

For Alva is true son of the true church—

No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me here?

*Mary.* Alas! the Council will not hear of war.

They say your wars are not the wars of England.

They will not lay more taxes on a land So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you know

The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back:

The nobles would not; nay, they clapt their hands

Upon their swords when ask'd; and therefore God

Is hard upon the people. What's to be done?

Sir, I will move them in your cause again,

And we will raise us loans and subsidies

Among the merchants; and Sir Thomas Gresham

Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

*Philip.* Madam, my thanks.

*Mary.* And you will stay your going?

*Philip.* And further to discourage and lay lame

The plots of France, altho' you love her not,

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

*Mary.* The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.

*Philip.* Ay, Madam, Catholic; but I will not have

The King of France the King of England too.

*Mary.* But she's a heretic, and, when I am gone,

Brings the new learning back.

*Philip.* It must be done.

You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

*Mary.* Then it is done; but you will stay your going

Somewhat beyond your settled purpose?

*Philip.* No!

*Mary.* What, not one day?

*Philip.* You beat upon the rock.

*Mary.* And I am broken there.

*Philip.* Is this a place

To wait in, Madam? what! a public hall.

Go in, I pray you.

*Mary.* Do not seem so changed.

Say go; but only say it lovingly.

*Philip.* You do mistake. I am not one to change.

I never loved you more.

*Mary.* Sir, I obey you

Come quickly.

*Philip.* Ay. [Exit MARY.]

Enter COUNT DE FERIA.

*Feria (aside).* The Queen in tears.

*Philip.* Feria!

Hast thou not mark'd—come closer to mine ear—

How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown

Since she lost hope of bearing us a child?

*Feria.* Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I.

*Philip.* Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,  
How fair and royal—like a Queen, indeed?

*Feria.* Allow me the same answer as before—  
That if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I.

*Philip.* Good, now; methinks my Queen is like enough  
To leave me by and by.

*Feria.* To leave you, sire?

*Philip.* I mean not like to live.  
Elizabeth—  
To Philibert of Savoy, as you know,  
We meant to wed her; but I am not sure

She will not serve me better—so my Queen

Would leave me—as—my wife.

*Feria.* Sire, even so.

*Philip.* She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy.

*Feria.* No, sire.

*Philip.* I have to pray you, some odd time,  
To sound the Princess carelessly on this;

Not as from me, but as your fantasy;  
And tell me how she takes it.

*Feria.* Sire, I will.

*Philip.* I am not certain but that Philibert  
Shall be the man; and I shall urge his suit

Upon the Queen, because I am not certain:

You understand, *Feria*.

*Feria.* Sire, I do.

*Philip.* And if you be not secret in this matter,

You understand me there, too?

*Feria.* Sire, I do.

*Philip.* You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman.

She is none of those who loathe the honey-comb. *[Exit FERIA.]*

*Enter RENARD.*

*Renard.* My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.

*Philip.* Well.

*Renard.* There will be war with France, at last, my liege;  
Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,

Sailing from France, with thirty Englishmen,

Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York;

Proclaims himself protector, and affirms

The Queen has forfeited her right to reign

By marriage with an alien—other things

As idle; a weak Wyatt! Little doubt  
This buzz will soon be silenced! but  
the Council

(I have talk'd with some already) are for war.

This is the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France;

They show their teeth upon it; and your Grace,

So you will take advice of mine, should stay

Yet for a while, to shape and guide the event.

*Philip.* Good! Renard, I will stay then.

*Renard.* Also, sire,  
Might I not say—to please your wife,  
the Queen?

*Philip.* Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II. — A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY and CARDINAL POLE. LADY CLARENCE and ALICE in the background.

*Mary.* Reginald Pole, what news hath plagued thy heart?  
What makes thy favor like the bloodless head



Fall'n on the block, and held up by the hair ?

Philip ?—

*Pole.* No, Philip is as warm in life As ever.

*Mary.* Ay, and then as cold as ever. Is Calais taken ?

*Pole.* Cousin, there hath chanced A sharper harm to England and to Rome,

Than Calais taken. Julius the Third Was ever just, and mild, and father-like ;

But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the Fourth,

Not only reft me of that legateship Which Julius gave me, and the legateship

Annex'd to Canterbury — nay, but worse—

And yet I must obey the holy father, And so must you, good cousin ;—worse than all,

A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear— He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy, Before his Inquisition.

*Mary.* I knew it, cousin, But held from you all papers sent by Rome,

That you might rest among us, till the Pope,

To compass which I wrote myself to Rome,

Reversed his doom, and that you might not seem

To disobey his Holiness.

*Pole.* He hates Philip ; He is all Italian, and he hates the Spaniard ;

He cannot dream that I advised the war ;

He strikes thro' me at Philip and yourself.

Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me too ; [dom

So brands me in the stare of Christen— A heretic !

Now, even now, when bow'd before my time,

The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be out ;

When I should guide the Church in peace at home,

After my twenty years of banishment, And all my lifelong labor to uphold The primacy—a heretic. Long ago, When I was ruler in the patrimony, I was too lenient to the Lutheran, And I and learned friends among ourselves

Would freely canvass certain Lutheranisms.

What then, he knew I was no Lutheran.

A heretic ! [head,

He drew this shaft against me to the When it was thought I might be chosen Pope,

But then withdrew it. In full consistency,

When I was made Archbishop, he approved me.

And how should he have sent me Legate hither,

Deeming me heretic ? and what heresy since ?

But he was evermore mine enemy, And hates the Spaniard—fiery-choleric,

A drinker of black, strong, volcanic wines,

That ever make him fierier. I, a heretic !

Your Highness knows that in pursuing heresy

I have gone beyond your late Lord Chancellor,—

He cried Enough ! enough ! before his death,—

Gone beyond him and mine own natural man

(It was God's cause) ; so far they call me now,

The scourge and butcher of their English church.

*Mary.* Have courage, your reward is heaven itself.

*Pole.* They groan amen ; they swarm into the fire

Like flies—for what ? no dogma. They know nothing,

They burn for nothing.

*Mary.* You have done your best.

*Pole.* Have done my best, and as a faithful son,

That all day long hath wrought his father's work,

When back he comes at evening hath the door

Shut on him by the father whom he loved,

His early follies cast into his teeth,

And the poor son turn'd out into the street

To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin.

*Mary.* I pray you be not so disconsolate;

I still will do mine utmost with the Pope.

Poor cousin.

Have I not been the fast friend of your life

Since mine began, and it was thought we two

Might make one flesh, and cleave unto each other

As man and wife.

*Pole.* Ah, cousin, I remember

How I would dandle you upon my knee

At lisping-age. I watch'd you dancing once

With your huge father; he look'd the Great Harry,

You but his cockboat; prettily you did it,

And innocently. No—we were not made [here;

One flesh in happiness, no happiness But now we are made one flesh in

misery;

Our bridesmaids are not lovely—Disappointment,

Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,

Labor-in-vain.

*Mary.* Surely, not all in vain.

Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart myself.

*Pole.* Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,

Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond;

And there is one Death stands behind the Groom,

And there is one Death stands behind the Bride—

*Mary.* Have you been looking at the "Dance of Death?"

*Pole.* No; but these libellous papers which I found

Strewn in your palace. Look you here—the Pope

Pointing at me with "Pole, the heretic,

Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn thyself,

Or I will burn thee," and this other; see!—

"We pray continually for the death Of our accursed Queen and Cardinal

Pole."

This last—I dare not read it her.

[*Aside.*

Away!

*Mary.*

Why do you bring me these?

I thought you knew me better. I never read,

I tear them; they come back upon my dreams.

The hands that write them should be burnt clean off

As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them

Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to death, or lie

Famishing in black cells, while famish'd rats

Eat them alive. Why do they bring me these?

Do you mean to drive me mad?

*Pole.* I had forgotten

How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon,

Sweet cousin, and farewell! "O bubble world,

Whose colors in a moment break and fly!"

Why, who said that? I know not—true enough!

[*Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls.*—*Exit POLE.*

*Alice.* If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,

And heard these two, there might be sport for him. [Aside.

*Mary.* Clarence, they hate me; even while I speak

There lurks a silent dagger, listening  
In some dark closet, some long gallery,  
drawn,

And panting for my blood as I go by.

*Lady Clarence.* Nay, Madam, there  
be loyal papers too,

And I have often found them.

*Mary.* Find me one!

*Lady Clarence.* Ay, Madam; but Sir  
Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor,

Would see your Highness.

*Mary.* Wherefore should I see him?

*Lady Clarence.* Well, Madam, he may  
bring you news from Philip.

*Mary.* So, Clarence.

*Lady Clarence.* Let me first put up  
your hair;

It tumbles all abroad.

*Mary.* And the gray dawn  
Of an old age that never will be mine  
Is all the clearer seen. No, no; what  
matters?

Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

*Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.*

*Heath.* I bring your Majesty such  
grievous news

I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is  
taken.

*Mary.* What traitor spoke? Here,  
let my cousin Pole

Seize him and burn him for a Lu-  
theran.

*Heath.* Her Highness is unwell. I  
will retire.

*Lady Clarence.* Madam, your chan-  
cellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

*Mary.* Sir Nicholas? I am stunn'd  
—Nicholas Heath?

Methought some traitor smote me on  
the head.

What said you, my good Lord, that  
our brave English

Had sallied out from Calais and driven  
back

The Frenchmen from their trenches?

*Heath.* Alas! no.

That gateway to the mainland over  
which

Our flag hath floated for two hundred  
years

Is France again.

*Mary.* So; but it is not lost—  
Not yet. Send out; let England as of  
old

Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep  
into

The prey they are rending from her—  
ay, and rend

The renders too. Send out, send out,  
and make

Musters in all the counties; gather  
all

From sixteen years to sixty; collect  
the fleet;

Let every craft that carries sail and  
gun

Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not  
taken yet?

*Heath.* Guisnes is not taken yet.

*Mary.* There yet is hope.

*Heath.* Ah, Madam, but your people  
are so cold;

I do much fear that England will not  
care.

Methinks there is no manhood left  
among us.

*Mary.* Send out; I am too weak to  
stir abroad;

Tell my mind to the Council—to the  
Parliament;

Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art  
cold thyself

To babble of their coldness. O would  
I were

My father for an hour! Away now—  
quick! [Exit HEATH.

I hoped I had served God with all my  
might!

It seems I have not. Ah! much  
heresy

Shelter'd in Calais. Saints, I have  
rebuilt

Your shrines, set up your broken  
images;

Be comfortable to me. Suffer not  
That my brief reign in England be de-  
famed



Thro' all her angry chronicles here-  
after

By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais.  
Philip,

We have made war upon the Holy  
Father

All for your sake: what good could  
come of that?

*Lady Clarence.* No, Madam, not  
against the Holy Father;

You did but help King Philip's war  
with France.

Your troops were never down in Italy.

*Mary.* I am a byword. Heretic and  
rebel

Point at me and make merry. Philip  
gone!

And Calais gone! Time that I were  
gone too!

*Lady Clarence.* Nay, if the fetid gut-  
ter had a voice

And cried I was not clean, what should  
I care?

Or you, for heretic cries? And I be-  
lieve,

[*olas*  
Spite of your melancholy Sir Nich-  
Your England is as loyal as myself.

*Mary* (*seeing the paper dropt by POLE*).

There, there! another paper! Said  
you not

Many of these were loyal? Shall I  
try

If this be one of such?

*Lady Clarence.* Let it be, let it be.  
God pardon me! I have never yet  
found one. [*Aside.*

*Mary* (*reads*). "Your people hate  
you as your husband hates you."

Clarence, Clarence, what have I done?  
what sin

Beyond all grace, all pardon? Mother  
of God,

Thou knowest never woman meant so  
well,

And fared so ill in this disastrous  
world.

My people hate me and desire my  
death.

*Lady Clarence.* No, Madam, no.

*Mary.* My husband hates me, and  
desires my death.

*Lady Clarence.* No, Madam; these  
are libels.

*Mary.* I hate myself, and I desire my  
death.

*Lady Clarence.* Long live your Maj-  
esty! Shall Alice sing you

One of her pleasant songs? Alice, my  
child,

Bring us your lute. (*ALICE goes.*) They  
say the gloom of Saul

Was lighten'd by young David's harp.

*Mary.* Too young!

And never knew a Philip. (*Re-enter*

*ALICE.*) Give me the lute.

He hates me!

(*She sings.*)

Hapless doom of woman, happy in betrothing!  
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in  
loathing:

Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the  
world is nothing—

Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they  
first awaken;

Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be over-  
taken;

Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade and  
are forsaken—

Low, dear lute, low!

Take it away! not low enough for me!

*Alice.* Your Grace hath a low voice.

*Mary.* How dare you say it?

Even for that he hates me. A low  
voice

Lost in a wilderness where none can  
hear!

A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless  
sea!

A low voice from the dust and from the  
grave. (*Sitting on the ground.*)

There, am I low enough now?

*Alice.* Good Lord! how grim and  
ghastly looks her Grace,

With both her knees drawn upward to  
her chin.

There was an old-world tomb beside  
my father's,

And this was open'd, and the dead  
were found

Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks  
a corpse.

*Enter* LADY MAGDALEN DACRES.

*Lady Magdalen.* Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,  
In hopes to see your Highness.

*Lady Clarence* (*pointing to MARY*).

Wait he must—

Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,

And may not speak for hours.

*Lady Magdalen.* Unhappiest Of Queens and wives and women.

*Alice* (*in the foreground with LADY MAGDALEN*). And all along Of Philip.

*Lady Magdalen.* Not so loud! Our Clarence there

Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen, [peace,  
It gilds the greatest wronger of her Who stands the nearest to her.

*Alice.* Ay, this Philip; I used to love the Queen with all my heart— [less

God help me, but methinks I love her For such a dotage upon such a man.

I would I were as tall and strong as you.

*Lady Magdalen.* I seem half-shamed at times to be so tall.

*Alice.* You are the stateliest deer in all the herd—

Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,

And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

*Lady Magdalen.* Why? I never heard him utter worse of you Than that you were low-statured.

*Alice.* Does he think Low stature is low nature, or all women's

Low as his own?

*Lady Magdalen.* There you strike in the nail.

This coarseness is a want of fantasy. It is the low man thinks the woman low;

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

*Alice.* Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as well as dull.

How dared he?

*Lady Magdalen.* Stupid soldiers oft are bold.

Poor lads, they see not what the general sees,

A risk of utter ruin. I am *not*

Beyond his aim, or was not.

*Alice.* Who? Not you?

Tell, tell me: save my credit with myself.

*Lady Magdalen.* I never breathed it to a bird in the eaves,

Would not for all the stars and maiden moon

Our drooping Queen should know. In Hampton Court

My window look'd upon the corridor; And I was robing;—this poor throat

of mine, Barer than I should wish a man to see it,—

When he we speak of drove the window back,

And, like a thief, push'd in his royal hand;

But by God's providence a good stout staff

Lay near me; and you know me strong of arm;

I do believe I lamed his Majesty's For a day or two, tho', give the Devil

his due, I never found he bore me any spite.

*Alice.* I would she could have wedded that poor youth,

My Lord of Devon—light enough, God knows,

And mixt with Wyatt's rising—and the boy

Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse, cruel,

And more than all—no Spaniard.

*Lady Clarence.* Not so loud. Lord Devon, girls! what are you whispering here?

*Alice.* Probing an old state secret—how it chanced

That this young Earl was sent on foreign travel,

Not lost his head.

*Lady Clarence.* There was no proof against him.

*Alice.* Nay, Madam; did not Gardiner intercept  
A letter which the Count de Noailles  
wrote  
To that dead traitor, Wyätt, with full  
proof  
Of Courtenay's treason? What be-  
came of that?

*Lady Clarence.* Some say that Gardiner, out of love for him,  
Burnt it, and some relate that it was  
lost  
When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's  
house in Southwark.  
Let dead things rest.

*Alice.* Ay, and with him who died  
Alone in Italy.

*Lady Clarence.* Much changed, I  
hear,  
Had put off levity and put graveness  
on.

The foreign courts report him in his  
manner  
Noble as his young person and old  
shield.

It might be so—but all is over now;  
He caught a chill in the lagoons of  
Venice,  
And died in Padua.

*Mary (looking up suddenly).* Died in  
the true faith?

*Lady Clarence.* Ay, Madam, happily.

*Mary.* Happier he than I.

*Lady Magdalen.* It seems her High-  
ness hath awaken'd. Think you  
That I might dare to tell her that the  
Count—

*Mary.* I will see no man hence for-  
evermore,  
Saving my confessor and my cousin  
Pole.

*Lady Magdalen.* It is the Count de  
Feria, my dear lady.

*Mary.* What Count?

*Lady Magdalen.* The Count de Fe-  
ria, from his Majesty  
King Philip.

*Mary.* Philip! quick! loop up my  
hair!  
Throw cushions on that seat, and  
make it throne-like.

Arrange my dress—the gorgeous In-  
dian shawl

That Philip brought me in our happy  
days!—

That covers all. So—am I somewhat  
Queenlike,

Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon  
earth?

*Lady Clarence.* Ay, so your Grace  
would bide a moment yet.

*Mary.* No, no, he brings a letter. I  
may die  
Before I read it. Let me see him at  
once.

*Enter COUNT DE FERIA (kneels).*

*Feria.* I trust your Grace is well.

*(Aside.)* How her hand burns.

*Mary.* I am not well, but it will bet-  
ter me,

Sir Count, to read the letter which you  
bring.

*Feria.* Madam, I bring no letter.

*Mary.* How! no letter?

*Feria.* His Highness is so vex'd with  
strange affairs—

*Mary.* That his own wife is no affair  
of his.

*Feria.* Nay, Madam, nay! he sends  
his veriest love,  
And says, he will come quickly.

*Mary.* Doth he, indeed?

You, sir, do *you* remember what *you*  
said

When last you came to England?

*Feria.* Madam, I brought  
My King's congratulations; it was  
hoped

Your Highness was once more in  
happy state

To give him an heir male.

*Mary.* Sir, you said more;  
You said he would come quickly. I  
had horses

[night;  
On all the road from Dover, day and  
On all the road from Harwich, night  
and day;

But the child came not, and the hus-  
band came not;

And yet he will come quickly. ....  
Thou hast learnt



Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no need  
For Philip so to shame himself again.  
Return,  
And tell him that I know he comes no more.  
Tell him at last I know his love is dead,  
And that I am in state to bring forth death—

Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth,  
And not to me

*Feria.* Mere compliments and wishes,  
But shall I take some message from your Grace?

*Mary.* Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,  
And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.

*Feria.* Then I may say your Grace will see your sister?

Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air and sunshine.

I would we had you, Madam, in our warm Spain.

You droop in your dim London.

*Mary.* Have him away,  
I sicken of his readiness.

*Lady Clarence.* My Lord Count, Her Highness is too ill for colloquy.

*Feria* (kneels, and kisses her hand). I wish her Highness better. (Aside.)  
How her hand burns. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—A HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

ELIZABETH. STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD, ATTENDANTS.

*Elizabeth.* There's half an angel wrong'd in your account;  
Methinks I am all angel, that I bear it Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er again.

*Steward.* I were whole devil if I wrong'd you, Madam.

[Exit STEWARD.

*Attendant.* The Count de Feria, from the King of Spain.

*Elizabeth.* Ah!—let him enter. Nay, you need not go: [To her LADIES.

Remain within the chamber, but apart.  
We'll have no private conference.  
Welcome to England!

*Enter FERIA.*

*Feria.* Fair island star.

*Elizabeth.* I shine! What else, Count?

*Feria.* As far as France, and into Philip's heart.

My King would know if you be fairly served,

And lodged, and treated.

*Elizabeth.* You see the lodging, sir, I am well served, and am in every thing

Most loyal and most grateful to the Queen.

*Feria.* You should be grateful to my master, too,

He spoke of this; and unto him you owe [heir.

That Mary hath acknowledged you her

*Elizabeth.* No, not to her nor him;

but to the people,

Who know my right, and love me, as I love

The people! whom God aid!

*Feria.* You will be Queen.

And, were I Philip—

*Elizabeth.* Wherefore pause you—what?

*Feria.* Nay, but I speak from mine own self, not him:

Your royal sister cannot last; your hand

Will be much coveted! What a delicate one!

Our Spanish ladies have none such—and there,

Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—

Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty dawn—

That hovers round your shoulder—

*Elizabeth.* Is it so fine?

Troth, some have said so.

*Feria.*—would be deemed a miracle.

*Elizabeth.* Your Philip hath gold hair and golden beard,

There must be ladies many with hair  
like mine.

*Feria.* Some few of Gothic blood  
have golden hair,

But none like yours.

*Elizabeth.* I am happy you approve  
it.

*Feria.* But as to Philip and your  
Grace—consider,—

If such a one as you should match with  
Spain,

What hinders but that Spain and Eng-  
land join'd,

Should make the mightiest empire  
earth has known.

Spain would be England on her seas,  
and England

Mistress of the Indies.

*Elizabeth.* It may chance, that Eng-  
land

Will be the mistress of the Indies yet,  
Without the help of Spain.

*Feria.* Impossible;  
Except you put Spain down.

Wide of the mark ev'n for a madman's  
dream.

*Elizabeth.* Perhaps; but we have  
seamen. Count de Feria,

I take it that the King hath spoken to  
you;

But is Don Carlos such a goodly  
match?

*Feria.* Don Carlos, Madam, is but  
twelve years old.

*Elizabeth.* Ay, tell the king that I  
will muse upon it;

He is my good friend, and I would  
keep him so;

But—he would have me Catholic of  
Rome, [now

And that I scarce can be; and, sir, till  
My sister's marriage, and my father's

marriages,  
Make me full fain to live and die a

maid.  
But I am much beholden to your

King.  
Have you aught else to tell me?

*Feria.* Nothing, Madam,  
Save that methought I gather'd from  
the Queen

That she would see your Grace before  
she—died.

*Elizabeth.* God's death! and where-  
fore spake you not before?

We dally with our lazy moments here,  
And hers are number'd. Horses there I  
without!

I am much beholden to the King, your  
master.

Why did you keep me prating?  
Horses, there!

[*Exit, ELIZABETH, etc.*

*Feria.* So from a clear sky falls the  
thunderbolt!

Don Carlos? Madam, if you marry  
Philip,

Then I and he will snaffle your "God's  
death,"

And break your paces in, and make  
you tame;

God's death, forsooth—you do not  
know King Philip. [*Exit.*

#### SCENE IV.—LONDON. BEFORE THE PALACE.

*A light burning within. Voices of the  
night passing.*

*First.* Is not yon light in the Queen's  
chamber?

*Second.* Ay,  
They say she's dying.

*First.* So is Cardinal Pole  
May the great angels join their wings  
and make

Down for their heads to heaven!  
*Second.* Amen. Come on. [*Exeunt.*

#### TWO OTHERS.

*First.* There's the Queen's light. I  
hear she cannot live.

*Second.* God curse her and her Leg-  
ate! Gardiner burns

Already; but to pay them full in kind,  
The hottest hold in all the devil's den

Were but a sort of winter; sir, in  
Guernsey,

I watch'd a woman burn; and in her  
agony

The mother came upon her—a child  
was born—  
And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the  
fire,  
That, being but baptized in fire, the  
babe  
Might be in fire forever. Ah, good  
neighbor,  
There should be something fierier than  
fire  
To yield them their deserts.

*First.* Amen to all  
You wish, and further.

*A Third Voice.* Deserts! Amen to  
what? Whose deserts? Yours? You  
have a gold ring on your finger, and  
soft raiment about your body; and is  
not the woman up yonder sleeping af-  
ter all she has done, in peace and  
quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed  
room, with light, fire, physic, tendance;  
and I have seen the true men of  
Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and  
under no ceiling but the cloud that  
wept on them, not for them.

*First.* Friend, tho' so late, it is not  
safe to preach.  
You had best go home. What are  
you?

*Third.* What am I? One who cries  
continually with sweat and tears to the  
Lord God that it would please Him  
out of His infinite love to break down  
all kingship and queenship, all priest-  
hood and prelacy; to cancel and abol-  
ish all bonds of human allegiance, all  
the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the  
wealthy; and to send us again, accord-  
ing to his promise, the one King, the  
Christ, and all things in common, as  
in the day of the first church, when  
Christ Jesus was King.

*First.* If ever I heard a madman,—  
let's away!

Why, you long-winded—Sir, you go  
beyond me.

I pride myself on being moderate.  
Good-night! Go home! Besides, you  
curse so loud.

The watch will hear you. Get you  
home at once.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—LONDON. A ROOM  
IN THE PALACE.

*A Gallery on one side. The moonlight  
streaming through a range of windows  
on the wall opposite. MARY, LADY  
CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DA-  
CRES, ALICE. QUEEN pacing the  
Gallery. A writing-table in front.  
QUEEN comes to the table and writes  
and goes again, pacing the Gallery.*

*Lady Clarence.* Mine eyes are dim:  
what hath she written? read.

*Alice.* "I am dying, Philip; come to  
me."

*Lady Magdalen.* There — up and  
down, poor lady, up and down.

*Alice.* And how her shadow crosses  
one by one

The moonlight casements pattern'd on  
the wall,

Following her like her sorrow. She  
turns again. [*again.*]

[*QUEEN sits and writes, and goes  
Lady Clarence.* What hath she writ-  
ten now?

*Alice.* Nothing: but "come, come,  
come," and all awry,

And blotted by her tears. This can-  
not last. [*QUEEN returns.*]

*Mary.* I whistle to the bird has bro-  
ken cage,

And all in vain. [*Sitting down.*  
Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and  
Philip gone!

*Lady Clarence.* Dear Madam, Philip  
is but at the wars;

I cannot doubt but that he comes  
again;

And he is with you in a measure still.  
I never look'd upon so fair a likeness

As your great King in armor there, his  
hand

Upon his helmet.

[*Pointing to the portrait of PHILIP  
on the wall.*]

*Mary.* Doth he not look noble?  
I had heard of him in battle over seas,  
And I would have my warrior all in  
arms.



He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted

Before the Queen. He had his gracious moment

Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles

As if he loved me yet!

*Lady Clarence.* And so he does.

*Mary.* He never loved me—nay, he could not love me.

It was his father's policy against France.

I am eleven years older than he,

Poor boy. [Weeps.

*Alice.* That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven; [Aside.

Poor enough in God's grace!

*Mary.* —And all in vain!

The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,

And Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone;

And all his wars and wisdoms past away;

And in a moment I shall follow him.

*Lady Clarence.* Nay, dearest Lady, see your good physician.

*Mary.* Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me—says

That rest is all—tells me I must not think—

That I must rest—I shall rest by and by.

Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs

And maims himself against the bars, say "rest:"—

Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest—

Dead or alive you cannot make him happy.

*Lady Clarence.* Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,

And done such mighty things by Holy Church,

I trust that God will make you happy yet.

*Mary.* What is the strange thing happiness? Sit down here:

Tell me thine happiest hour.

*Lady Clarence.* I will, if that

May make your Grace forget yourself a little.

There runs a shallow brook across our field

For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,

And doth so bound and babble all the way

As if itself were happy. It was May-time,

And I was walking with the man I loved.

I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.

And both were silent, letting the wild brook

Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one [nots,

From out a bed of thick forget-me-look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me,

I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,

And put it in my bosom, and all at once

I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

*Mary.* O God! I have been too slack;

There are Hot Gospellers even among our guards—

Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt

The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.

Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath,—

We have so play'd the coward; but by God's grace,

We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up

The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,

And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!

Burn!—

Fie, what a savor! tell the cooks to close

The doors of all the offices below.

Latimer!

Sir, we are private with our women here—

Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow—

Thou light a torch that never will go out !

'Tis out—mine flames. Women, the Holy Father

Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole—

Was that well done ? and poor Pole pines of it,

As I do, to the death. I am but a woman,

I have no power.—Ah, weak and meek old man,

Sevenfold dishonor'd even in the sight Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon !—

Why that was false : there is the right hand still

Beckons me hence.

Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,

Remember that ! 'twas I and Bonner did it,

And Pole ; we are three to one—Have you found mercy there,

Grant it me here : and see, he smiles and goes,

Gentle as in life.

*Alice.* Madam, who goes ? King Philip ?

*Mary.* No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.

Women, when I am dead,

Open my heart, and there you will find written

Two names, Philip and Calais ; open his,—

So that he have one,—

You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—

Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me !

Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice !

Adulterous to the very heart of Hell.

Hast thou a knife ?

*Alice.* Ay, Madam, but o' God's mercy—

*Mary.* Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own soul

By slaughter of the body ? I could not, girl,

Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,

Unwoundable. Thy knife !

*Alice.* Take heed, take heed !

The blade is keen as death.

*Mary.* This Philip shall not

Stare in upon me in my haggardness ;

Old, miserable, diseased,

Incapable of children. Come thou down.

[*Cuts out the picture and throws it down.*]

Lie there. (*Wails.*) O God, I have killed my Philip.

*Alice.* No,

Madam, you have but cut the canvas out,

We can replace it.

*Mary.* All is well then ; rest—

I will to rest ; he said I must have rest.

[*Cries of "ELIZABETH" in the street.*]

A cry ! What's that ? Elizabeth ? revolt ?

A new Northumberland, another Wyatt ?

I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave.

*Lady Clarence.* Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.

*Mary.* I will not see her.

Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister ?

I will see none except the priest. Your arm. [*To LADY CLARENCE.*]

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile

Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me hence. [*Exeunt.*]

*The PRIEST passes. Enter ELIZABETH and SIR WILLIAM CECIL.*

*Elizabeth.* Good counsel yours—

No one in waiting ? still, As if the chamberlain were Death himself !

The room she sleeps in—is not this the way ?

No, that way there are voices. Am I too late?

Cecil . . . God guide me lest I lose the way. [*Exit ELIZABETH.*]

*Cecil.* Many points weather'd, many perilous ones,

At last a harbor opens; but therein Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—much it is

To be nor mad, nor bigot—have a mind—

Not let Priests' talk, or dream of worlds to be,

Miscolor things about her — sudden touches

For him, or him—sunk rocks; no passionate faith—

But—if let be—balance and compromise;

Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor

School'd by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too,

Glancing across the Tudor—not so well.

*Enter ALICE.*

How is the good Queen now?

*Alice.* Away from Philip. Back in her childhood—prattling to her mother

Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles,

And childlike-jealous of him again—and once

She thank'd her father sweetly for his book

Against that godless German. Ah, those days

Were happy. It was never merry world

In England, since the Bible came among us.

*Cecil.* And who says that?

*Alice.* It is a saying among the Catholics.

*Cecil.* It never will be merry world in England

Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

*Alice.* The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

*Enter ELIZABETH.*

*Elizabeth.* The Queen is dead.

*Cecil.* Then here she stands! my homage.

*Elizabeth.* She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,

Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith;

Then clasp't the cross, and pass'd away in peace.

I left her lying still and beautiful, More beautiful than in life. Why

would you vex yourself, Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart

To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,

Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.

Her life was winter, for her Spring was nipt:

And she loved much: pray God she be forgiven.

*Cecil.* Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!

Yet she loved one so much—I needs must say—

That never English monarch dying left England so little.

*Elizabeth.* But with Cecil's aid And others, if our person be secured

From traitor stabs—we will make England great.

*Enter PAGET and other LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, etc.*

*Lords.* God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England!

*Bagenhall.* God save the Crown: the Papacy is no more.

*Paget (aside).* Are we so sure of that?

*Acclamation.* God save the Queen!



# HAROLD.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON,

VICEROY AND GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,—After old-world records,—such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,—Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been mainly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his "Harold" to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my "Harold" to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876.

A GARDEN here—May breath and bloom of Spring—  
The cuckoo yonder from an English elm  
Crying "with my false egg I overwhelm  
The native nest: " and fancy hears the ring  
Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing,  
And Saxon battle-axe clang on Norman helm.  
Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm:  
Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king.  
O Garden blossoming out of English blood!  
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare  
Where might made right eight hundred years ago;  
Might, right? ay good, so all things make for good—  
But he and he, if soul be soul, are where  
Each stands full face with all he did below.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

STIGAND (*created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict*).

ALDRED (*Archbishop of York*).

THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON.

HAROLD, *Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England* }

TOSTIG, *Earl of Northumbria* }

GURTH, *Earl of East Anglia* }

LEOFWIN, *Earl of Kent and Essex* }

WULFNOTH }

COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.

WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM MALET\* (*a Norman Noble*).

EDWIN, *Earl of Mercia* }

MORCAR, *Earl of Northumbria after Tostig* }

GAMREL (*a Northumbrian Thane*).

GUY (*Count of Ponthieu*).

ROLF (*a Ponthieu Fisherman*).

HUGH MARGOT (*a Norman Monk*).

OSGOD and ATHELRIC (*Canons from Waltham*).

THE QUEEN (*Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin*).

ALDWYTH (*Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffyth, King of Wales*).

EDITH (*Ward of King Edward*).

Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham. Fishermen, etc.

\* Computar Heraldii, quidam partim Normannus et Anglus. Guy of Amiens.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—LONDON. THE  
KING'S PALACE.*(A comet seen through the open window.)*ALDWYTH, GAMES, COURTIER  
*(talking together).**First Courtier.* Lo! there once more  
—this is the seventh night!  
Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd  
scourge  
Of England!*Second Courtier.* Horrible!*First Courtier.* Look you, there's a  
star

That dances in it as mad with agony!

*Third Courtier.* Ay, like a spirit in  
hell who skips and flies  
To right and left, and cannot scape the  
flame.*Second Courtier.* Steam'd upward  
from the undescendible

Abysm

*First Courtier.* Or floated downward  
from the throne  
Of God Almighty.*Aldwyth.* Games, son of Orm,  
What thinkest thou this means?*Games.* War, my dear lady!*Aldwyth.* Doth this affright thee?*Games.* Mightily, my dear lady!*Aldwyth.* Stand by me then, and  
look upon my face,  
Not on the comet.*Enter MORCAR.*

Brother! why so pale?

*Morcar.* It glares in heaven, it flares  
upon the Thames,  
The people are as thick as bees below,  
They hum like bees,—they cannot  
:peak—for awe;Look to the skies, then to the river,  
strikeTheir hearts, and hold their babies up  
to it.I think that they would Molochize them  
too,

To have the heavens clear.

*Aldwyth.* They fright not me.*Enter LEOFWIN, after him GURTH.*Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he thinks  
of this!*Morcar.* Lord Leofwin, dost thou be-  
lieve that theseThree rods of blood-red fire up yonder  
meansThe doom of England and the wrath  
of Heaven?*Bishop of London (passing).* Did ye  
not cast with bestial violenceOur holy Norman bishops down from  
allTheir thrones in England? I alone  
remain.

Why should not Heaven be wroth?

*Leofwin.* With us, or thee?*Bishop of London.* Did ye not out-  
law your archbishop Robert,  
Robert of Jumièges—well-nigh murder  
him too?Is there no reason for the wrath of  
Heaven?*Leofwin.* Why then the wrath of  
Heaven hath three tails,  
The devil only one.

[Exit BISHOP OF LONDON.]

*Enter ARCHBISHOP STIGAND.*Ask our Archbishop.  
Stigand should know the purposes of  
Heaven.*Stigand.* Not I. I cannot read the  
face of heaven.Perhaps our vines will grow the better  
for it.*Leofwin (laughing).* He can but read  
the king's face on his coins.*Stigand.* Ay, ay, young lord, there the  
king's face is power.*Gurth.* O father, mock not at a pub-  
lic fear,But tell us, is this pendent hell in  
heaven

A harm to England?

*Stigand.* Ask it of King Edward!  
And may he tell thee, I am a harm to  
England.Old uncanonical Stigand—ask of me  
Who had my pallium from an Anti-  
pope!

Not he the man—for in our windy world

What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.

Our friends, the Normans, help to shake his chair.

I have a Norman fever on me, son,  
And cannot answer sanely. . . . What it means?

Ask our broad Earl.

[*Pointing to HAROLD, who enters.*

*Harold* (*seeing GAmEL*). Hail, Gamel,  
son of Orm!

Albeit no rolling stone, my good friend Gamel,

Thou hast rounded since we met. Thy life at home

Is easier than mine here. Look! am I not

Work-wan, flesh-fallen?

*Gamel*. Art thou sick, good Earl?

*Harold*. Sick as an autumn swallow for a voyage,

Sick for an idle week of hawk and hound

Beyond the seas—a change! When camest thou hither?

*Gamel*. To-day, good Earl.

*Harold*. Is the North quiet, Gamel?

*Gamel*. Nay, there be murmurs, for thy brother breaks us

With over-taxing—quiet, ay, as yet—Nothing as yet.

*Harold*. Stand by him, mine old friend,

Thou art a great voice in Northumberland!

Advise him: speak him sweetly, he will hear thee.

He is passionate but honest. Stand thou by him!

More talk of this to-morrow, if yon weird sign

Not blast us in our dreams.—Well, father Stigand—

[*To STIGAND, who advances to him.*

*Stigand* (*pointing to the comet*). War there, my son? is that the doom of England?

*Harold*. Why not the doom of all the world as well?

For all the world sees it as well as England.

These meteors came and went before our day,

Not harming any: it threatens us no more

Than French or Norman. War? the worst that follows

Things that seem jerk'd out of the common rut

Of Nature is the hot religious fool,  
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit

Makes it on earth: but look, where Edward draws

A faint foot hither, leaning upon Tostig.

He hath learnt to love our Tostig much of late.

*Leofwin*. And he hath learnt, despite the tiger in him,

To sleek and supple himself to the king's hand.

*Gurth*. I trust the kingly touch that cures the evil

May serve to charm the tiger out of him.

*Leofwin*. He hath as much of cat as tiger in him.

Our Tostig loves the hand and not the man.

*Harold*. Nay! Better die than lie!

*Enter KING, QUEEN and TOSTIG.*

*Edward*. . . . In heaven signs! Signs upon earth! signs everywhere! your Priests

Gross, worldly, simoniacal, unlearn'd! They scarce can read their Psalter; and your churches

Uncouth, unhandsome, while in Normanland

God speaks thro' abler voices, as He dwells

In statelier shrines. I say not this, as being

Half Norman-blooded, nor, as some have held,

Because I love the Norman better—no,  
But dreading God's revenge upon this realm



For narrowness and coldness : and I  
say it

For the last time perchance, before I  
go

To find the sweet refreshment of the  
Saints.

I have lived a life of utter purity :

I have builded the great church of Holy  
Peter :

I have wrought miracles—to God the  
glory—

And miracles will in my name be  
wrought

Hereafter.—I have fought the fight and  
go—

I see the flashing of the gates of pearl—  
And it is well with me, tho' some of  
you

Have scorn'd me—ay—but after I am  
gone

Woe, woe to England! I have had a  
vision ;

The seven sleepers in the cave at  
Ephesus

Have turn'd from right to left.

*Harold.* My most dear Master,  
What matters? let them turn from left  
to right

And sleep again.

*Tostig.* Too hardy with thy king!  
A life of prayer and fasting well may  
see

Deeper into the mysteries of heaven  
Than thou, good brother.

*Aldwyth (aside).* Sees he into thine,  
That thou wouldst have his promise for  
the crown?

*Edward.* Tostig says true; my son,  
thou art too hard,

Not stagger'd by this ominous earth  
and heaven.

But heaven and earth are threads of  
the same loom,

Play into one another, and weave the  
web

That may confound thee yet.

*Harold.* Nay, I trust not,  
For I have served thee long and hon-  
estly.

*Edward.* I know it, son; I am not  
thankless: thou

Hast broken all my foes, lighten'd for  
me

The weight of this poor crown, and left  
me time

And peace for prayer to gain a better  
one.

Twelve years of service! England  
loves thee for it.

Thou art the man to rule her!

*Aldwyth (aside).* So, not Tostig!

*Harold.* And after those twelve  
years a boon, my king,

Respite, a holiday; thyself wast wont  
To love the chase: thy leave to set my  
feet

On board, and hunt and hawk beyond  
the seas!

*Edward.* What, with this flaming  
horror overhead?

*Harold.* Well, when it passes then.

*Edward.* Ay, if it pass.  
Go not to Normandy—go not to Nor-  
mandy.

*Harold.* And wherefore not, my king,  
to Normandy?

Is not my brother Wulfnoth hostage  
there

For my dead father's loyalty to thee?

I pray thee, let me hence and bring  
him home.

*Edward.* Not thee, my son: some  
other messenger.

*Harold.* And why not me, my lord,  
to Normandy?

Is not the Norman Count thy friend  
and mine?

*Edward.* I pray thee, do not go to  
Normandy.

*Harold.* Because my father drove  
the Normans out

Of England?—That was many a sum-  
mer gone—

Forgotten and forgiven by them and  
thee.

*Edward.* Harold, I will not yield  
thee leave to go.

*Harold.* Why, then, to Flanders. I  
will hawk and hunt

In Flanders.

*Edward.* Be there not fair woods and  
fields

In England? Wilful, wilful. Go—the Saints

Pilot and prosper all thy wandering out  
And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again.

Son Harold, I will in and pray for thee.

[*Exit, leaning on TOSTIG, and followed by STIGAND, MORCAR, and COURTIER.*]

*Harold.* What lies upon the mind of our good king

'That he should harp this way on Normandy?

*Queen.* Brother, the king is wiser than he seems;

And Tostig knows it; 'Tostig loves the king.

*Harold.* And love should know; and—be the king so wise,—

Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems.

I love the man but not his fantasies.

*Re-enter TOSTIG.*

Well, brother,

When didst thou hear from thy Northumbria?

*Tostig.* When did I hear aught but this "*When*" from thee?

Leave me alone, brother, with my Northumbria:

She is *my* mistress, let *me* look to her! The king hath made me Earl; make me not fool!

Nor make the King a fool, who made me Earl!

*Harold.* No, Tostig—lest I make myself a fool

Who made the King who made thee, make the Earl.

*Tostig.* Why chafe me, then? Thou knowest I soon go wild.

*Gurth.* Come, come! as yet thou art not gone so wild

But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

*Harold.* So says old Gurth, not I: yet hear! thine earldom,

Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their old crown

Is yet a force among them. a sun set  
But leaving light enough for Alfgar's house

To strike thee down by—nay, this ghastly glare

May heat their fancies.

*Tostig.* My most worthy brother, That art the quietest man in all the world— [war—

Ay, ay, and wise in peace and great in Pray God the people choose thee for their king!

But all the powers of the house of Godwin

Are not enframed in thee.

*Harold.* Thank the Saints, no! But thou hast drain'd them shallow by thy tolls,

And thou art ever here about the King:

Thine absence well may seem a want of care.

Cling to their love; for, now the sons of Godwin

Sit topmost in the field of England, envy,

Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,

Waits till the man let go.

*Tostig.* Good counsel, truly! I heard from my Northumbria yesterday.

*Harold.* How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well?

*Tostig.* And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well?

*Harold.* I would it went as well as with mine earldom, Leofwin's and Gurth's.

*Tostig.* Ye govern milder men. *Gurth.* We have made them milder by just government.

*Tostig.* Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

*Leofwin.* An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver

And taker be but honest! but they bribe

Each other, and so often, an honest world

Will not believe them.

*Harold.* I may tell thee, Tostig,  
I heard from thy Northumberland to-  
day.

*Tostig.* From spies of thine to spy  
my nakedness  
In my poor North!

*Harold.* There is a movement there,  
A blind one—nothing yet.

*Tostig.* Crush it at once  
With all the power I have!—I must—  
I will!—

Crush it half-born! Fool still? or  
wisdom there,

My wise head-shaking Harold?

*Harold.* Make not thou  
The nothing something. Wisdom  
when in power,

And wisest, should not frown as Power,  
but smile [must

As kindness, watching all, till the true  
Shall make her strike as Power: but  
when to strike—

O Tostig, O dear brother—If they  
prance,

Reign in, not lash them, lest they rear  
and run

And break both neck and axle.

*Tostig.* Good again!  
Good counsel tho' scarce needed.

Pour not water  
In the full vessel running out at top  
To swamp the house.

*Leofwin.* Nor thou be a wild thing  
Out of the waste, to turn and bite the  
hand

Would help thee from the trap.

*Tostig.* Thou playest in tune.

*Leofwin.* To the deaf adder thee,  
that will not dance

However wisely charm'd.

*Tostig.* No more, no more!

*Gurth.* I likewise cry "no more."  
Unwholesome talk

For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou  
hast a tongue!

Tostig, thou lookst as thou wouldst  
spring upon him.

St. Olaf, not while I am by! Come,  
come,

Join hands, let brethren dwell in  
unity;

Let kith and kin stand close as our  
shield-wall,

Who breaks us then? I say, thou hast  
a tongue,

And Tostig is not stout enough to  
bear it.

Vex him not, Leofwin.

*Tostig.* No, I am not vext,—  
Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all.  
I have to make report of my good earl-  
dom

To the good king who gave it—not to  
you—

Not any of you.—I am not vext at all.

*Harold.* The king? the king is ever  
at his prayers;

In all that handles matter of the state  
I am the king.

*Tostig.* That shalt thou never be  
If I can thwart thee.

*Harold.* Brother, brother!

*Tostig.* Away!

[Exit TOSTIG.]

*Queen.* Spite of this grisly star ye  
three must gall

Poor Tostig.

*Leofwin.* Tostig, sister, galls him-  
self. [nose

He cannot smell a rose but pricks his  
Against the thorn, and rails against  
the rose.

*Queen.* I am the only rose of all the  
stock

That never thorn'd him; Edward loves  
him, so

Ye hate him. Harold always hated  
him.

Why—how they fought when boys—  
and, Holy Mary!

How Harold used to beat him!

*Harold.* Why, boys will fight.  
Leofwin would often fight me, and I  
beat him.

Even old Gurth would fight. I had  
much ado

To hold mine own against old Gurth.  
Old Gurth,

We fought like great states for grave  
cause; but Tostig—

On a sudden—at a something—for a  
nothing—



The boy would fust me hard, and when  
we fought  
I conquer'd, and he loved me none the  
less,  
Till thou wouldst get him all apart,  
and tell him  
That where he was but worsted, he  
was wrong'd.  
Ah! thou hast taught the king to spoil  
him too;  
Now the spoilt child sways both.  
Take heed, take heed;  
Thou art the Queen; ye are boy and  
girl no more:  
Side not with Tostig in any violence,  
Lest thou be sideways guilty of the  
violence.

*Queen.* Come fall not foul on me.  
I leave thee, brother.

*Harold.* Nay, my good sister—  
[*Exeunt* QUEEN, HAROLD,  
GURTH, and LEOFWIN.

*Aldwyth.* Gamel, son of Orm,  
What thinkest thou this means?

[*Pointing to the comet.*

*Gamel.* War, my dear lady,  
War, waste, plague, famine, all malig-  
nities.

*Aldwyth.* It means the fall of Tostig  
from his earldom.

*Gamel.* That were too small a matter  
for a comet!

*Aldwyth.* It means the lifting of the  
house of Alfgar.

*Gamel.* Too small! a comet would  
not show for that!

*Aldwyth.* Not small for thee, if thou  
canst compass it.

*Gamel.* Thy love?

*Aldwyth.* As much as I can give  
thee, man;

This Tostig is, or like to be, a tyrant;  
Stir up thy people: oust him!

*Gamel.* And thy love?

*Aldwyth.* As much as thou canst  
bear.

*Gamel.* I can bear all,  
And not be giddy.

*Aldwyth.* No more now: to-morrow.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN.  
THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR  
LONDON. SUNSET.

*Edith.* Mad for thy mate, passionate  
nightingale. . . .

I love thee for it—ay, but stay a mo-  
ment:

*He* can but stay a moment: he is go-  
ing.

I fain would hear him coming! . . .  
near me . . . near,

Somewhere—to draw him nearer with  
a charm

Like thine to thine.

(*Singing.*)

Love is come with a song and a smile,  
Welcome Love with a smile and a song:  
Love can stay but a little while.  
Why cannot he stay? They call him away:  
Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong;  
Love will stay for a whole life long.

*Enter* HAROLD.

*Harold.* The nightingales at Haver-  
ing-in-the-bower

Sang out their loves so loud, that Ed-  
ward's prayers

Were deafen'd, and he pray'd them  
dumb, and thus

I dumb thee, too, my wingless nightin-  
gale! [*Kissing her.*

*Edith.* Thou art my music! Would  
their wings were mine

To follow thee to Flanders! Must  
thou go?

*Harold.* Not must, but will. It is  
but for one moon.

*Edith.* Leaving so many foes in Ed-  
ward's hall

To league against thy weal. The Lady  
Aldwyth

Was here to-day, and when she touch'd  
on thee,

She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure  
she hates thee.

Pants for thy blood.

*Harold.* Well, I have given her  
cause—

I fear no woman.

*Edith.* Hate not one who felt

Some pity for thy hater! I am sure  
Her morning wanted sunlight, she so  
praised

The convent and lone life—within the  
pale—

Beyond the passion. Nay—she held  
with Edward,

At least methought she held with holy  
Edward,

That marriage was half sin.

*Harold.* A lesson worth  
Finger and thumb—thus (*snaps his fin-*  
*gers*). And my answer to it—

See here—an interwoven H and E!

Take thou this ring; I will demand  
his ward

From Edward when I come again.

Ay, would she?

She to shut up my blossom in the  
dark! [arms.

Thou art *my* nun, thy cloister in mine

*Edith* (*taking the ring*). Yea, but

Earl Tostig—

*Harold.* That's a truer fear!

For if the North take fire, I should be  
back;

I shall be, soon enough.

*Edith.* Ay, but last night

An evil dream that ever came and  
went—

*Harold* A grnat that vext thy pillow!

Had I been by

I would have spoil'd his horn. My  
girl, what was it?

*Edith.* Oh! that thou wert not go-  
ing!

For so methought it was our marriage-  
morn,

And while we stood together, a dead  
man

Rose from behind the altar, tore away  
My marriage ring, and rent my bridal  
veil;

And then I turn'd, and saw the church  
all fill'd

With dead men upright from their  
graves, and all

The dead men made at thee to murder  
thee,

But thou didst back thyself against a  
pillar,

And strike among them with thy bat-  
tle-axe—

There, what a dream!

*Harold.* Well, well—a dream—no  
more!

*Edith.* Did not Heaven speak to  
men in dreams of old?

*Harold.* Ay—well—of old. I tell  
thee what, my child;

Thou hast misread this merry dream  
of thine,

Taken the rifted pillars of the wood

For smooth stone columns of the  
sanctuary,

The shadows of a hundred fat dead  
deer

For dead men's ghosts. True, that  
the battle-axe

Was out of place; it should have been  
the bow.—

Come, thou shalt dream no more such  
dreams; I swear it,

By mine own eyes—and these two sap-  
phires—these [all

Twin rubies, that are amulets against

The kisses of all kind of womankind

In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me  
back

To tumble at thy feet.

*Edith.* That would but shame me,  
Rather than make me vain. The sea

may roll

Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the liv-  
ing rock

Which guards the land.

*Harold.* Except it be a soft one,  
And undereaten to the fall. Mine am-  
ulet. . . .

This last . . . upon thine eyelids, to  
shut in

A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and  
thou shalt see

My greyhounds fleeting like a beam of  
light,

And hear my peregrine and her bells  
in heaven;

And other bells on earth, which yet  
are heaven's;

Guess what they be.

*Edith.* He cannot guess who knows  
Farewell, my king.

*Harold.* Not yet, but then — my Queen. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ALDWYTH from the thicket.*

*Aldwyth.* The kiss that charms thine eyelids into sleep,  
Will hold mine waking. Hate him?  
I could love him  
More, tenfold, than this fearful child  
can do;  
Griffyth I hated: why not hate the  
foe  
Of England? Griffyth when I saw  
him flee,  
Chased deer-like up his mountains, all  
the blood  
That should have only pulsed for  
Griffyth, beat  
For his pursuer. I love him or think  
I love him.  
If he were King of England, I his  
queen,  
I might be sure of it. Nay, I do love  
him.—  
She must be cloister'd somehow, lest  
the king  
Should yield his ward to Harold's will.  
What harm?  
She hath but blood enough to live, not  
love.—  
When Harold goes and Tostig, shall I  
play  
The craftier Tostig with him? fawn  
upon him?  
Chime in with all? "O thou more  
saint than king!"  
And that were true enough. "O  
blessed relics!"  
"O Holy Peter!" If he found me  
thus,  
Harold might hate me; he is broad  
and honest,  
Breathing an easy gladness . . . not  
like Aldwyth . . .  
For which I strangely love him. Should  
not England  
Love Aldwyth, if she stay the feuds  
that part  
The sons of Godwin from the sons of  
Alfgar

By such a marrying? Courage, noble  
Aldwyth!  
Let all thy people bless thee!  
Our wild Tostig,  
Edward hath made him Earl: he would  
be king:—  
The dog that snapt the shadow, dropt  
the bone.—  
I trust he may do well, this Gamel,  
whom  
I play upon, that he may play the note  
Whereat the dog shall howl and run,  
and Harold  
Hear the king's music, all alone with  
him,  
Pronounced his heir of England.  
I see the goal and half the way to it.—  
Peace-lover is our Harold for the sake  
Of England's wholeness—so—to shake  
the North  
With earthquake and disruption—some  
division—  
Then fling mine own fair person in the  
gap  
A sacrifice to Harold, a peace-offering,  
[both]  
A scape-goat marriage—all the sins of  
The houses on mine head—then a fair  
life  
And bless the Queen of England.  
*Morcar (coming from the thicket).*  
Art thou assured  
By this, that Harold loves but Edith?  
*Aldwyth.* Morcar!  
Why creepst thou like a timorous  
beast of prey  
Out of the bush by night?  
*Morcar.* I follow'd thee.  
*Aldwyth.* Follow my lead, and I will  
make thee earl.  
*Morcar.* What lead then?  
*Aldwyth.* Thou shalt flash it secretly  
Among the good Northumbrian folk,  
that I—  
That Harold loves me—yea, and pres-  
ently  
That I and Harold are betroth'd—and  
last—  
Perchance that Harold wrongs me,  
tho' I would not  
That it should come to that.



*Morcar.* I will both flash  
And thunder for thee.

*Aldwyth.* I said "secretly;"  
It is the flash that murders, the poor  
thunder

Never harm'd head.

*Morcar.* But thunder may bring  
down

That which the flash hath stricken.

*Aldwyth.* Down with Tostig!  
That first of all.—And when doth Har-  
old go?

*Morcar.* To-morrow—first to Bos-  
ham, then to Flanders.

*Aldwyth.* Not to come back till Tos-  
tig shall have shown  
And redden'd with his people's blood  
the teeth

That shall be broken by us—yea, and  
thou

Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and  
dream thyself

Their chosen Earl. [*Exit ALDWYTH.*]

*Morcar.* Earl first, and after that  
Who knows I may not dream myself  
their King!

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—SEA-SHORE. PON- THIEU. NIGHT.

HAROLD and his men, wrecked.

*Harold.* Friends, in that last inhos-  
pitable plunge  
Our boat hath burst her ribs; but ours  
are whole;

I have but bark'd my hands.

*Attendant.* I dug mine into  
My old fast friend the shore, and cling-  
ing thus

Felt the remorseless outdraught of the  
deep

Haul like a great strong fellow at my  
legs,

And then I rose and ran. The blast  
that came

So suddenly hath fallen as suddenly—

Put thou the comet and this blast to  
gether—

*Harold.* Put thou thyself and mother  
wit together.

Be not a fool!

*Enter FISHERMEN with torches, HAR-  
OLD going up to one of them, ROLF.*

Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp!  
Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy lying  
lights

Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks  
of thine!

*Rolf.* Ay, but thou liest as loud as  
the black herring-pond behind thee.  
We be fishermen: I came to see after  
my nets.

*Harold.* To drag us into them.  
Fishermen? devils!

Who, while ye fish for men with your  
false fires,

Let the great Devil fish for your own  
souls.

*Rolf.* Nay then, we be liker the  
blessed Apostles; *they* were fishers of  
men, Father Jean says.

*Harold.* I had liefer that the fish had  
swallowed me,

Like Jonah, than have known there  
were such devils.

What's to be done?

[*To his men—goes apart with them.*]

*Fisherman.* Rolf, what fish did swal-  
low Jonah?

*Rolf.* A whale!

*Fisherman.* Then a whale to a whelk  
we have swallowed the King of Eng-  
land. I saw him over there. Look  
thee, Rolf, when I was down in the  
fever, *she* was down with the hunger,  
and thou didst stand by her and give  
her thy crabs, and set her up again,  
till now, by the patient Saints, she's as  
crabb'd as ever.

*Rolf.* And I'll give her my crabs  
again, when thou art down again.

*Fisherman.* I thank thee, Rolf. Run  
thou to Count Guy; he is hard at  
hand. Tell him what hath crept into  
our creel, and he will fee thee as freely  
as he will wrench this outlander's ran-

som out of him—and why not? for what right had he to get himself wreck'd on another man's land?

*Rolf.* Thou art the human-heartedest, Christian-charitiest of all crab-catchers! Share and share alike!

[*Exit.*

*Harold (to FISHERMAN).* Fellow, dost thou catch crabs?

*Fisherman.* As few as I may in a wind, and less than I would in a calm. Ay!

*Harold.* I have a mind that thou shalt catch no more.

*Fisherman.* How?

*Harold.* I have a mind to brain thee with mine axe.

*Fisherman.* Ay, do, do, and our great Count-crab will make his nippers meet in thine heart; he'll sweat it out of thee, he'll sweat it out of thee. Look, he's here! He'll speak for himself! Hold thine own, if thou canst!

*Enter GUY, COUNT OF PONTIEU.*

*Harold.* Guy, Count of Ponthieu!

*Guy.* Harold, Earl of Wessex!

*Harold.* Thy villains with their lying lights have wreck'd us!

*Guy.* Art thou not Earl of Wessex?

*Harold.* In mine earldom

A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush, [back

And leave them for a year, and coming Find them again.

*Guy.* Thou art a mighty man In thine own earldom!

*Harold.* Were such murderous liars In Wessex—if I caught them, they should hang

Cliff-gibbeted for sea-marks; our seawew

Winging their only wail!

*Guy.* Ay, but my men Hold that the shipwreckt are accursed of God;—

What hinders me to hold with mine own men?

*Harold.* The Christian manhood of the man who reigns!

*Guy.* Ay, rave thy worst, but in our oubliettes

Thou shalt or rot or ransom. Hale him hence!

[*To one of his Attendants.*

Fly thou to William; tell him we have Harold.

SCENE II.—BAYEUX PALACE.

COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM MALET.

*William.* We hold our Saxon woodcock in the springe,

But he begins to flutter. As I think He was thine host in England when I went

To visit Edward.

*Malet.* Yea, and there, my lord, To make allowance for their rougher fashions,

I found him all a noble host should be.

*William.* Thou art his friend: thou knowest my claim on England Thro' Edward's promise; we have him in the toils.

And it were well, if thou shouldst let him feel,

How dense a fold of danger nets him round,

So that he bristle himself against my will.

*Malet.* What would I do, my lord, if I were you?

*William.* What wouldst thou do?

*Malet.* My lord, he is thy guest.

*William.* Nay, by the splendor of God, no guest of mine.

He came not to see me, had passed me by

To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for the fate

Which hunted *him* when that un-Saxon blast,

And bolts of thunder moulded in high heaven

To serve the Norman purpose, drave and crack'd

His boat on Ponthieu beach; where our friend Guy

Had wrung his ransom from him by  
the rack,  
But that I stept between and pur-  
chased him,  
Translating his captivity from Guy  
To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where  
he sits  
My ransom'd prisoner.

*Malet.* Well, if not with gold,  
With golden deeds and iron strokes  
that brought  
Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier  
close

Than else had been, he paid his ran-  
som back.

*William.* So that henceforth they  
are not like to league  
With Harold against me.

*Malet.* A marvel, how  
He from the liquid sands of Coesnon  
Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armor'd  
Normans up

To fight for thee again!

*William.* Perchance against  
Their saver, save thou save him from  
himself.

*Malet.* But I should let him home  
again, my lord.

*William.* Simple! let fly the bird  
within the hand,  
To catch the bird again within the  
bush!

No.  
Smooth thou my way, before he clash  
with me;

I want his voice in England for the  
crown,

I want thy voice with him to bring  
him round;

And being brave he must be subtly  
cow'd,

And being truthful wrought upon to  
swear

Vows that he dare not break. Eng-  
land our own

Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my  
dear friend

As well as thine, and thou thyself  
shalt have

Large lordship there of lands and ter-  
ritory.

*Malet.* I knew thy purpose; he and  
Wulfnoth never

Have met, except in public; shall  
they meet

In private? I have often talk'd with  
Wulfnoth,

And stuff'd the boy with fears that  
these may act

On Harold when they meet.

*William.* Then let them meet!

*Malet.* I can but love this noble,  
honest Harold.

*William.* Love him! why not? thine  
is a loving office.

I have commission'd thee to save the  
man;

Help the good ship, showing the  
sunken rock,

Or he is wreckt forever.

*Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.*

*William Rufus.* Father.

*William.* Well, boy.

*William Rufus.* They have taken  
away the toy thou gavest me,

The Norman knight.

*William.* Why, boy?

*William Rufus.* Because I broke  
The horse's leg—it was mine own to  
break;

I like to have my toys, and break them  
too.

*William.* Well, thou shalt have an-  
other Norman knight!

*William Rufus.* And may I break  
his legs?

*William.* Yea,—get thee gone!

*William Rufus.* I'll tell them I have  
had my way with thee. [*Exit.*

*Malet.* I never knew thee check thy  
will for aught

Save for the prattling of thy little  
ones.

*William.* Who shall be kings of  
England. I am heir

Of England by the promise of her  
king.

*Malet.* But there the great Assembly  
choose their king,

The choice of England is the voice of  
England.



*William.* I will be king of England  
by the laws,  
The choice, and voice of England.

*Malet.* Can that be?

*William.* The voice of any people is  
the sword

That guards them, or the sword that  
beats them down.

Here comes the would-be what I will  
be . . . kinglike . . .

Tho' scarce at ease; for, save our  
meshes break,

More kinglike he than like to prove a  
king.

*Enter HAROLD, musing, with his eyes  
on the ground.*

He sees me not—and yet he dreams of  
me.

Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair  
day?

They are of the best, strong-wing'd  
against the wind.

*Harold (looking up suddenly, having  
caught but the last word). Which  
way does it blow?*

*William.* Blowing for England, ha?  
Not yet. Thou hast not learnt thy  
quarters here,

The winds so cross and jostle among  
these towers.

*Harold.* Count of the Normans, thou  
hast ransom'd us,  
Maintain'd, and entertain'd us royally!

*William.* And thou for us hast  
fought as loyally,  
Which binds us friendship-fast for-  
ever!

*Harold.* Good!

But lest we turn the scale of courtesy  
By too much pressure on it, I would  
fain,

Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth  
home with us,

Be home again with Wulfnoth.

*William.* Stay—as yet  
Thou hast but seen how Norman hands  
can strike,

But walk'd our Norman field, scarce  
touch'd or tasted

The splendors of our Court.

*Harold.* I am in no mood;  
I should be as the shadow of a cloud  
Crossing your light.

*William.* Nay, rest a week or two,  
And we will fill thee full of Norman  
sun,

And send thee back among thine  
island mists

With laughter.

*Harold.* Count, I thank thee, but  
had rather

Breathe the free wind from off our  
Saxon downs,

Tho' charged with all the wet of all  
the west.

*William.* Why if thou wilt, so let it  
be—thou shalt.

That were a graceless hospitality  
To chain the free guest to the ban-  
quet-board;

To-morrow we will ride with thee to  
Harfleur,

And see thee shipt, and pray in thy be-  
half

For happier homeward winds than  
that which crack'd

Thy bark at Ponthieu,—yet to us, in  
faith,

A happy one—whereby we came to  
know

Thy valor and thy value, noble earl.

Ay, and perchance a happy one for  
thee,

Provided—I will go with thee to-mor-  
row—

Nay—but there be conditions, easy  
ones,

So thou, fair friend, will take them  
easily.

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* My lord, there is a post from  
over seas

With news for thee. *[Exit PAGE.]*

*William.* Come, Malet, let us hear!

*[Exeunt COUNT WILLIAM and  
MALET.]*

*Harold.* Conditions? What condi-  
tions? Pay him back

His ransom? "easy"—that were  
easy—nay—

No money-lover he ! What said the King ?

"I pray you do not go to Normandy." And fate hath blown me hither, bound me too

With bitter obligation to the Count— Have I not fought it out ? what did he mean ?

There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,

Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress me,

And yon huge keep that hinders half the heaven.

Free air ! free field !

*[Moves to go out. A MAN-AT-ARMS follows him.]*

*Harold (to the MAN-AT-ARMS).* I need thee not. Why dost thou follow me ?

*Man-at-arms.* I have the Count's commands to follow thee.

*Harold.* What then ? Am I in danger in this court ?

*Man-at-arms.* I cannot tell. I have the Count's commands.

*Harold.* Stand out of earshot then, and keep me still

In eyeshot.

*Man-at-arms.* Yea, lord Harold.

*[Withdraws.]*

*Harold.* And arm'd men Ever keep watch beside my chamber door,

And if I walk within the lonely wood, There is an arm'd man ever glides behind :

*Enter MALET.*

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd ?

See yonder !

*[Pointing to the MAN-AT-ARMS.]*

*Malet.* 'Tis the good Count's care for thee !

The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,

Or—so they deem.

*Harold.* But wherefore is the wind, Which way soever the vane-arrow swing,

Not ever fair for England ? Why but now

He said (thou heardest him) that I must not hence

Save on conditions.

*Malet.* So in truth he said.

*Harold.* Malet, thy mother was an Englishwoman ;

There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee !

*Malet.* Well—for my mother's sake

I love your England,

But for my father I love Normandy.

*Harold.* Speak for thy mother's sake, and tell me true.

*Malet.* Then for my mother's sake, and England's sake

That suffers in the daily want of thee, Obey the Count's conditions, my good friend.

*Harold.* How, Malet, if they be not honorable !

*Malet.* Seem to obey them.

*Harold.* Better die than lie !

*Malet.* Choose therefore whether thou wilt have thy conscience

White as a maiden's hand, or whether England

Be shatter'd into fragments.

*Harold.* News from England ?

*Malet.* Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the Thanes

Against thy brother Tostig's governance ; storm.

And all the North of Humber is one

*Harold.* I should be there, Malet, I should be there !

*Malet.* And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion

Hath massacred the Thane that was his guest,

Gamel, the son of Orm : and there be more

As villanously slain.

*Harold.* The wolf ! the beast !

Ill news for guests, ha, Malet ! More ? What more ?

What do they say ? did Edward know of this ?

*Malet.* They say, his wife was knowing and abetting.

*Harold.* They say, his wife!—To marry and have no husband  
Makes the wife fool. My God, I should be there.

I'll hack my way to the sea.

*Malet.* Thou canst not, Harold;  
Our Duke is all between thee and the sea,

Our Duke is all about thee like a God;  
All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair,

For he is only debonair to those  
That follow where he leads, but stark as death

To those that cross him.—Look thou, here is Wulfnoth!

I leave thee to thy talk with him alone;  
How wan, poor lad! how sick and sad for home! [*Exit MALET.*]

*Harold (muttering).* Go not to Normandy—go not to Normandy!

*Enter WULFNOTH.*

Poor brother! still a hostage!

*Wulfnoth.* Yea, and I shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no more

Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,

Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover

Above the windy ripple, and fill the sky

With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed

Thou canst make yield this iron-mooded Duke

To let me go.

*Harold.* Why, brother, so he will; But on conditions. Canst thou guess at them?

*Wulfnoth.* Draw nearer,—I was in the corridor,

I saw him coming with his brother Odo The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

*Harold.* They did thee wrong who made thee hostage; thou

Wast ever fearful.

*Wulfnoth.* And he spoke—I heard him—

“This Harold is not of the royal blood,

Can have no right to the crown,” and Odo said,

“Thine is the right, for thine the might; he is here,

And yonder is thy keep.”

*Harold.* No, Wulfnoth, no.

*Wulfnoth.* And William laugh'd and swore that might was right,

Far as he knew in this poor world of ours—

“Marry, the Saints must go along with us,

And, brother, we will find a way,” said he—

Yea, yea, he would be king of England.

*Harold.* Never!

*Wulfnoth.* Yea, but thou must not this way answer him.

*Harold.* Is it not better still to speak the truth?

*Wulfnoth.* Not here, or thou wilt never hence, nor I:

For in the racing towards this golden goal

He turns not right or left, but tramples flat

Whatever thwarts him: hast thou never heard

His savagery at Alençon—the town Hung out raw hides along their walls,

and cried,

“Work for the tanner.”

*Harold.* That had anger'd me, Had I been William.

*Wulfnoth.* Nay, but he had prisoners, He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands away,

And flung them streaming o'er the battlements

Upon the heads of those who walk'd within—

O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake.

*Harold.* Your Welshman says, “The Truth against the World,”

Much more the truth against myself.

*Wulfnoth.* Thyself? But for my sake, oh brother! oh! for my sake!

*Harold.* Poor Wulfnoth! do they not entreat thee well?



*Wulfnoth.* I see the blackness of my  
dungeon loom  
Across their lamps of revel, and be-  
yond  
The merriest murmurs of their banquet  
clank  
The shackles that will bind me to the  
wall.

*Harold.* Too fearful still.

*Wulfnoth.* Oh no, no—speak him  
fair!

Call it to temporize; and not to lie;  
Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie.  
The man that hath to foil a murderous  
aim

May, surely, play with words.

*Harold.* Words are the man.  
Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I  
lie.

*Wulfnoth.* Then for thine Edith?

*Harold.* There thou prickst me deep.

*Wulfnoth.* And for our Mother Eng-  
land?

*Harold.* Deeper still.

*Wulfnoth.* And deeper still the deep-  
down onbliette,

Down thirty feet below the smiling  
day—

In blackness—dogs' food thrown upon  
thy head.

And over thee the suns arise and set,  
And the lark sings, the sweet stars  
come and go,

And men are at their markets, in their  
fields,

And woo their loves and have forgot-  
ten thee;

And thou art upright in thy living grave,  
Where there is barely room to shift thy  
side,

And all thine England hath forgotten  
thee;

And he our lazy-pious Norman King,  
With all his Normans round him once  
again,

Counts his old beads, and hath forgot-  
ten thee.

*Harold.* Thou art of my blood, and  
so methinks, my boy,  
Thy fears infect me beyond reason.  
Peace!

*Wulfnoth.* And then our fiery Tos-  
tig, while thy hands  
Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians  
rise

And hurl him from them,—I have  
heard the Normans

Count upon this confusion—may he  
not make

A league with William, so to bring him  
back?

*Harold.* That lies within the shadow  
of the chance.

*Wulfnoth.* And like a river in flood  
thro' a burst dam

Descends the ruthless Norman—our  
good King

Kneels mumbling some old bone—our  
helpless folk

Are wash'd away, wailing, in their own  
blood—

*Harold.* Wailing! not warring?

Boy, thou hast forgotten

That thou art English.

*Wulfnoth.* Then our modest  
women—

I know the Norman license—thine own  
Edith—

*Harold.* No more! I will not hear  
thee—William comes.

*Wulfnoth.* I dare not well be seen  
in talk with thee.

Make thou not mention that I spake  
with thee.

[*Moves away to the back of the stage.*]

*Enter WILLIAM, MALET, and OFFICER.*

*Officer.* We have the man that rail'd  
against thy birth.

*William.* Tear out his tongue.

*Officer.* He shall not rail again;  
He said that he should see confusion  
fall

On thee and on thine house.

*William.* Tear out his eyes,  
And plunge him into prison.

*Officer.* It shall be done.  
[*Exit OFFICER.*]

*William.* Look not amazed, fair  
earl! Better leave undone.  
Than do by halves—tongueless and  
eyeless, prison'd—

*Harold.* Better methinks have slain the man at once!

*William.* We have respect for man's immortal soul,  
We seldom take man's life, except in war;  
It frights the traitor more to maim and blind.

*Harold.* In mine own land I should have scorn'd the man,  
Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him go.

*William.* And let him go? To slander thee again! [day  
Yet in thine own land in thy father's  
They blinded my young kinsman,  
Alfred—ay,

Some said it was thy rather's deed.

*Harold.* They lied.  
*William.* But thou and he—whom at thy word, for thou  
Art known a speaker of the truth, I free

From this foul charge—

*Harold.* Nay, nay, he freed himself  
By oath and compurgation from the charge.  
The king, the lords, the people clear'd him of it.

*William.* But thou and he drove our good Normans out  
From England, and this rankles in us yet.  
Archbishop Robert hardly scaped with life.

*Harold.* Archbishop Robert! Robert the Archbishop!  
Robert of Jumièges, he that—

*Malet.* Quiet! quiet!

*Harold.* Count! if there sat within thy Norman chair

A ruler all for England — one who fill'd

All offices, all bishoprics with English—

We could not move from Dover to the Humber

Saving thro' Norman bishoprics—I say

Ye would applaud that Norman who should drive

The stranger to the fiends!

*William.* Why, that is reason!  
Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal!

Ay, ay, but many among our Norman lords

Hate thee for this, and press upon me—saying

God and the sea have given thee to our hands—

To plunge thee into life-long prison here:—

Yet I hold out against them, as I may,  
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they should revolt—

For thou hast done the battle in my cause;

I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

*Harold.* I am doubly bound to thee . . . if this be so.

*William.* And I would bind thee more, and would myself  
Be bounden to thee more.

*Harold.* Then let me hence  
With Wulfnoth to King Edward.

*William.* So we will.  
We hear he hath not long to live.

*Harold.* It may be.

*William.* Why then the heir of England, who is he?

*Harold.* The Atheling is nearest to the throne.

*William.* But sickly, slight, half-witted and a child,  
Will England have him king?

*Harold.* It may be, no.

*William.* And hath King Edward not pronounced his heir?

*Harold.* Not that I know.

*William.* When he was here in Normandy,

He loved us and we him, because we found him

A Norman of the Normans.

*Harold.* So did we.

*William.* A gentle, gracious, pure and saintly man!

And grateful to the hand that shielded him,

He promised that if he ever were king  
In England, he would give his kingly voice

To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

*Harold.* I learn it now.

*William.* Thou knowest I am his cousin [fred?

And that my wife descends from *Al-Harold.* Ay.

*William.* Who hath a better claim then to the crown

So that ye will not crown the Atheling?

*Harold.* None that I know . . . if that but hung upon

King Edward's will.

*William.* Wilt thou uphold my claim?

*Malet (aside to HAROLD).* Be careful of thine answer, my good friend.

*Wulfnoth (aside to HAROLD).* Oh! Harold, for my sake and for thine own!

*Harold.* Ay . . . if the king have not revoked his promise.

*William.* But hath he done it then?

*Harold.* Not that I know.

*William.* Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown.

*Harold.* Ay . . . if the Witan will consent to this.

*William.* Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man,

Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall I have it?

*Wulfnoth (aside to HAROLD).* Oh! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

*Harold.* Ay, if—

*Malet (aside to HAROLD).* Thine "ifs" will sear thine eyes out—ay.

*William.* I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown?

And I will make thee my great Earl of Earls,

Foremost in England and in Normandy;

Thou shalt be verily king—all but the name—

For I shall most sojourn in Normandy;

And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

*Wulfnoth (aside to HAROLD).* Ay brother—for the sake of England, —ay.

*Harold.* My lord—

*Malet (aside to HAROLD).* Take heed now.

*Harold.* Ay.

*William.* I am content, For thou art truthful, and thy word thy bond.

To-morrow will we ride with thee to Harfleur. [*Exit WILLIAM.*

*Malet.* Harold, I am thy friend, one life with thee,

And even as I should bless thee, saving mine,

I thank thee now for having saved thyself. [*Exit MALET.*

*Harold.* For having lost myself to save myself,

Said "ay" when I meant "no," lied like a lad

That dreads the pendent scourge, said "ay" for "no!"

Ay! No!—he hath not bound me by an oath—

Is "ay" an oath? is "ay" strong as an oath?

Or is it the same sin to break my word As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!

He is a liar who knows I am a liar, And makes believe that he believes my word—

The crime be on his head—not bounden—no.

[*Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner hall COUNT WILLIAM in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two bishops, ODO OF BAYEUX being one: in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the Norman barons.*

*Enter a JAILER before WILLIAM's throne.*

*William (to JAILER).* Knave, hast thou let thy prisoner escape?

*Jailer.* Sir Count,



He had but one foot, he must have  
hopt away ;

Yea, some familiar spirit must have  
help'd him.

*William.* Woe knave to thy familiar  
and to thee !

Give me thy keys. [*They fall clashing.*  
Nay, let them lie. Stand there and  
wait my will.

[*The JAILER stands aside.*

*William (to HAROLD).* Hast thou  
such trustless jailers in thy North ?

*Harold.* We have few prisoners in  
mine earldom there,

So less chance for false keepers.

*William.* We have heard  
Of thy just, mild, and equal govern-  
ance ;

Honor to thee ! thou art perfect in all  
honor !

Thy naked word thy bond ! confirm it  
now

[*age,*  
Before our gather'd Norman baron-  
For they will not believe thee—as I  
believe.

[*Descends from his throne and stands  
by the ark.*

Let all men here bear witness of our  
bond !

[*Beckons to HAROLD, who advances.*

*Enter MALET behind him.*

Lay thou thy hand upon this golden  
pall !

Behold the jewel of St. Pancratius  
Woven into the gold. Swear thou on  
this !

*Harold.* What should I swear ?  
Why should I swear on this ?

*William (savagely).* Swear thou to  
help me to the crown of England.

*Malet (whispering HAROLD).* My  
friend, thou hast gone too far to  
palter now.

*Wulfnoth (whispering HAROLD).*  
Swear thou to-day, to-morrow is  
thine own.

*Harold.* I swear to help thee to the  
crown of England . . .

According as King Edward promises.

*William.* Thou must swear abso-  
lutely, noble Earl.

*Malet (whispering).* Delay is death  
to thee, ruin to England.

*Wulfnoth (whispering).* Swear, dear-  
est brother, I beseech thee, swear !

*Harold (putting his hand on the jewel).*  
I swear to help thee to the crown  
of England.

*William.* Thanks, truthful Earl ; I  
did not doubt thy word,

But that my barons might believe thy  
word,

And that the Holy Saints of Nor-  
mandy

When thou art home in England, with  
thine own,

Might strengthen thee in keeping of  
thy word,

I made thee swear.—Show him by  
whom he hath sworn.

[*The two Bishops advance and  
raise the cloth of gold. The bod-  
ies and bones of Saints are seen  
lying in the ark.*

The holy bones of all the Canonized  
From all the holiest shrines in Nor-  
mandy !

*Harold.* Horrible !

[*They let the cloth fall again.*

*William.* Ay, for thou hast sworn  
an oath

Which, if not kept, would make the  
hard earth rive

To the very devil's horns, the bright  
sky cleave

To the very feet of God, and send her  
hosts

Of injured Spirits to scatter sparks of  
plague

Thro' all your cities, blast your infants,  
dash

The torch of war among your standing  
corn,

Dabble your hearths with your own  
blood.—Enough !

Thou wilt not break it ! I, the Count  
—the King—

Thy friend—am grateful for thine hon-  
est oath,

Not coming fiercely like a conqueror,  
now,

But softly as a bridegroom to his own.

For I shall rule according to your laws,

And make your ever-jarring Earldoms move

To music and in order—Angle, Jute, Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne

Out-towering hers of France. . . . The wind is fair

For England now. . . . To-night we will be merry.

To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

[*Exeunt WILLIAM and all the Norman barons, etc.*]

Harold. To-night we will be merry—and to-morrow—

Juggler and bastard—bastard—he hates that most—

William the tanner's bastard! Would he heard me!

O God, that I were in some wide, waste field

With nothing but my battle-axe and him

To spatter his brains! Why let earth rive, gulf in

These cursed Normans—yea, and mine own self.

Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that I may say

Ev'n to their faces, "If ye side with William

Ye are not noble." How their pointed fingers

Glared at me! Am I Harold; Harold son

Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch mine arms,

My limbs—they are not mine—they are a liars—

I mean to be a liar—I am not bound—Stigand shall give me absolution for it—

Did the chest move? did it move? I am utter craven!

O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast betray'd me!

Wulfnoth. Forgive me, brother, I will live here and die.

*Enter PAGE.*

Page. My lord! the Duke awaits thee at the banquet.

Harold. Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their blood.

Page. My lord—

Harold. I know your Norman cookery is so spiced,

It masks all this.

Page. My lord! thou art white as death.

Harold. With looking on the dead.

Am I so white?

Thy Duke will seem the darker.

Hence, I follow. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON.

KING EDWARD *dying on a couch, and by him standing the QUEEN, HAROLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, ALDWYTH, and EDITH.*

Stigand. Sleeping or dying there?

If this be death,

Then our great Council wait to crown thee King—

Come hither, I have a power:

[*to HAROLD.*]

They call me near, for I am close to thee

And England—I, old shrivell'd Stigand, I,

Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree,

I have a power!

See here this little key about my neck!

There lies a treasure buried down in

Ely:

If e'er the Norman grow too hard for thee,

Ask me for this at thy most need, son Harold,

At thy most need—not sooner.

Harold.

So I will

*Stigand.* Red gold — a hundred purses, yea, and more!

If thou canst make a wholesome use of these

To chink against the Norman, I do believe

My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings

To fly to heaven straight with.

*Harold.* Thank thee, father! Thou art English, Edward too is English now:

He hath clean repented of his Normanism.

*Stigand.* Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot

Make done undone, when thro' his dying sense

Shrills "lost thro' thee." They have built their castles here;

Our prisoners are Norman; the Norman adder

Hath bitten us; we are poison'd: our dear England

Is demi-Norman. He!—

[*Pointing to KING EDWARD sleeping.*

*Harold.* I would I were As holy and as passionless as he!

That I might rest as calmly: Look at him—

The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard,

The brows unwrinkled as a summer mere—

*Stigand.* A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts

From a side gorge. Passionless? How he flamed

When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,

He fain had calcined all Northumbria To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion

Siding with our great Council against Tostig,

Out-passion'd his! Holy? ay, ay, forsooth,

A conscience for his own soul, not his realm;

A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink;

Thine by the sun; nay, by some sun to be,

When all the world hath learnt to speak the truth,

And lying were self-murder by that state

Which was the exception.

*Harold.* That sun may God speed!

*Stigand.* Come, Harold, shake the cloud off!

*Harold.* Can I, father?

Our Tostig parted cursing me and England;

Our sister hates us for his banishment; He hath gone to kindle Norway against England,

And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy. For when I rode with William down to Harfleur,

"Wulfnoth is sick," he said; "he cannot follow;"

Then with that friendly-fiendly smile of his,

"We have learnt to love him, let him a little longer

Remain a hostage for the loyalty Of Godwin's house." As far as touches Wulfnoth,

I that so prized plain word and naked truth

Have sinn'd against it—all in vain.

*Leofwin.* Good brother, By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd,

Of all the lies that ever men have lied, Thine is the pardonablest.

*Harold.* May be so! I think it so, I think I am a fool

To think it can be otherwise than so.

*Stigand.* Tut, tut, I have absolved thee: dost thou scorn me,

Because I had my Canterbury pallium From one whom they disposed?

*Harold.* No, Stigand, no!

*Stigand.* Is naked truth actable in true life?

I have heard a saying of thy father Godwin,

That, were a man of state nakedly true, Men would but take him for the craftier liar.



*Leofwin.* Be men less delicate than the Devil himself?

I thought that naked Truth would shame the Devil,  
The Devil is so modest.

*Gurth.* He never said it!

*Leofwin.* Be thou not stupid-honest, brother Gurth!

*Harold.* Better to be a liar's dog, and hold

My master honest, than believe that lying

And ruling men are fatal twins that cannot

Move one without the other. Edward wakes!—

Dazed—he hath seen a vision.

*Edward.* The green tree!  
Then a great Angel past along the highest,

Crying, "the doom of England," and at once

He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword

Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree

From off the bearing trunk, and hurl'd it from him

Three fields away, and then he dash'd and drench'd,

He dyed, he soak'd the trunk with human blood,

And brought the sunder'd tree again, and set it

Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood

Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing,

And shot out sidelong boughs across the deep

That rooted themselves, and rooted in far isles

Beyond my seeing: and the great Angel rose

And past again along the highest, crying,

"The doom of England,"—Tostig, raise my head! [*Falls back senseless.*]

*Harold (raising him).* Let Harold serve for Tostig!

*Queen.*

Harold served

Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig! Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid it low!

The sickness of our saintly king, for whom

My prayers go up as fast as my tears fall,

I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself From lack of Tostig—thou hast banish'd him.

*Harold.* Nay—but the Council, and the king himself!

*Queen.* Thou hatest him, hatest him.

*Harold (coldly).* Ay—Stigand, unriddle

This vision, canst thou?

*Stigand.* Dotage!

*Edward (starting up).* It is finish'd.

I have built the Lord a house—the Lord hath dwelt

In darkness. I have built the Lord a house—

Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden cherubim [wall—

With twenty-cubit wings from wall to I have built the Lord a house—sing,

Asaph! clash

The cymbal, Heman! blow the trumpet, priest!

Fall, cloud, and fill the house—lo! my two pillars,

Jachin and Boaz!—

[*Seeing HAROLD and GURTH.*]

Harold, Gurth,—where am I?

Where is the charter of our Westminster?

*Stigand.* It lies beside thee, king, upon thy bed.

*Edward.* Sign, sign at once—take, sign it, Stigand, Aldred!

Sign it, my good son Harold, Gurth and Leofwin,

Sign it, my queen!

*All.* We have sign'd it

*Edward.* It is finish'd!

The kingliest Abbey in all Christian lands,

The lordliest, loftliest minster ever built To Holy Peter in our English isle!

Let me be buried there, and all our kings,

And all our just and wise and holy men  
That shall be born hereafter. It is  
finish'd!

Hast thou had absolution for thine  
oath? [To HAROLD.

*Harold.* Stigand hath given me abso-  
lution for it.

*Edward.* Stigand is not canonical  
enough

To save thee from the wrath of Norman  
Saints.

*Stigand.* Norman enough! Be there  
no Saints of England

To help us from their brethren yonder?

*Edward.* Prelate,

The Saints are one, but those of Nor-  
manland

Are mightier than our own. Ask it of  
Aldred. [To HAROLD.

*Aldred.* It shall be granted him, my  
king; for he

Who vows a vow to strangle his own  
mother

Is guiltier keeping this, than breaking it.

*Edward.* O friends, I shall not over-  
live the day.

*Stigand.* Why then the throne is  
empty. Who inherits?

For tho' we be not bound by the king's  
voice

In making of a king, yet the king's  
voice

Is much toward his making. Who in-  
herits?

Edgar the Atheling?

*Edward.* No, no, but Harold.

I love him: he hath served me: none  
but he

Can rule all England. Yet the curse  
is on him

For swearing falsely by those blessed  
bones;

He did not mean to keep his vow.

*Harold.* Not mean

To make our England Norman.

*Edward.* There spake Godwin,  
Who hated all the Normans: but  
their Saints

Have heard thee, Harold.

*Edith.* Oh! my lord, my king!  
He knew not whom he swore by.

*Edward.* Yea, I know  
He knew not, but those heavenly ears  
have heard,

Their curse is on him: wilt thou bring  
another,

Edith, upon his head?

*Edith.* No, no, not I.

*Edward.* Why then, thou must not  
wed him.

*Harold.* Wherefore, wherefore?

*Edward.* O son, when thou didst tell  
me of thine oath,

I sorrow'd for my random promise  
given

To yon fox-lion. I did not dream then  
I should be king.—My son, the Saints  
are virgins;

They love the white rose of virginity,  
The cold, white lily blowing in her  
cell:

I have been myself a virgin; and I  
swore.

To consecrate my virgin here to heav-  
en—

The silent, cloister'd, solitary life,  
A life of life-long prayer against the  
curse

That lies on thee and England.

*Harold.* No, no, no.

*Edward.* Treble denial of the tongue  
of flesh,

Like Peter's when he fell, and thou  
wilt have

To wail for it like Peter. O my son!  
Are all oaths to be broken then, all  
promises

Made in our agony for help from heav-  
en?

Son, there is one who loves thee: and  
a wife,

What matters who, so she be service-  
able

In all obedience, as mine own hath  
been:

God bless thee, wedded daughter.

[Laying his hand on the QUEEN'S  
head.

*Queen.* Bless thee too  
That brother whom I love beyond the  
rest,  
My banish'd Tostig.

*Edward.* All the sweet Saints bless him!

Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!

And let him pass unscathed; he loves me, Harold!

Be kindly to the Normans left among us,

Who follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear,

When thou art king, to see my solemn vow

Accomplish'd!

*Harold.* Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn

Not to swear falsely twice.

*Edward.* Thou wilt not swear?

*Harold.* I cannot.

*Edward.* Then on thee remains the curse, [thee,

Harold, if thou embrace her; and on Edith, if thou abide it,—

[*The KING swoons; EDITH falls and kneels by the couch.*

*Stigand.* He hath swoon'd! Death? . . . no, as yet a breath.

*Harold.* Look up! look up! Edith!

*Aldred.* Confuse her not; she hath begun

Her life-long prayer for thee.

*Aldwyth.* O noble Harold, I would thou couldst have sworn.

*Harold.* For thine own pleasure?

*Aldwyth.* No, but to please our dying king, and those

Who make thy good their own—all England, Earl.

*Aldred.* I would thou couldst have sworn. Our holy king

Hath given his virgin lamb to Holy Church

To save thee from the curse.

*Harold.* Alas! poor man, His promise brought it on me.

*Aldred.* O good son! That knowledge made him all the

carefuller  
To find a means whereby the curse

might glance  
From thee and England.

*Harold.* Father, we so loved—

*Aldred.* The more the love, the mightier is the prayer;

The more the love, the more acceptable

The sacrifice of both your loves to heaven.

No sacrifice to heaven, no help from heaven;

That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.

And sacrifice there must be, for the king

Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen

A shadowing horror; there are signs in heaven—

*Harold.* Your comet came and went.

*Aldred.* And signs on earth!

Knowest thou Senlac hill?

*Harold.* I know all Sussex; A good intrenchment for a perilous

hour!

*Aldred.* Pray God that come not suddenly! There is one

Who passing by that hill three nights ago—

He shook so that he scarce could out with it—

Heard, heard—

*Harold.* The wind in his hair?

*Aldred.* A ghostly horn

Blowing continually, and faint battle hymns,

And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men;

And dreadful shadows strove upon the hill,

And dreadful lights crept up from out the marsh—

Corpse-candles gliding over nameless graves—

*Harold.* At Senlac?

*Aldred.* Senlac.

*Edward (waking).* Senlac! Sanguelac,

The Lake of Blood!

*Stigand.* This lightning before death Plays on the word,—and Normanizes

too!

*Harold.* Hush, father, hush!



*Edward.* Thou uncanonical fool,  
Wilt thou play with the thunder?  
North and South  
Thunder together, showers of blood  
are blown  
Before a never-ending blast, and hiss  
Against the blaze they cannot quench  
—a lake,  
A sea of blood—we are drown'd in  
blood—for God  
Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has  
drawn the bow—  
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! the  
arrow! [Dies.  
*Stigand.* It is the arrow of Death in  
his own heart—  
And our great Council wait to crown  
thee King.

SCENE II.—IN THE GARDEN.  
THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR  
LONDON.

*Edith.* Crown'd, crown'd and lost,  
crown'd King—and lost to me!

(Singing.)

Two young lovers in winter weather,  
None to guide them,  
Walk'd at night on the misty heather;  
Night, as black as a raven's feather;  
Both were lost and found together,  
None beside them.

That is the burthen of it—lost and  
found  
Together in the cruel river Swale  
A hundred years ago; and there's  
another,

Lost, lost, the light of day.

To which the lover answers lovingly,

"I am beside thee."

Lost, lost, we have lost the way.

"Love, I will guide thee."

Whither, O whither? into the river,  
Where we two may be lost together,  
And lost forever? "Oh! never, oh! never,  
Tho' we be lost and be found together."

Some think they loved within the pale  
forbidden  
By Holy Church; but who shall say?  
the truth

Was lost in that fierce North, where  
they were lost,  
Where all good things are lost, where  
Tostig lost  
The good hearts of his people. It is  
Harold!

*Enter HAROLD.*

Harold, the King!

*Harold.* Call me not King, but Har-  
old.

*Edith.* Nay, thou art King!

*Harold.* Thine, thine, or King or  
churl!

My girl, thou hast been weeping: turn  
not thou

Thy face away, but rather let me be  
King of the moment to thee, and com-  
mand

That kiss my due when subject, which  
will make

My kingship kinglier to me than to  
reign

King of the world without it.

*Edith.* Ask me not,  
Lest I should yield it, and the second  
course

Descend upon thine head, and thou be  
only

King of the moment over England.

*Harold.* Edith,  
Tho' somewhat less a king to my true  
self

Than ere they crown'd me one, for I  
have lost

Somewhat of upright stature thro'  
mine oath,

Yet thee I would not lose, and sell not  
thou

Our living passion for a dead man's  
dream;

Stigand believed he knew not what he  
spake.

Oh God! I cannot help it, but at  
times

They seem to me too narrow, all the  
faiths

Of this grown world of ours, whose  
baby eye

Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise, I  
fear

This curse, and scorn it: But a little light!—

And on it falls the shadow of the priest;

Heaven yield us more! for better, Woden, all

Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim Walhalla,

Eternal war, than that the Saints at peace

The Holiest of our Holiest one should be

This William's fellow-tricksters;—better die

Than credit this, for death is death, or else

Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me—thou art not

A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear There might be more than brother in my kiss,

And more than sister in thine own.

*Edith.* I dare not.

*Harold.* Scared by the church—

“Love for a whole life long”

When was that sung?

*Edith.* Here to the nightingales.

*Harold.* Their anthems of no church, how sweet they are!

Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross

Their billings ere they nest.

*Edith.* They are but of spring, They fly the winter change—not so with us—

No wings to come and go.

*Harold.* But wing'd souls flying Beyond all change, and in the eternal distance

To settle on the Truth.

*Edith.* They are not so true, They change their mates.

*Harold.* Do they? I did not know it.

*Edith.* They say thou art to wed the Lady Aldwyth.

*Harold.* They say, they say.

*Edith.* If this be politic, And well for thee and England—and for her—

Care not for me who love thee.

*Gurth (calling).* Harold, Harold!

*Harold.* The voice of Gurth! (*Enter GURTH.*) Good even, my good brother!

*Gurth.* Good even, gentle Edith.

*Edith.* Good even, Gurth.

*Gurth.* Ill news hath come! Our hapless brother, Tostig—

He, and the giant King of Norway, Harold

I Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Orkney,

Are landed North of Humber, and in a field

So packt with carnage that the dikes and brooks

Were bridged and damm'd with dead, have overthrown

Morcar and Edwin.

*Harold.* Well then, we must fight. How blows the wind?

*Gurth.* Against St. Valery And William.

*Harold.* Well then, we will to the North.

*Gurth.* Ay, but worse news: this William sent to Rome,

Swearing thou swarest falsely by his Saints: [brand

The Pope and that Archdeacon Hilde—His master, heard him, and have sent him back

A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair Of Peter, and all France, all Bur-

gundy,

Poitou, all Christendom, is raised against thee:

He hath cursed thee, and all those who fight for thee,

And given thy realm of England to the bastard.

*Harold.* Ha! ha!

*Edith.* Oh! laugh not! . . . Strange and ghastly in the gloom

And shadowing of this double thunder-cloud

That lowers on England—laughter!

*Harold.* No, not strange This was old human laughter in old Rome

Before a Pope was born, when that which reign'd

Call'd itself God.—A kindly rendering  
Of "Render unto Cæsar." . . . The  
Good Shepherd!

Take this, and render that.

*Gurth.* They have taken York.

*Harold.* The Lord was God and  
came as man—the Pope  
Is man and comes as God.—York  
taken?

*Gurth.* Yea,  
Tostig hath taken York!

*Harold.* To York then. Edith,  
Hast thou been braver, I had better  
braved

All—but I love thee and thou me—  
and that

Remains beyond all chances and all  
churches,

And that thou knowest.

*Edith.* Ay, but take back thy ring.  
It burns my hand—a curse to thee and  
me.

I dare not wear it.

[*Proffers HAROLD the ring, which  
he takes.*]

*Harold.* But I dare. God with thee!

[*Exeunt HAROLD and GURTH.*]

*Edith.* The King hath cursed him if  
he marry me;

The Pope hath cursed him, marry me  
or no!

God help me! I know nothing—can  
but pray

For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no  
help but prayer,

A breath that fleets beyond this iron  
world,

And touches Him that made it.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—IN NORTHUMBRIA.

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, ED-  
WIN, and Forces. Enter HAROLD;  
the standard of the golden Dragon of  
Wessex preceding him.

*Harold.* What! are thy people sul-  
len from defeat?

Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the  
Humber,

No voice to greet it.

*Edwin.* Let not our great king  
Believe us sullen—only shamed to the  
quick

Before the king—as having been so  
bruised

By Harold, king of Norway; but our  
help

Is Harold, king of England. Pardon  
us, thou!

Our silence is our reverence for the  
king!

*Harold.* Earl of the Mercians! if  
the truth be gall,

Cram me not thou with honey, when  
our good hive

Needs every sting to save it.

*Voices.* Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

*Harold.* Why cry thy people on thy  
sister's name?

*Morcar.* She hath won upon our  
people thro' her beauty,

And pleasantness among them.

*Voices.* Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

*Harold.* They shout as they would  
have her for a queen.

*Morcar.* She hath followed with our  
host, and suffer'd all.

*Harold.* What would ye, men?

*Voices.* Our old Northumbrian crown,  
And kings of our own choosing.

*Harold.* Your old crown  
Were little help without our Saxon  
carles

Against Hardrada.

*Voice.* Little! we are Danes,  
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our  
own field.

*Harold.* They have been plotting  
here! [*Aside.*]

*Voice.* He calls us little!

*Harold.* The kingdoms of this world  
began with little,

A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a  
hand

Down to the field beneath it, "Be  
thou mine,"

Then to the next. "Thou also"—if the  
field



Cried out "I am mine own," another hill,

Or fort, or city, took it, and the first Fell, and the next became an Empire.

*Voice.* Yet Thou art but a West Saxon; we are Danes!

*Harold.* My mother is a Dane, and I am English;

There is a pleasant fable in old books, Ye take a stick, and break it; bind a score

All in one fagot, snap it over knee Ye cannot.

*Voice.* Hear King Harold! he says true!

*Harold.* Would ye be Norsemen?

*Voices.* No!

*Harold.* Or Norman?

*Voices.* No!

*Harold.* Snap not the fagot-band then.

*Voice.* That is true!

*Voice.* Ay, but thou art not kingly, only grandson

To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd.

*Harold.* This old Wulfnoth Would take me on his knees and tell me tales

Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great Who drove you Danes; and yet he held that Dane, [all

Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be One England, for this cow-herd, like my father,

Who shook the Norman scoundrels off the throne,

Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of men,

Not made but born, like the great King of all,

A light among the oxen.

*Voice.* That is true!

*Voice.* Ay, and I love him now, for mine own father

Was great, and cobbled.

*Voice.* Thou art Tostig's brother, Who wastes the land.

*Harold.* This brother comes to save Your land from waste; I saved it once before,

For when your people banish'd Tostig hence,

And Edward would have sent a host against you,

Then I, who loved my brother, bade the king

Who doted on him, sanction your decree

Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of Morcar,

To help the realm from scattering.

*Voice.* King! thy brother, If one may dare to speak the truth, was wrong'd.

Wild was he, born so: but the plots against him

Had madden'd tamer men.

*Morcar.* Thou art one of those Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure-house

And slew two hundred of his following,

And now, when Tostig hath come back with power,

Are frighted back to Tostig.

*Old Thane.* Ugh! Plots and feuds! This is my ninetieth birthday. Can ye not

Be brethren? Godwin still at feud with Alfgar,

And Alfgar hates King Harold. Plosh and feuds!

This is my ninetieth birthday!

*Harold.* Old man, Harold Hates nothing; not *his* fault, if our two houses

Be less than brothers.

*Voices.* Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!

*Harold.* Again! Morcar! Edwin!

What do they mean?

*Edwin.* So the good king might deign to lend an ear

Not overscornful, we might chance—perchance—

To guess their meaning.

*Morcar.* Thine own meaning, Harold,

To make all England one, to close all feuds,

Mixing our bloods, that thence a king may rise

Half-Godwin and half-Alfgar, one to rule [quarrel.

All England beyond question, beyond  
*Harold.* Who sow'd this fancy here among the people?

*Morcar.* Who knows what sows itself among the people?

A goodly flower at times.

*Harold.* The Queen of Wales? Why, *Morcar*, it is all but duty in her To hate me; I have heard she hates me.

*Morcar.* No.

For I can swear to that, but cannot swear

That these will follow thee against the Norsemen,

If thou deny them this.

*Harold.* *Morcar* and *Edwin*, When will ye cease to plot against my house?

*Edwin.* The king can scarcely dream that we, who know

His prowess in the mountains of the West,

Should care to plot against him in the

*Morcar.* Who dares arraign us, king, of such a plot?

*Harold.* Ye heard one witness even now.

*Morcar.* The craven!

There is a faction risen again for *Tostig*,

Since *Tostig* came with Norway—fright not love.

*Harold.* *Morcar* and *Edwin*, will ye, if I yield,

Follow against the Norsemen?

*Morcar.* Surely, surely!

*Harold.* *Morcar* and *Edwin*, will ye upon oath

Help us against the Norman?

*Morcar.* With good will; Yea, take the Sacrament upon it, king.

*Harold.* Where is thy sister?

*Morcar.* Somewhere hard at hand, Call and she comes.

[One goes out, then enter ALDWYTH.

*Harold.* I doubt not but thou knowest

Why thou art summon'd

*Aldwyth.* Why?—I stay with these. Lest thy fierce *Tostig* spy me out alone,

And slay me all alive.

*Harold.* Canst thou love one Who did discrown thine husband, unqueen thee?

Didst thou not love thine husband?

*Aldwyth.* Oh! my lord, The nimble, wild, red, wiry, savage king—

That was, my lord, a match of policy.

*Harold.* Was it? I knew him brave: he loved his land: he fain

Had made her great: his finger on her harp

(I heard him more than once) had in it Wales,

Her floods, her woods, her hills: had I been his,

I had been all Welsh.

*Aldwyth.* Oh, ay—all Welsh—and yet

I saw thee drive him up his hills—and women

Cling to the conquer'd, if they love, the more;

If not, they cannot hate the conqueror. We never—oh! good *Morcar*, speak for us,

His conqueror conquer'd *Aldwyth*.

*Harold.* Goodly news!

*Morcar.* Doubt it not thou! Since *Griffyth*'s head was sent To *Edward*, she hath said it.

*Harold.* I had rather She would have loved her husband. *Aldwyth*, *Aldwyth*,

Canst thou love me, thou knowing where I love?

*Aldwyth.* I can, my lord, for mine own sake, for thine,

For *England*, for thy poor white dove, who flutters

Between thee and the porch, but then would find

Her nest within the cloister, and be still.

*Harold.* Canst thou love one, who cannot love again?

*Aldwyth.* Full hope have I that love  
will answer love.

*Harold.* Then in the name of the  
great God, so be it!  
Come, Aldred, join our hands before  
the hosts,  
That all may see.

[ALDRED joins the hands of HAROLD  
and ALDWYTH, and blesses them.]

*Voices.* Harold, Harold and Ald-  
wyth!

*Harold.* Set forth our golden Dragon,  
let him flap

The wings that beat down Wales!  
Advance our Standard of the warrior,  
Dark among gems and gold; and thou,  
brave banner,

Blaze like a night of fatal stars on  
those

Who read their doom and die.  
Where lie the Norsemen? on the Der-  
went? ay,

At Stamford-bridge.  
Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin, my  
friend—

Thou lingerest.—*Curth*,—  
Last night King Edward came to me  
in dreams—

The rosy face and long down-silvering  
beard—

He told me I should conquer:—  
I am no woman to put faith in dreams.  
(*To his army.*)

Last night King Edward came to me  
in dreams,

And told me we should conquer.  
*Voices.* Forward! Forward!

Harold and Holy Cross!  
*Aldwyth.* The day is won!

# SCENE II.—A PLAIN. BEFORE THE BATTLE OF STAM- FORD-BRIDGE.

HAROLD and his Guard.

*Harold.* Who is it comes this way?

*Tostig.* (*Enter TOSTIG with a  
small force.*) O brother,  
What art thou doing here?

*Tostig.* I am foraging  
For Norway's army

*Harold.* I could take and slay thee  
Thou art in arms against us.

*Tostig.* Take and slay me,  
For Edward loved me.

*Harold.* Edward bade me spare thee.

*Tostig.* I hate King Edward, for he  
join'd with thee  
To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slay  
me, I say,

Or I shall count thee fool.

*Harold.* Take thee, or free thee,  
Free thee or slay thee, Norway will  
have war;

No man would strike with Tostig, save  
for Norway.

Thou art nothing in thine England,  
save for Norway,

Who loves not thee, but war. What  
dost thou here,

Trampling thy mother's bosom into  
blood?

*Tostig.* She hath wean'd me from it  
with such bitterness.

I come for mine own Earldom, my  
Northumbria; [house.]

Thou hast given it to the enemy of our  
*Harold.* Northumbria threw thee off,

she will not have thee,

Thou hast misused her; and, O crown-  
ing crime!

Hast murder'd thine own guest, the  
son of Orm,

Gamel, at thine own hearth.

*Tostig.* The slow, fat fool!  
He draw'd and prated so, I smote him

suddenly:

I knew not what I did.

*Harold.* Come back to us,  
Know what thou dost, and we may find  
for thee,

So thou be chasten'd by thy banish-  
ment,

Some easier Earldom.

*Tostig.* What for Norway then?  
He looks for land among you, he and  
his.

*Harold.* Seven feet of English land,  
or something more,

Seeing he is a giant.

*Tostig.* O brother, brother,  
O Harold—



*Harold.* Nay, then, come thou back to us!

*Tostig.* Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig, Conjured the mightier Harold from his North

To do the battle for me here in England,

Then left him for the meaner! thee!—

Thou hast no passion for the House of Godwin—

Thou hast but cared to make thyself a king—

Thou hast sold me for a cry.—

Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council—

I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee.

Farewell forever! [Exit.]

*Harold.* On to Stamford-bridge!

### SCENE III.—AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE. BANQUET.

HAROLD and ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, and other Earls and Thanes.

*Voices.* Hail! Harold! Aldwyth! hail, bridegroom and bride!

*Aldwyth (talking with HAROLD).* Answer them thou!

Is this our marriage-banquet? Would the wines

Of wedding had been dash'd into the cups

Of victory, and our marriage and thy glory

Been drunk together! these poor hands but sew,

Spin, broider—would that they were man's to have held

The battle-axe by thee!

*Harold.* There was a moment When being forced aloof from all my guard,

And striking at Hardrada and his madmen,

I had wish'd for any weapon.

*Aldwyth.* Why art thou sad?

*Harold.* I have lost the boy who played at ball with me, With whom I fought another fight than this

Of Stamford-bridge.

*Aldwyth.* Ay! ay! thy victories Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side

He conquer'd with thee.

*Harold.* No—the childish fist That cannot strike again.

*Aldwyth.* Thou art too kindly. Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence?

Thy fierce forekings had clinch'd their pirate hides

To the bleak church doors, like kites upon a barn.

*Harold.* Is there so great a need to tell thee why?

*Aldwyth.* Yea, am I not thy wife?

*Voices.* Hail, Harold, Aldwyth! Bridegroom and bride!

*Aldwyth.* Answer them!

[To HAROLD.]

*Harold (to all).* Earls and Thanes! Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride!

Earls, Thanes, and all our countrymen! the day,

Our day beside the Derwent will not shine

Less than a star among the goldenest hours

Of Alfred, or of Edward his great son, Or Athelstan, or English Ironside

Who fought with Knut, or Knut who coming Dane

Died English. Every man about his king

Fought like a king; the king like his own man,

No better; one for all, and all for one, One soul: and therefore have we shatter'd back

The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet

Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken

The Raven's wing, and dumb'd his carrion croak

From the gray sea forever. Many are gone—

Drink to the dead who died for us, the living

Who fought and would have died, but happier lived,

If happier be to live; they both have life

In the large mouth of England, till *her* voice

Die with the world. Hail—hail!

*Morcar.* May all invaders perish like *Harrada*!

All traitors fail like *Tostig*!

[*All drink but* HAROLD.

*Aldwyth.* Thy cup's full!

*Harold.* I saw the hand of *Tostig* cover it. [him

Our dear, dead, traitor brother, *Tostig*, Reverently we buried. Friends, had I been here,

Without too large self-lauding I must hold

The sequel had been other than his league

With Norway, and this battle. Peace be with him!

He was not of the worst. If there be those

At banquet in this hall, and hearing me—

For there be those I fear who prick'd the lion

To make him spring, that sight of Danish blood

Might serve an end not English—peace be with them

Likewise, if *they* can be at peace with what

God gave us to divide us from the wolf!

*Aldwyth* (*aside to* HAROLD). Make not our *Morcar* sullen: it is not wise.

*Harold.* Hail to the living who fought, the dead who fell!

*Voices.* Hail, hail!

*First Thane.* How ran that answer which King *Harold* gave

To his dead namesake, when he ask'd for England?

*Leofwin.* "Seven feet of English earth, or something more, Seeing he is a giant!"

*First Thane.* Then for the bastard Six feet and nothing more!

*Leofwin.* Ay, but belike Thou hast not learnt his measure.

*First Thane.* By *St. Edmund* I over-measure him. Sound sleep to the man

Here by dead Norway without dream or dawn!

*Second Thane.* What, is he bragging still that he will come

To thrust our *Harold's* throne from under him?

My nurse would tell me of a molehill crying

To a mountain "Stand aside and room for me!"

*First Thane.* Let him come! let him come. Here's to him, sink or swim! [*Drinks.*

*Second Thane.* God sink him!

*First Thane.* Cannot hands which had the strength

To shove that stranded iceberg off our shores, [sea,

And send the shatter'd North again to Scuttle his cockle-shell? What's

*Brunanburg* To *Stamford-bridge*? a war-crash, and so hard, [Thor—

So loud, that, by *St. Dunstan*, old *St.* By God, we thought him dead—but

our old *Thor* Heard his own thunder again, and

woke and came Among us again, and mark'd the sons

of those Who made this Britain England, break the North:

Mark'd how the war-axe swang,  
Heard how the war-horn sang,  
Mark'd how the spear-head sprang,  
Heard how the shield-wall rang,  
Iron on iron clang,  
Anvil on hammer bang—

*Second Thane.* Hammer on anvil, hammer on anvil. Old dog, Thou art drunk, old dog!

*First Thane.* Too drunk to fight with thee!

*Second Thane.* Fight thou with thine own double, not with me,  
Keep that for Norman William!

*First Thane.* Down with William.

*Third Thane.* The washerwoman's brat!

*Fourth Thane.* The tanner's bastard!

*Fifth Thane.* The Falaise byblow!

*Enter a THANE, from Pevensey, spatter'd with mud.*

*Harold.* Ay, but what late guest,  
As haggard as a fast of forty days,  
And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires,

Hath stumbled on our cups?

*Thane from Pevensey.* My lord the King!

William the Norman, for the wind had changed—

*Harold.* I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight

At Stamford-bridge. William hath landed, ha?

*Thane from Pevensey.* Landed at Pevensey—I am from Pevensey—  
Hath wasted all the land at Pevensey—

Hath harried mine own cattle—God confound him!

I have ridden night and day from Pevensey—

A thousand ships, a hundred thousand men—

Thousands of horses, like as many lions

Neighing and roaring as they leapt to land—

*Harold.* How oft in coming hast thou broken bread?

*Thane from Pevensey.* Some thrice, or so.

*Harold.* Bring not thy hollowness  
On our full feast. Famine is fear,  
were it but

Of being starved. Sit down, sit down,  
and eat,

And, when again red-blooded, speak again;

(*Aside.*)

The men that guarded England to the South

Were scatter'd to the harvest. . . . No power mine

To hold their force together. . . . Many are fallen

At Stamford-bridge. . . . The people, stupid-sure,

Sleep like their swine. . . . In South and North at once

I could not be.

(*Aloud.*)

Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin!  
(*Pointing to the revellers.*) The curse of England! these are drown'd in wassail,

And cannot see the world but thro' their wines!

Leave them! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave—

Harsh is the news! hard is our honey-moon!

Thy pardon. (*Turning round to his attendants.*) Break the banquet up. . . . Ye four!

And thou, my carrier-pigeon of black news,

Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd. [*Exit HAROLD.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, *sitting*; by him standing HUGH MARGOT the Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN.

*Harold.* Refer my cause, my crown to Rome! . . . The wolf Mudded the brook, and predetermined all.

Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant "No"

For all but instant battle. I hear no more.



*Margot.* Hear me again—for the last time. Arise,  
Scatter thy people home, descend the hill,  
Lay hands of full allegiance in thy Lord's  
And crave his mercy, for the Holy Father  
Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

*Harold.* Then for the last time, monk,  
I ask again  
When had the Lateran and the Holy Father  
To do with England's choice of her own king?

*Margot.* Earl, the first Christian  
Cæsar drew to the East  
To leave the Pope dominion in the West. [West.

He gave him all the kingdoms of the  
*Harold.* So!—did he?—Earl—I have  
a mind to play

The William with thine eyesight and  
thy tongue.

Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of  
William.

I am weary—go: make me not wroth  
with thee!

*Margot.* Mock-king, I am the mes-  
senger of God,  
His Norman Daniel; Mene, Mene,  
Tekel!

Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare  
to cry,

Yon heaven is wroth with *thee*? Hear  
me again!

Our Saints have moved the Church  
that moves the world,  
And all the Heavens and very God:  
they heard—

They know King Edward's promise  
and thine—thine.

*Harold.* Should they not know free  
England crowns herself?

Not know that he nor I had power to  
promise?

Not know that Edward cancell'd his  
own promise?

And for *my* part therein—Back to that  
juggler, [Rising.

Tell him the Saints are nobler than  
he dreams,

Tell him that God is nobler than the  
Saints,

And tell him we stand arm'd on Sen-  
lac Hill,

And bide the doom of God.

*Margot.* Hear it thro' me.  
The realm for which thou art forsworn  
is cursed,

The babe enwomb'd and at the breast  
is cursed,

The corpse thou whelmest with thine  
earth is cursed,

The soul who fighteth on thy side is  
cursed,

The seed thou sowest in thy field is  
cursed,

The steer wherewith thou ploughest  
thy field is cursed,

The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is  
cursed,

And thou, usurper, liar—

*Harold.* Out, beast monk!  
[Lifting his hand to strike him.

GURTH stops the blow.  
I ever hated monks.

*Margot.* I am but a voice  
Among you: murder, martyr me if ye  
will—

*Harold.* Thanks, Gurth! The sim-  
ple, silent, honest man  
Is worth a world of tonguesters. (To  
MARGOT.) Get thee gone!  
He means the thing he says. See him  
out safe.

*Leofwin.* He hath blown himself as  
red as fire with curses.

An honest fool! Follow me, honest  
fool,

But if thou blurt thy curse among our  
folk,

I know not—I may give that egg-bald  
head

The tap that silences.

*Harold.* See him out safe.

[Exit LEOFWIN and MARGOT.

*Gurth.* Thou hast lost thine even  
temper, brother Harold!

*Harold.* Gurth, when I past by Wal-  
tham, my foundation

For men who serve the neighbor, not themselves,  
I cast me down prone, praying; and,  
when I rose,  
They told me that the Holy Rood had lean'd  
And bow'd above me; whether that  
which held it  
Had weaken'd and the Rood itself was bound  
To that necessity which binds us down;  
Whether it bow'd at all but in their fancy;  
Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin  
Or glory, who shall tell? but they were sad,  
And somewhat sadden'd me.

*Gurth.* Yet if a fear,  
Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange Saints  
By whom thou swarest should have power to balk  
Thy puissance in this fight with him who made  
And heard thee swear—brother—I have not sworn—  
If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall?

But if I fall, I fall; and thou art king;  
And if I win, I win, and thou art king?  
Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast

Whatever chance, but leave this day to me.

*Leofwin (entering).* And waste the land about thee as thou goest,  
And be thy hand as winter on the field,

To leave the foe no forage.

*Harold.* Noble Gurth!  
Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I fall—  
The doom of God! How should the people fight  
When the king flies? And, Leofwin, art thou mad?

How should the King of England waste the fields

Of England, his own people?—No glance yet

Of the Northumbrian helmet on the heath?

*Leofwin.* No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath,

And some one saw thy willy-nilly nun  
Vying a tress against our golden fern.

*Harold.* Vying a tear with our cold dew, a sigh

With these low-moaning heavens. Let her be fetch'd.

We have parted from our wife without reproach,

Tho' we have dived thro' all her practices;

And that is well.

*Leofwin.* I saw her even now:  
She hath not left us.

*Harold.* Naught of Morcar then?

*Gurth.* Nor seen, nor heard; thine, William's or his own

As wind blows, or tide flows: belike he watches,

If this war-storm in one of its rough rolls

Wash up that old crown of Northumberland.

*Harold.* I married her for Morcar—a sin against

The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems,

Is oft as childless of the good as evil  
For evil.

*Leofwin.* Good for good hath borne at times

A bastard false as William.

*Harold.* Ay, if Wisdom Pair'd not with Good. But I am somewhat worn,

A snatch of sleep were like the peace of God.

Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about the hill—

What did the dead man call it—Sanguelac,

The lake of blood?

*Leofwin.* A lake that dips in William

As well as Harold.

*Harold.* Like enough. I have seen  
The trenches dug, the palisades uprear'd

And wattled thick with ash and willow-wands ;

Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once more ;

See all be sound and whole. No Norman horse

Can shatter England, standing shield by shield ;

Tell that again to all.

*Gurth.* I will, good brother.

*Harold.* Our guardsman hath but toil'd his hand and foot,

I hand, foot, heart and head. Some wine !

[*One pours wine into a goblet, which he hands to HAROLD.*

Too much !

What ? we must use our battle-axe to-day.

Dur guardsmen have slept well, since we came in ?

*Leofwin.* Ay, slept and snored.

Your second-sighted man

That scared the dying conscience of the king,

Misheard their snores for groans.

They are up again,

And chanting that old song of Brunan-burg

Where England conquer'd.

*Harold.* That is well. The Norman, What is he doing ?

*Leofwin.* Praying for Normandy ;

Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells.

*Harold.* And our old songs are prayers for England too !

But by all Saints—

*Leofwin.* Barring the Norman !

*Harold.* Nay,

Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn,

I needs must rest. Call when the Norman moves—

[*Exeunt all but HAROLD.*

No horse—thousands of horses—our shield wall—

Wall—break it not—break not—break— [Sleeps.

*Vision of Edward.* Son Harold, I thy king, who came before

To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stamford-bridge,

Come yet once more, from where I am at peace,

Because I loved thee in my mortal day, [hill—

To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac Sanguelac !

*Vision of Wulfnoth.* O brother, from my ghastly oubliette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—

No more, no more, dear brother, nevermore—

Sanguelac !

*Vision of Tostig.* O brother, most unbrotherlike to me,

Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,

I give my voice against thee from the grave—

Sanguelac !

*Vision of Norman Saints.* O hapless Harold ! King but for an hour !

Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones.

We give our voice against thee out of heaven !

Sanguelac ! Sanguelac ! The arrow ! the arrow !

*Harold (starting up, battle-axe in hand).* Away !

My battle-axe against your voices. Peace !

The king's last word—"the arrow !" I shall die—

I die for England then, who lived for England—

What nobler ? men must die.

I cannot fall into a falser world—

I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor brother,

Art thou so anger'd ?

Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands

Save for thy wild and violent will that wrench'd

All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do

No other than this way advise the king



Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible  
That mortal men should bear their earthly heats  
Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us thence  
Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art revenged—  
I left our England naked to the South  
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's raid  
Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of Godwin  
Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking thoughts  
Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools  
Of sullen slumber, and arise again  
Disjointed: only dreams—where mine own self  
Takes part against myself! Why? for a spark  
Of self-disdain born in me when I swear  
Falsely to him, the falser Norman, over  
His gilded ark of mummy-saints, by whom  
I knew not that I swear,—not for myself—  
For England—yet not wholly—

*Enter EDITH.*

Edith, Edith,  
Get thou into thy cloister as the king  
Will'd it: be safe: the perjury-mon-gering Count  
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church  
To break her close! There the great God of truth  
Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying devil  
Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I fain  
Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not:  
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years  
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine

In cold, white cells beneath an icy moon—  
This memory to thee!—and this to England,  
My legacy of war against the Pope  
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,  
Till the sea wash her level with her shores,  
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

*Enter ALDWYTH.*

*Aldwyth (to EDITH).* Away from him!

*Edith.* I will . . . I have not spoken to the king

One word; and one I must. Farewell! [*Going.*]

*Harold.* Not yet.

Stay.

*Edith.* To what use?

*Harold.* The king commands thee, woman!

(*To ALDWYTH.*)

Have thy two brethren sent their forces in?

*Aldwyth.* Nay, I fear not.

*Harold.* Then there's no force in thee! [*ear*]

Thou didst possess thyself of Edward's  
To part me from the woman that I loved!

Thou didst arouse the fierce North-umbrians!

Thou hast been false to England and to me!

As . . . in some sort . . . I have been false to thee.

Leave me. No more—Pardon on both sides—Go!

*Aldwyth.* Alas, my lord, I loved thee.

*Harold.* With a love  
Passing thy love for Griffyth! wherefore now

Obey my first and last commandment, Go!

*Aldwyth.* O Harold! husband! Shall we meet again?

*Harold.* After the battle—after the battle. Go.

*Aldwyth.* I go. (*Aside.*) That I could stab her standing there!

[*Exit ALDWYTH.*]

*Edith.* Alas, my lord, she loved thee.

*Harold.* Never! never!

*Edith.* I saw it in her eyes!

*Harold.* I see it in thine.  
And not on thee—nor England—fall  
God's doom!

*Edith.* On thee? on me. And thou art England! Alfred

Was England. Ethelred was nothing.  
England

Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

*Harold.* Edith,

The sign in heaven—the sudden blast at sea—

My fatal oath—the dead Saints—the dark dreams—

The Pope's Anathema—the Holy Rood

That bow'd to me at Waltham—Edith, if

I, the last English King of England—

*Edith.* No,

First of a line that coming from the people,

And chosen by the people—

*Harold.* And fighting for  
And dying for the people—

*Edith.* Living! living!

*Harold.* Yea so, good cheer! thou art Harold, I am Edith!

Look not thus wan!

*Edith.* What matters how I look?  
Have we not broken Wales and Norseland? slain,

Whose life was all one battle, incarnate war,

Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-arms

Than William?

*Harold.* Ay, my girl, no tricks in him—

No bastard he! when all was lost, he yell'd,

And bit his shield, and dash'd on it the ground,

And swaying his two-handed sword about him,

Two deaths at every swing, ran in up on us

And died so, and I loved him as I hate  
This liar who made me liar. If Hate can kill,

And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-axe—

*Edith.* Waste not thy might before the battle!

*Harold.* And thou must hence.  
Stigand will see thee safe,

And so—Farewell.

[*He is going, but turns back.*]

The ring thou dardest not wear,  
I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.

[*HAROLD shows the ring, which is on his finger.*]

Farewell!

[*He is going, but turns back again.*]

I am dead as Death this day to aught of earth's

Save William's death or mine.

*Edith.* Thy death!—to-day!

Is it not thy birthday?

*Harold.* Ay, that happy day!  
A birthday welcome! happy days and many!

One—this! [*They embrace.*]  
Look, I will bear thy blessing into the battle

And front the doom of God.

*Norman cries (heard in the distance).*

Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

*Enter GURTH.*

*Gurth.* The Norman moves!

*Harold.* Harold and Holy Cross!  
[*Exeunt HAROLD and GURTH.*]

*Enter STIGAND.*

*Stigand.* Our Church in arms—the lamb the lion—not

Spear into pruning hook—the countet way—

Cowl, helm; and crozier, battle-axe.  
Abbot Alfwig,

Leofric, and all the monks of Peterboro'

Strike for the king; but I, old wretch, old Stigand,

With hands too limp to brandish iron  
—and yet

I have a power—would Harold ask me  
for it—

I have a power.

*Edith.* What power, holy father?

*Stigand.* Power now from Harold to  
command thee hence

And see thee safe from Senlac.

*Edith.* I remain!

*Stigand.* Yea, so will I, daughter,  
until I find

Which way the battle balance. I can  
see it

From where we stand: and, live or die,  
I would

I were among them!

*Canons from Waltham (singing with-  
out).*

Salva patriam  
Sancte Pater,  
Salva Fili,  
Salva Spiritus,  
Salva patriam.  
Sancta Mater.\*

*Edith.* Are those the blessed angels  
quiring, father?

*Stigand.* No, daughter, but the  
canons out of Waltham,

The king's foundation, that have fol-  
low'd him.

*Edith.* O God of battles, make their  
wall of shields

Firm as thy cliffs, strengthen their pal-  
isades!

What is that whirring sound?

*Stigand.* The Norman arrow!

*Edith.* Look out upon the battle—is  
he safe?

*Stigand.* The king of England stands  
between his banners.

He glitters on the crowning of the hill.  
God save King Harold!

*Edith.* —chosen by his people,  
And fighting for his people!

*Stigand.* There is one  
Come as Goliath came of yore—he  
flings

His brand in air and catches it again;  
He is chanting some old war-song.

\* The *a* throughout these hymns should be  
sounded broad, as in "father."

*Edith.* And no David  
To meet him?

*Stigand.* Ay, there springs a Saxon  
on him,  
Falls—and another falls.

*Edith.* Have mercy on us!

*Stigand.* Lo! our good Gurth hath  
smitten him to the death.

*Edith.* So perish all the enemies of  
Harold!

*Canons (singing).*

Hostis in Angliam  
Ruit prædator,  
Illorum, domine,  
Scutum scindatur!  
Hostis per Angliæ  
Plagas bacchatur;  
Casa crematur,  
Pastor fugatur  
Grex trucidatur—

*Stigand.* Illos trucida, Domine.

*Edith.* Ay, good father.

*Canons (singing).*

Illorum scelera  
Pœna sequatur!

*English Cries.* Harold and Holy  
Cross! Out! out!

*Stigand.* Our javelins  
Answer their arrows. All the Norman  
foot

Are storming up the hill. The range  
of knights

Sit, each a statue on his horse, and  
wait.

*English Cries.* Harold and God Al-  
mighty!

*Norman Cries.* Ha Rou! Ha Rou!  
*Canons (singing).*

Eques cum pedite  
Præpediatur!  
Illorum in lacrymas  
Cruor fundatur!  
Pereant, pereant,  
Anglia precatur.

*Stigand.* Look, daughter, look.

*Edith.* Nay, father, look for me!

*Stigand.* Our axes lighten with a  
single flash  
About the summit of the hill, and heads  
And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd  
by



Their lightning—and they fly—the Norman flies.

*Edith.* Stigand, O father, have we won the day?

*Stigand.* No, daughter, no—they fall behind the horse—

Their horse are thronging to the barricades;

I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter Floating above their helmets—ha! he is down!

*Edith.* He down! Who down?

*Stigand.* The Norman count is down.

*Edith.* So perish all the enemies of England!

*Stigand.* No, no, he hath risen again—he bares his face—

Shouts something—he points onward—all their horse

Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming up.

*Edith.* O God of battles, make his battle-axe keen [heavy

As thine own sharp-dividing justice, As thine own bolts that fall on criminal heads

Charged with the weight of heaven wherefrom they fall!

*Canons (singing).*

Jacta tonitrua  
Deus bellator!  
Surgas e tenebris,  
Sis vindicator!  
Fulmina, fulmina  
Deus vastator!

*Edith.* O God of battles, they are three to one,

Make thou one man as three to roll them down!

*Canons (singing).*

Equus cum equite  
Dejiciatur!  
Acies, Acies  
Prona sternatur!  
Illorum lanceas  
Frangere Creator!

*Stigand.* Yea, yea, for how their lances snap and shiver

Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe!

War-woodman of the old Woden, how he fells

The mortal copse of faces! There! and there!

The horse and horseman cannot meet the shield.

The blow that brains the horseman cleaves the horse,

The horse and horseman roll along the hill,

They fly once more, they fly, the Norman flies!

Equus cum equite  
Præcipitatur.

*Edith.* O God, the God of truth hath heard my cry.

Follow them, follow them, drive them to the sea!

Illorum scelera  
Poena sequatur!

*Stigand.* Truth! no; a lie; a trick, a Norman trick!

They turn on the pursuer, horse against foot,

They murder all that follow.

*Edith.* Have mercy on us!

*Stigand.* Hot-headed fools—to burst the wall of shields!

They have broken the commandment of the king!

*Edith.* His oath was broken—O holy Norman Saints.

Ye that are now of heaven, and see beyond

Your Norman shrines, pardon it, pardon it,

That he forswore himself for all he loved,

Me, me and all! Look out upon the battle!

*Stigand.* They press again upon the barricades.

My sight is eagle, but the strife so thick—

This is the hottest of it: hold, ash! hold, willow!

*English Cries.* Out, out!

*Norman Cries.* Ha Rou!

*Stigand.* Ha! Gurth hath leapt upon him

And slain him: he hath fallen.

*Edith.* And I am heard.

Glory to God in the Highest! fallen,  
fallen!

*Stigand.* No, no, his horse—he  
mounts another—wields

His war-club, dashes it on Gurth, and  
Gurth,

Our noble Gurth, is down!

*Edith.* Have mercy on us!

*Stigand.* And Leofwin is down!

*Edith.* Have mercy on us!

O Thou that knowest, let not my  
strong prayer

Be weaken'd in thy sight, because I love  
The husband of another!

*Norman Cries.* Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

*Edith.* I do not hear our English  
war-cry.

*Stigand.* No.

*Edith.* Look out upon the battle—is  
he safe?

*Stigand.* He stands between the ban-  
ners with the dead

So piled about him he can hardly move.  
*Edith (takes up the war cry).* Out!

out!

*Norman Cries.* Ha Rou!

*Edith (cries out).* Harold and Holy  
Cross!

*Norman Cries.* Ha Rou! Ha Rou!

*Edith.* What is that whirring sound?

*Stigand.* The Norman sends his  
arrows up to Heaven,

They fall on those within the palisade!

*Edith.* Look out upon the hill—is  
Harold there?

*Stigand.* Sanguelac—Sanguelac—the  
arrow—the arrow!—away!

## SCENE II.—FIELD OF THE DEAD. NIGHT.

ALDWYTH and EDITH.

*Aldwyth.* O Edith, art thou here?  
O Harold, Harold—

Our Harold—we shall never see him  
more.

*Edith.* For there was more than  
sister in my kiss,

And so the saints were wroth. I can-  
not love them,

For they are Norman saints—and yet I  
should—

They are so much holier than their  
harlot's son

With whom they play'd their game  
against the king!

*Aldwyth.* The king is slain, the king-  
dom overthrown!

*Edith.* No matter!

*Aldwyth.* How no matter, Harold  
slain?—

I cannot find his body. O help me  
thou! [thee,

O Edith, if I ever wrought against  
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

*Edith.* No matter.

*Aldwyth.* Not help me, nor forgive  
me?

*Edith.* So thou saidest.

*Aldwyth.* I say it now, forgive me!

*Edith.* Cross me not!

I am seeking one who wedded me in  
secret.

Whisper! God's angels only know it.  
Ha!

What art thou doing here among the  
dead?

They are stripping the dead bodies  
naked yonder,

And thou art come to rob them of their  
rings!

*Aldwyth.* O Edith, Edith, I have lost  
both crown

And husband.

*Edith.* So have I.

*Aldwyth.* I tell thee girl,  
I am seeking my dead Harold.

*Edith.* And I mine!  
The Holy Father strangled him with a

hair  
Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;

The wicked sister clapt her hands and  
laught;

Then all the dead fell on him.

*Aldwyth.* Edith, Edith—

*Edith.* What was he like, this hus-  
band? like to thee?

Call not for help from me. I knew  
him not.

He lies not here: not close beside the  
standard.

Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of  
England.

Go further hence and find him.

*Aldwyth.* She is crazed!

*Edith.* That doth not matter either.

Lower the light.

He must be here.

*Enter two Canons OSGOD and ATHEL-  
RIC, with torches. They turn over  
the dead bodies and examine them as  
they pass.*

*Osgod.* I think that this is Thurkill.

*Athelric.* More likely Godric.

*Osgod.* I am sure this body  
Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.

*Athelric.* So it is!

No, no—brave Gurth, one gash from  
brow to knee!

*Osgod.* And here is Leofwin.

*Edith.* And here is *He!*

*Aldwyth.* Harold? Oh no—nay, if  
it were—my God,

They have so maim'd and martyr'd all  
his face

There is no man can swear to him.

*Edith.* But one woman!

Look you, we never mean to part  
again.

I have found him, I am happy.

Was there not some one ask'd me for  
forgiveness?

I yield it freely, being the true wife  
Of this dead King, who never bore re-  
venge.

*Enter COUNT WILLIAM and WILLIAM  
MALET.*

*William.* Who be these women?  
And what body is this?

*Edith.* Harold, thy better!

*William.* Ay, and what art thou?

*Edith.* His wife?

*Malet.* Not true, my girl, here is the  
Queen! [*Pointing out ALDWYTH.*]

*William (to ALDWYTH).* Wast thou  
his Queen?

*Aldwyth.* I was the Queen of Wales.

*William.* Why then of England.

Madam, fear us not.

(*To MALET.*)

Knowest thou this other?

*Malet.* When I visited England  
Some held she was his wife in secret—  
some—

Well—some believed she was his para-  
mour.

*Edith.* Norman, thou liest! liars all  
of you,

Your Saints and all! I am his wife!  
and she—

For look, our marriage ring!

[*She draws it off the finger of  
HAROLD.*]

I lost it somehow—  
I lost it, playing with it when I was  
wild.

That bred the doubt: but I am wiser  
now...

I am too wise... Will none among  
you all

Bear me true witness—only for this  
once—

That I have found it here again?

[*She puts it on.*]

And thou  
Thy wife am I forever and evermore.

[*Falls on the body and dies.*]

*William.* Death!—and enough of  
death for this one day,

The day of St. Calixtus, and the day,  
My day, when I was born.

*Malet.* And this dead king's,  
Who, king or not, hath kinglike fought  
and fallen,

His birthday, too. It seems but  
yester-even

I held it with him in his English halls,  
His day, with all his roof-tree ringing

"Harold,"

Before he fell into the snare of Guy;  
When all men Counted Harold would  
be king,

And Harold was most happy.

*William.* Thou art half English  
Take them away!

Malet, I vow to build a church to God  
Here on this hill of battle; let our  
high altar

Stand where their standard fell...  
where these two lie.



Take them away, I do not love to see them.

Pluck the dead woman off the dead man, Malet!

*Malet.* Faster than ivy. Must I hack her arms off?

How shall I part them?

*William.* Leave them. Let them be!

Bury him and his paramour together.

He that was false in oath to me, it seems

Was false to his own wife. We will not give him

A Christian burial : yet he was a warrior,

And wise, yea truthful, till that blighted vow

Which God avenged to-day.

Wrap them together in a purple cloak  
And lay them both upon the waste seashore

At Hastings, there to guard the land  
for which

He did forswear himself—a warrior—  
av,

And but that Holy Peter fought for us,

And that the false Northumbrian held aloof,

And save for that chance arrow which the saints

Sharpen'd and sent against him—who can tell?—

Three horses had I slain beneath me :  
twice

I thought that all was lost. Since I knew battle,

And that was from my boyhood, never yet—

No, by the splendor of God—have I fought men

Like Harold and his brethern, and his guard [king

Of English. Every man about his Fell where he stood. They loved him :

and, pray God

My Normans may but move as true with me

To the door of death. Of one self-stock at first,

Make them again one people—Norman, English ;

And English, Norman ;—we should have a hand

To grasp the world with, and a foot to stamp it. . . .

Flat. Praise the Saints. It is over. No more blood !

I am King of England, so they thwart me not,

And I will rule according to their laws.

(To ALDWYTH.)

Madam, we will entreat thee with all honor.

*Aldwyth.* My punishment is more than I can bear.

## THE REVENGE.

### A BALLAD OF THE FLEET, 1591.

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,

And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away

"Spanish ships of war at sea ! we have sighted fifty-three !"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard : "'Fore God I am no coward!

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.

We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-three ?"

## II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : " I know you are no coward ;  
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.  
But I've ninety men or more that are lying sick ashore  
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard.  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

## III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land  
Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

## IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,  
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
" Shall we fight or shall we fly ?  
Good Sir Richard, let us know,  
For to fight is but to die !  
There'll be little of us left by the time the sun be set."  
And Sir Richard said again : " We be all good Englishmen.  
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

## V.

Sir Richard spoke, and he laugh'd, and we roared a hurrah, and so  
The little " Revenge " ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below ;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,  
And the little " Revenge " ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft  
Running on and on, till delay'd  
By their mountain-like " San Philip " that, of fifteen hundred tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

## VII.

And while now the great " San Philip " hung above us like a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

## VIII.

But anon the great "San Philip, she bethought herself and went,  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill-content;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame;  
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

## X.

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"  
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;  
And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,  
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

## XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we still could sting,  
So they watch'd what the end would be.  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we,  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,  
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;  
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
As may never be fought again!  
We have won great glory, my men!  
And a day less or more  
At sea or shore,



We die—does it matter when?  
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!”

## XII.

And the gunner said, “Ay, ay,” but the seamen made reply:  
“We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;  
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow”  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

## XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
“I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:  
With a joful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!”—  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;  
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,  
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,  
And they mann'd the “Revenge” with a swarthier alien crew,  
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;  
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,  
And the little “Revenge” herself went down by the island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

## THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

## DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that, which lived  
 True life, live on—and if the fatal kiss,  
 Born of true life and love, divorce thee not  
 From earthly love and life—if what we call  
 The spirit flash not all at once from out  
 This shadow into Substance—then perhaps  
 The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise  
 From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm,  
 Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,  
 Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees  
 Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-bloom  
 Break thro' the yews and cypress of thy grave,  
 And thine Imperial mother smile again,  
 May send one ray to thee! and who can tell—  
 Thou—England's England-loving daughter—thou  
 Dying so English thou wouldst have her flag  
 Borne on thy coffin—where is he can swear  
 But that some broken gleam from our poor earth  
 May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay  
 At thy pale feet this ballad of the deeds  
 Of England, and her banner in the East?

## I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou  
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!  
 Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high  
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—  
 Shot thro' the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew.  
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

## II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our lives—  
 Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!  
 Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.  
 "Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"  
 Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best of the brave:  
 Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that night in his grave,  
 "Every man die at his post!" and there hail'd on our houses and halls  
 Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,  
 Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,

Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stoopt to the spade,  
 Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there fell  
 Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and their shell,  
 Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told of our best,  
 So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could think for the rest;  
 Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our feet—  
 Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round—  
 Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street,  
 Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death in the ground!  
 Mine? yes, a mine! Countermine! down, down! and creep thro' the hole!  
 Keep the revolver in hand! You can hear him—the murderous mole.  
 Quiet, ah! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro'!  
 Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before—  
 Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more  
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

## III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a day  
 Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd away,  
 Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in their hell—  
 Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—  
 Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.  
 What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the Redan!  
 Storm at the Water-gate! storm at the Bailey-gate! storm, and it ran  
 Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side  
 Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the tide—  
 So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall escape?  
 Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and men!  
 Ready! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd with our grape—  
 Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward again,  
 Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not subdue;  
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

## IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,  
 Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,  
 Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;  
 Still—could we watch at all points? we were every day fewer and fewer  
 There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past:  
 "Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold unawares—  
 Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at last—  
 Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into theirs!"  
 Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung  
 Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.  
 Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure they your hand be as true!  
 Sharp is the fire of assault, better aim'd are your flank fusilades—  
 Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,  
 Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades  
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.



## V.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore  
 Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.  
 Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—  
 One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: "Follow me, follow me!"  
 Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.  
 Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?  
 Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure! make way for the gun!  
 Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.  
 Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!  
 Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,  
 Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew  
 That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

## VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight;  
 But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—  
 Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms.  
 Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to arms,  
 Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,  
 Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,  
 Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,  
 Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,  
 Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,  
 Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torture of flies,  
 Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,  
 Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be heal'd,  
 Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—  
 Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a life,  
 Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,  
 Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,  
 Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,  
 Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,  
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—  
 Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-shatter'd walls  
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—  
 But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

## VII.

Hark cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the scout?  
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!  
 Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—  
 But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

## VIII.

Hark canonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout?  
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way thro' the fell mutineers!  
 Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!  
 All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,

Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers,  
 Forth from their holes and their hidings our women and children come out,  
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,  
 Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their tears!  
 Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?  
 Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!  
 "Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!  
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

## THE LOVER'S TALE.

THE original preface to "The Lover's Tale" states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who, boy-like, admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation, and marred by the many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated, and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel,—a work of my mature life,—"The Golden Supper?"

MAY, 1879.

### ARGUMENT.

Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells, tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the Event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

#### I.

HERE far away, seen from the topmost  
 cliff,  
 Filling with purple gloom the vacan-  
 cies,  
 Between the tufted hills, the sloping  
 seas  
 Hung in mid-heaven, and half way  
 down rare sails,  
 White as white clouds, floated from  
 sky to sky.  
 Oh! pleasant breast of waters, quiet  
 bay,  
 Like to a quiet mind in the loud world,  
 Where the chafed breakers of the outer  
 sea  
 Sank powerless, as anger falls aside

And withers on the breast of peaceful  
 love;  
 Thou didst receive the growth of vines  
 that fledged  
 The hills that watched thee, as Love  
 watcheth Love, [self  
 In thine own essence, and delight thy-  
 To make it wholly thine on sunny days.  
 Keep thou thy name of "Lover's Bay."  
 See, sirs,  
 Even now the Goddess of the Past,  
 that takes  
 The heart, and sometimes touches but  
 one string  
 That quivers, and is silent, and some-  
 times  
 Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd  
 chords

To some old melody, begins to play  
That air which pleased her first. I  
    feel thy breath ;  
I come, great Mistress of the ear and  
    eye :  
Thy breath is of the pine wood ; and  
    tho' years  
Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy  
    strait  
Betwixt the native land of Love and  
    me,  
Breathe but a little on me, and the sail  
Will draw me to the rising of the sun,  
The lucid chambers of the morning star,  
And East of Life.

Permit me, friend, I prithee,  
To pass my hand across my brows, and  
    muse  
On those dear hills, that never more  
will meet  
The sight that throbs and aches be-  
neath my touch,  
As tho' there beat a heart in either  
eye;                                 thus,  
For when the outer lights are darken'd  
The memory's vision hath a keener  
edge.  
It grows upon me now—the semicircle  
Of dark blue waters and the narrow  
fringe  
Of curving beach—its wreaths of drip-  
ping green—  
Its pale pink shells—the summer-house  
aloft  
That open'd on the pines with doors of  
glass,  
A mountain nest—the pleasure-boat  
that rock'd  
Light green with its own shadow, keel  
to keel,  
Upon the dappled dimplings of the  
wave,  
That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope!  
They come, they crowd upon me all at  
once—  
Moved from the cloud of forgotten  
things,  
That sometimes on the horizon of the  
mind

Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in  
storm—  
Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me  
—days  
Of dewy dawning, and the amber eyes  
When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I  
Were borne about the bay or safely  
moor'd  
Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where  
the tide  
Plash'd, sapping its worn ribs; and all  
without  
The slowly ridging rollers on the cliffs  
Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro'  
the arch  
Down those loud waters, like a setting  
star,  
Mixt with the gorgeous west the light  
house shone,  
And silver-smiling Venus ere she fell  
Would often loiter in her balmy blue,  
To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my love  
 Waver'd at anchor with me, when day  
     hung  
 From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy  
     halls;  
 Gleams of the water-circles, as they  
     broke,  
 Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her  
     lips,  
 Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair,  
 Leapt like a passing thought across her  
     eyes;  
 And mine with one that will not pass,  
     till earth  
 And heaven pass too, dwelt on my  
     heaven, a face  
 Most starry-fair, but kindled from with-  
     in  
 As 'twere with dawn. She was dark-  
     hair'd, dark-eyed:  
 Oh, such dark eyes! a single glance of  
     them  
 Will govern a whole life from birth to  
     death,  
 Careless of all things else, led on with  
     light  
 In trances and in visions: look at them,  
 You lose yourself in utter ignorance;



You cannot find their depth; for they  
 go back,  
 And farther back, and still withdraw  
 themselves  
 Quite into the deep soul, that evermore  
 Fresh springing from her fountains in  
 the brain,  
 Still pouring thro', floods with redund-  
 ant life  
 Her narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago  
 I should have died, if it were possible  
 To die in gazing on that perfectness  
 Which I do bear within me: I had  
 died,  
 But from my farthest lapse, my latest  
 ebb,  
 Thine image, like a charm of light and  
 strength  
 Upon the waters, push'd me back again  
 On these deserted sands of barren life  
 Tho' from the deep vault where the  
 heart of Hope  
 Fell into dust, and crumbled in the  
 dark—  
 Forgetting how to render beautiful  
 Her countenance with quick and health-  
 ful blood—  
 Thou didst not sway me upward;  
 could I perish  
 While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre,  
 Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's  
 quiet urn  
 Forever! He, that saith it, hath o'er-  
 stept  
 The slippery footing of his narrow wit,  
 And fall'n away from judgment. Thou  
 art light,  
 To which my spirit leaneth all her  
 flowers,  
 And length of days, and immortality  
 Of thought, and freshness ever self-  
 renewed.  
 For Time and Grief abode too long  
 with Life,  
 And, like all other friends i' the world,  
 at last  
 They grew aweary of her fellowship:  
 So Time and Grief did beckon unto  
 Death,

And Death drew nigh and beat the  
 doors of Life;  
 But thou didst sit alone in the inner  
 house,  
 A wakeful portress, and didst parle  
 with Death,—  
 "This is a charmed dwelling which I  
 hold;"  
 So Death gave back, and would no  
 further come.  
 Yet is my life nor in the present time,  
 Nor in the present place. To me  
 alone,  
 Push'd from his chair of regal heritage,  
 The Present is the vassal of the Past:  
 So that, in that I *have* lived, do I live,  
 And cannot die, and am, in having  
 been,  
 A portion of the pleasant yesterday,  
 Thrust forward on to-day and out of  
 place;  
 A body journeying onward, sick with  
 toil,  
 The weight as if of age upon my limbs,  
 The grasp of hopeless grief about my  
 heart, [that,  
 And all the senses weaken'd, save in  
 Which long ago they had glean'd and  
 garner'd up  
 Into the granaries of memory—  
 The clear brow, bulwark of the precious  
 brain,  
 Chink'd as you see, and seem'd—and  
 all the while  
 The light soul twines and mingles with  
 the growths  
 Of vigorous early days, attracted, won,  
 Married, made one with, molten into  
 all  
 The beautiful in Past of act or place,  
 And like the all-enduring camel, driven  
 Far from the diamond fountain by the  
 palms,  
 Who toils across the middle moon-lit  
 nights,  
 Or when the white heats of the blind-  
 ing noons  
 Beat from the concave sand; yet in  
 him keeps  
 A draught of that sweet fountain that  
 he loves,

To stay his feet from falling, and his  
spirit  
From bitterness of death.

Ye ask me, friends,  
When I began to-love. How should I  
tell you?

Or from the after-fulness of my heart,  
Flow back again unto my slender spring  
And first of love, tho' every turn and  
depth

Between is clearer in my life than all  
Its present flow. Ye know not what  
ye ask.

How should the broad and open flower  
What sort of bud it was, when, prest  
together

In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken  
folds,

It seem'd to keep its sweetness to it-  
self,

Yet was not the less sweet for that it  
seem'd?

For young Life knows not when young  
Life was born,

But takes it all for granted: neither  
Love,

Warm in the heart, his cradle, can re-  
member

Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied,  
Looking on her that brought him to  
the light:

Or as men know not when they fall  
asleep

Into delicious dreams, our other life,  
So know I not when I began to love.

This is my sum of knowledge—that my  
love

Grew with myself—say rather, was my  
growth,

My inward sap, the hold I have on  
earth,

My outward circling air wherewith I  
breathe,

Which yet upholds my life, and ever-  
more

Is to my daily life and daily death:  
For how should I have lived and not  
have loved?

Can ye take off the sweetness from the  
flower,

The color and the sweetness from the  
rose,  
And place them by themselves; or set  
apart

Their motions and their brightness  
from the stars,

And then point out the flower or the  
star?

Or build a wall betwixt my life and  
love,

And tell me where I am? 'Tis even  
thus:

In that I live I love; because I love  
I live: whate'er is fountain to the  
one

Is fountain to the other; and when-  
e'er

Our God unknits the riddle of the  
one,

There is no shade or fold of mystery  
Swathing the other.

Many, many years  
(For they seem many and my most of  
life,

And well I could have linger'd in that  
porch,

So unproportion'd to the dwelling-  
place),

In the May dews of childhood, oppo-  
site

The flush and dawn of youth, we lived  
together,

Apart, alone together on those hills.

Before he saw my day my father  
died,

And he was happy that he saw it not;  
But I and the first daisy on his grave

From the same clay came into light at  
once.

As Love and I do number equal years,  
So she, my love, is of an age with  
me.

How like each other was the birth of  
each!

On the same morning, almost the same  
hour,

Under the selfsame aspect of the stars  
(O falsehood of all starcraft!), we were

born. [each!  
How like each other was the birth of

The sister of my mother—she that bore  
 Camilla close beneath her beating heart,  
 Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child,  
 With its true-touched pulses in the flow  
 And hourly visitation of the blood,  
 Sent notes of preparation manifold,  
 And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—  
 My mother's sister, mother of my love,  
 Who had a two-fold claim upon my heart,  
 One twofold mightier than the other was,  
 In giving so much beauty to the world,  
 And so much wealth as God hath charged her with—  
 Loathing to put it from herself forever,  
 Left her own life with it; and dying thus,  
 Crown'd with her highest act the placid face [past.  
 And breathless body of her good deeds

So we were born, so orphan'd. She was motherless  
 And I without a father. So from each  
 Of those two pillars which from earth uphold  
 Our childhood, one had fallen away, and all  
 The careful burden of our tender years  
 Trembled upon the other. He that gave  
 Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd  
 All loving kindnesses, all offices  
 Of watchful care and trembling tenderness.  
 He waked for both: he pray'd for both: he slept  
 Dreaming of both: nor was his love the less  
 Because it was divided, and shot forth  
 Boughs on each side, laden with whole  
 some shade,

Wherein we nested sleeping or awake,  
 And sang aloud the matin-song of life,

She was my foster-sister: on one arm  
 The flaxen ringlets of our infancies  
 Wander'd, the while we rested: one soft lap  
 Pillow'd us both: a common light of eyes  
 Was on us as we lay: our baby lips,  
 Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence  
 The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,  
 One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large,  
 Still larger moulding all the house of thought,  
 Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps—  
 All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,  
 Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatso'er  
 Our general mother meant for me alone,  
 Our mutual mother dealt to both of us:  
 So what was earliest mine in earliest life,  
 I shared with her in whom myself remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy,  
 They tell me, was a very miracle  
 Of fellow-feeling and communion.  
 They tell me that we would not be alone—  
 We cried when we were parted; when I wept,  
 Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears,  
 Staid on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved  
 The sound of one another's voices more  
 Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learnt  
 To lisp in tune together; that we slept



In the same cradle always, face to face,  
 Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip,  
 Folding each other, breathing on each other,  
 Dreaming together (dreaming of each other  
 They should have added), till the morning light  
 Slop'd thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane  
 Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke  
 To gaze upon each other. If this be true,  
 At thought of which my whole soul languishes  
 And faints, and hath no pulse, no breath—as tho'  
 A man in some still garden should infuse  
 Rich attar in the bosom of the rose,  
 Till, drunk with its own wine, and overfull  
 Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself,  
 It fall on its own thorns—if this be true,—  
 And that way my wish leads me evermore  
 Still to believe it, 'tis so sweet a thought,—  
 Why in the utter stillness of the soul  
 Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell  
 Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn,  
 Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest harmony?

O blossom'd portal of the lonely house,  
 Green prelude, April promise, glad new-year  
 Of Being, which with earliest violets  
 And lavish carol of clear-throated larks  
 Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not speak of thee;  
 These have not seen thee, these can never know thee,

They cannot understand me: Pass we then  
 A term of eighteen years. Ye would but laugh  
 If I should tell you how I hoard in thought  
 The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient crones,  
 Gray relics of the nurseries of the world,  
 Which are as gems set in my memory,  
 Because she learnt them with me; or what use  
 To know her father left us just before  
 The daffodil was blown? or how we found  
 The dead man cast upon the shore? All this  
 Seems to the quiet daylight of your minds  
 But cloud and smoke, and in the dark of mine  
 Is traced with flame. Move with me to the event.

There came a glorious morning, such a one  
 As dawns but once a season. Mercury  
 On such a morning would have flung himself  
 From cloud to cloud, and swum with balanced wings  
 To some tall mountain: when I said to her,  
 "A day for gods to stoop," she answered, "Ay,  
 And men to soar:" for as that other gazed,  
 Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud,  
 The prophet and the chariot and the steeds,  
 Suck'd into oneness like a little star  
 Were drunk into the inmost blue, we stood,  
 When first we came from out the pines at noon,  
 With hands for 'eaves, uplooking and almost  
 Waiting to see some blessed shape in heaven,

So bathed we were in brilliance. Never  
yet

Before or after have I known the  
spring

Pour with such sudden deluges of light  
Into the middle summer; for that day,  
Love, rising, shook his wings, and  
charged the winds

With spiced May-sweets from bound  
to bound, and blew

Fresh fire into the sun, and from  
within

Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent  
his soul

Into the songs of birds, and touch'd  
far off

His mountain-altars, his high hills, with  
flame

Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wound:  
The great pine shook with lonely  
sounds of joy

That came on the sea-wind. As moun-  
tain streams

Our bloods ran free: the sunshine  
seem'd to brood

More warmly on the heart than on the  
brow.

We often paused, and, looking back,  
we saw

The clefts and openings in the moun-  
tains fill'd

With the blue valley and the glistening  
brooks,

And all the low dark groves, a land of  
love!

A land of promise, a land of memory,  
A land of promise flowing with the  
milk

And honey of delicious memories!

And down to sea, and far as eye could  
ken,

Each way from verge to verge a Holy  
Land.

Still growing holier as you near'd the  
bay,

For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd  
The grassy platform on some hill, I  
stoop'd, [brows

I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her

And mine made garlands of the self  
same flower,

Which she took smiling, and with my  
work thus

Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or  
twice she told me

(For I remember all things) to let  
grow

The flowers that run poison in their  
veins.

She said, "The evil flourish in the  
world."

Then playfully she gave herself the  
lie—

"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful;  
So, brother, pluck, and spare not."

So I wove  
Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem,

"whose flower,  
Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sun-  
rise,

Like to the wild youth of an evil  
prince,

Is without sweetness, but who crowns  
himself

Above the secret poisons of his heart  
In his old age." A graceful thought of  
hers

Grav'n on my fancy! And oh, how  
like a nymph,

A stately mountain nymph, she look'd!  
how native

Unto the hills she trod on! While I  
gazed,

My coronal slowly disentwined itself  
And fell between us both; tho' while I  
gazed

My spirit leap'd as with those thrills of  
bliss

That strike across the soul in prayer,  
and show us

That we are surely heard. Methought  
a light

Burst from the garland I had wov'n,  
and stood

A solid glory on her bright black hair;  
A light methought broke from her  
dark, dark eyes,

And shot itself into the singing winds:  
A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her  
white robe

As from a glass in the sun, and fell  
about  
My footsteps on the mountains.

Last we came

To what our people call "The Hill of  
Woe."

A bridge is there, that look'd at from  
beneath,

Seems but a cobweb filament to link  
The yawning of an earthquake-cloven  
chasm,

And thence one night, when all the  
winds were loud,

A woful man (for so the story went)  
Had thrust his wife and child and  
dash'd himself

Into the dizzy depth below. Below,  
Fierce in the strength of far descent, a  
stream

Flies with a shatter'd foam along the  
chasm.

The path was perilous, loosely strewn  
with crags:

We mounted slowly; yet to both there  
came

The joy of life in steepness overcome,  
And victories of ascent, and looking  
down

On all that had look'd down on us;  
and joy

In reathing nearer heaven; and joy  
to me,

High over all the azure-circled earth,  
To breathe with her as if in heaven it-  
self;

And more than joy that I to her be-  
came

Her guardian and her angel, raising  
her

Still higher, past all peril, until she  
saw

Beneath her feet the region far away,  
Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky  
brows,

Burst into open prospect—heath and  
hill,

And hollow lined and wooded to the  
lips,

And steep-down walls of battlemented  
rock

Gilded with broom, or shatter'd into  
spires,

And glory of broad waters interfused,  
Whence rose as it were breath and  
steam of gold,

And over all the great wood rioting  
And climbing, streak'd or starr'd at  
intervals

With falling brook or blossom'd bush  
—and last,

Framing the mighty landscape to the  
west,

A purple range of mountain-cones, be-  
tween

Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding  
bursts

The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

At length

Descending from the point and stand-  
ing both,

There on the tremulous bridge, that  
from beneath

Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in  
air,

We paused amid the splendor. All  
the west

And e'en unto the middle south was  
ribb'd

And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The  
sun below,

Held for a space 'twixt cloud and  
wave, shower'd down

Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over  
That various wilderness a tissue of  
light

Unparallel'd. On the other side, the  
moon,

Half melted into thin blue air, stood  
still

And pale and fibrous as a wither'd  
leaf,

Nor yet endured in presence of His  
eyes

To induce his lustre; most unlover-  
like,

Since in his absence full of light and  
joy,

And giving light to others. But this  
most,

Next to her presence whom I loved so  
well,



Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart  
 As to my outward hearing : the loud stream,  
 Forth issuing from his portals in the crag  
 (A visible link unto the home of my heart),  
 Ran amber toward the west, and nigh the sea  
 Parting my own loved mountains was received,  
 Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy  
 Of that small bay, which out to open main  
 Glow'd intermingling close beneath the sun.  
 Spirit of love! that little hour was bound  
 Shut in from Time, and dedicate to thee :  
 Thy fires from heaven had touched it, and the earth  
 They fell on became hallow'd evermore.

We turn'd : our eyes met : hers were bright, and mine  
 Were dim with floating tears, that shot the sunset  
 In lightnings round me ; and my name was borne  
 Upon her breath. Henceforth my name has been  
 A hallow'd memory like the names of old,  
 A centred, glory-circled memory,  
 And a peculiar treasure, brooking not  
 Exchange or currency : and in that hour  
 A hope flowed round me, like a golden mist  
 Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,  
 A moment, ere the onward whirlwind shatter it,  
 Waver'd and floated—which was less than Hope,  
 Because it lack'd the power of perfect Hope ;

But which was more and higher than all Hope,  
 Because all other Hope had lower aim ;  
 Even that this name to which her gracious lips  
 Did lend such gentle utterance, this one name,  
 In some obscure hereafter, might inwreath  
 (How lovelier, nobler then!) her life, her love,  
 With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart and strength.  
 "Brother," she said, "let this be call'd henceforth  
 The Hill of Hope;" and I replied, "O sister,  
 My will is one with thine; the Hill of Hope."  
 Nevertheless, we did not change the name.

I did not speak ; I could not speak my love.  
 Love lieth deep : Love dwells not in lip-depths.  
 Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,  
 Constraining it with kisses close and warm,  
 Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts  
 So that they pass not to the shrine of sound.  
 Else had the life of that delighted hour  
 Drunk in the largeness of the utterance  
 Of Love ; but how should Earthly measure mete  
 The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited Love,  
 Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense  
 Unto the thunder-song that wheels the spheres,  
 Scarce living in the Æolian harmony,  
 And flowing odor of the spacious air,  
 Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth,

Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,  
Which pass with that which breathes  
them? Sooner Earth  
Might go round Heaven, and the  
straight girth of Time  
Inswathe the fulness of Eternity,  
Than language grasp the infinite of  
Love

O day which did enwomb that happy  
hour, [day!  
Thou art blessed in the years, divinest  
O Genius of that hour which dost up-  
hold  
Thy coronal of glory like a God,  
Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,  
Who walk before thee, ever turning  
round  
To gaze upon thee till their eyes are  
dim  
With dwelling on the light and depth  
of thine,  
Thy name is ever worshipp'd among  
hours!  
Had I died then, I had not seem'd to  
die,  
For bliss stood round me like the light  
of Heaven—  
Had I died then, I had not known the  
death;  
Yea had the Power from whose right  
hand the light  
Of Life issueth, and from whose left  
hand floweth  
The shadow of Death, perennial efflu-  
ences,  
Whereof to all that draw the whole-  
some air  
Somewhile the one must overflow the  
other;  
Then had he stemm'd my day with  
night, and driven  
My current to the fountain whence it  
sprang,—  
Even his own abiding excellence—  
On me, methinks, that shock of gloom  
had fall'n  
Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged  
The other, like the sun I gazed upon,  
Which seeming for the moment due to  
death,

And dipping his head low beneath the  
verge,  
Yet bearing round about him his own  
day,  
In confidence of unabated strength,  
Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven,  
from light to light,  
And holdeth his undimmed forehead  
far  
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the down-  
ward hill;  
We past from light to dark. On the  
other side  
Is scoop'd a cavern and a mountain  
hall,  
Which none have fathom'd. If you  
go far in  
(The country people rumor) you may  
hear  
The moaning of the woman and the  
child,  
Shut in the secret chambers of the  
rock.  
I too have heard a sound—perchance  
of streams  
Running far on within its inmost halls,  
The home of darkness; but the cav-  
ern-mouth,  
Half overtrailed with a wanton weed,  
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that  
passing lightly  
Adown a natural stair of tangled roots,  
Is presently received in a sweet grave  
Of eglantines, a place of burial  
Far lovelier than its cradle; for unseen  
But taken with the sweetness of the  
place,  
It makes a constant bubbling melody  
That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower  
down  
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding,  
leaves  
Low banks of yellow sand; and from  
the woods  
That belt it rise three dark, tall cy-  
presses,—  
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal  
woe,  
That men plant over graves.

Hither we came,  
 And sitting down upon the golden moss,  
 Held converse sweet and low—low  
     converse sweet,  
 In which our voices bore least part.  
     The wind  
 Told a love tale beside us, how he  
     woo'd  
 The waters, and the waters answering  
     lisp'd  
 To kisses of the wind, that, sick with  
     love,  
 Fainted at intervals, and grew again  
 To utterance of passion. Ye cannot  
     shape  
 Fancy so fair as is this memory.  
 Methought all excellence that ever was  
 Had drawn herself from many thou-  
     sand years,  
 And all the separate Edens of this  
     Earth,  
 To centre in this place and time. I  
     listen'd,  
 And her words stole with most pre-  
     vailing sweetness  
 Into my heart, as thronging fancies  
     come  
 To boys and girls when summer days  
     are new,  
 And soul and heart and body are all  
     at ease :  
 What marvel my Camilla told me all ?  
 It was so happy an hour, so sweet a  
     place,  
 And I was as the brother of her blood,  
 And by that name I moved upon her  
     breath ;  
 Dear name, which had too much of  
     nearness in it  
 And heralded the distance of this time !  
 At first her voice was very sweet and  
     low,  
 As if she were afraid of utterance ;  
 But in the onward current of her  
     speech  
 (As echoes of the hollow-banked  
     brooks  
 Are fashioned by the channel which  
     they keep),  
 Her words did of their meaning bor-  
     row sound,

Her cheek did catch the color of her  
     words.  
 I heard and trembled, yet I could but  
     hear ;  
 My heart paused—my raised eyelids  
     would not fall,  
 But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.  
 I seem'd the only part of Time stood  
     still,  
 And saw the motion of all other  
     things ;  
 While her words, syllable by syllable,  
 Like water, drop by drop, upon my  
     ear  
 Fell ; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not  
     to speak ;  
 But she spake on, for I did name no  
     wish.  
 What marvel my Camilla told me all  
 Her maiden dignities of Hope and  
     Love—  
 "Perchance," she said, "return'd."  
     Even then the stars  
 Did tremble in their stations as I  
     gazed :  
 But she spake on, for I did name no  
     wish,  
 No wish—no hope. Hope was not  
     wholly dead,  
 But breathing hard at the approach of  
     Death,—  
 Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine  
 No longer in the dearest sense of  
     mine—  
 For all the secret of her inmost heart  
 And all the maiden empire of her  
     mind,  
 Lay like a map before me, and I saw  
 There, where I hoped myself to reign  
     as king,  
 There, where that day I crown'd my-  
     self as king,  
 There in my realm and even on my  
     throne,  
*Another !* Then it seem'd as tho' a  
     link  
 Of some tight chain within my inmost  
     frame [not  
 Was riven in twain : that life I heeded  
 Flow'd from me, and the darkness of  
     the grave,



The darkness of the grave and utter  
 night,  
 Did swallow up my vision; at her  
 feet,  
 Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,  
 Smit with exceeding sorrow unto  
 Death.

Then had the earth beneath me  
 yawning cloven  
 With such a sound as when an iceberg  
 splits  
 From cope to base—had Heaven from  
 all her doors,  
 With all her golden thresholds clash-  
 ing, roll'd  
 Her heaviest thunder—I had lain as  
 dead,  
 Mute, blind, and motionless as then I  
 lay;  
 Dead, for henceforth there was no life  
 for me!  
 Mute, for henceforth what use were  
 words to me!  
 Blind, for the day was as the night to  
 me!  
 The night to me was kinder than the  
 day;  
 The night in pity took away my day,  
 Because my grief as yet was newly  
 born  
 Of eyes too weak to look upon the  
 light;  
 And thro' the hasty notice of the ear  
 Frail Life was startled from the tender  
 love  
 Of him she brooded over. Would I  
 had lain  
 Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound  
 Round my worn limbs, and the wild  
 brier had driven  
 Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining  
 brows,  
 Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.  
 The wind had blown above me, and  
 the rain  
 Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded  
 snake  
 Had nestled in the bosom-throne of  
 Love,  
 But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me  
 All too soon  
 Life (like a wanton too-officious friend,  
 Who will not *hear* denial, vain and  
 rude  
 With proffer of unwished-for services)  
 Entering all the avenues of sense  
 Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,  
 With hated warmth of apprehensive-  
 ness.  
 And first the chillness of the sprinkled  
 brook  
 Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd  
 to hear  
 Its murmur, as the drowning seaman  
 hears,  
 Who with his head below the surface  
 dropt  
 Listens the muffled blooming indis-  
 tinct  
 Of the confused floods, and dimly  
 knows  
 His head shall rise no more : and then  
 came in  
 The white light of the weary moon  
 above,  
 Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.  
 Was my sight drunk that it did shape  
 to me  
 Him who should own that name?  
 Were it not well  
 If so be that the echo of that name  
 Ringing within the fancy had updrawn  
 A fashion and a phantasm of the form  
 It should attach to? Phantom!—had  
 the ghastliest  
 That ever lusted for a body, sucking  
 The foul steam of the grave to thicken  
 by it,  
 There in the shuddering moonlight  
 brought its face  
 And what it has for eyes as close to  
 mine  
 As he did—better that than his, than  
 he  
 The friend, the neighbor, Lionel, the  
 beloved,  
 The loved, the lover, the happy  
 Lionel,  
 The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel,  
 All joy, to whom my agony was a joy.

Oh how her choice did leap forth from  
his eyes !  
Oh how her love did clothe itself in  
smiles  
About his lips ! and—not one moment's  
grace—  
Then when the effect weigh'd seas  
upon my head  
To come my way ! to twit me with the  
cause !

Was not the land as free thro' all  
her ways  
To him as me ? Was not his wont to  
walk  
Between the going light and growing  
night ?  
Had I not learnt my loss before he  
came ?  
Could that be more because he came  
my way ?  
Why should he not come my way if he  
would ?  
And yet to-night to-night—when all  
my wealth  
Flash'd from me in a moment and I  
fell  
Beggar'd forever—why *should* he come  
my way  
Robed in those robes of light I must  
not wear,  
With that great crown of beams about  
his brows—  
Come like an angel to a damned soul,  
To tell him of the bliss he had with  
God—  
Come like a careless and greedy heir  
That scarce can wait the reading of  
will  
Before he takes possession ? Was  
mine a mood  
To be invaded rudely, and not rather  
A sacred, secret, unapproached woe,  
Unspeakable ? I was shut up with  
Grief ;  
She took the body of my past delight,  
Narded and swathed and balm'd it for  
herself,  
And laid it in a sepulchre of rock  
Never to rise again. I was led mute  
Into her temple like a sacrifice ;

I was the High Priest in her holiest  
place,  
Not to be loudly broken in upon.

O friend, thoughts deep and heavy as  
these well nigh  
O'erbore the limits of my brain ; but  
he  
Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm up-  
stayed.

I thought it was an adder's fold, and  
once

I strove to disengage myself, but fail'd,  
Being so feeble : she bent above me,  
too ;

Wan was her cheek ; for whatso'er of  
blight

Lives in the dewy touch of pity had  
made

The red rose there a pale one—and  
her eyes—

I saw the moonlight glitter on their  
tears—

And some few drops of that distress-  
ful rain

Fell on my face, and her long ringlets  
moved,

Drooping and beaten by the breeze,  
and brush'd

My fallen forehead in their to and fro,  
For in the sudden anguish of her heart  
Loosed from their simple thrall they  
had flow'd abroad,

And floated on and parted round her  
neck,

Mantling her form half way. She,  
when I woke,

Something she ask'd, I know not what,  
and ask'd,

Unanswer'd, since I spake not ; for  
the sound

Of that dear voice so musically low,  
And now first heard with any sense of  
pain,

As it had taken life away before,  
Choked all the syllables, that strove  
to rise

From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too,  
From his great hoard of happiness  
distill'd

Some drops of solace : like a vain rich man,  
 That, having always prosper'd in the world,  
 Folding his hands, deals comfortable words  
 To hearts wounded forever : yet, in truth,  
 Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,  
 Falling in whispers on the sense, address'd  
 More to the inward than the outward ear,  
 As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,  
 Scarce heard, recalling fragrance and the green  
 Of the dead spring : but mine was wholly dead,  
 No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for me.  
 Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd wrong?  
 And why was I to darken their pure love,  
 If, as I found, they two did love each other,  
 Because my own was darken'd? Why was I  
 To cross between their happy star and them?  
 To stand a shadow by their shining doors,  
 And vex them with my darkness?  
 Did I love her?  
 Ye know that I did love her; to this present  
 My full-orb'd love has waned not.  
 Did I love her,  
 And could I look upon her tearful eyes?  
 What had *she* done to weep? Why should *she* weep?  
 O innocent of spirit—let my heart  
 Break rather—whom the gentlest airs of Heaven  
 Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.  
 Her love did murder mine? What then? She deem'd

I wore a brother's mind : she call'd me brother;  
 She told all her love : she shall not weep.

The brightness of a burning thought, awhile  
 In battle with the glooms of my dark will,  
 Moon-like emerged, and to itself lift up  
 There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe  
 Reflex of action. Starting up at once,  
 As from a dismal dream of my own death,  
 I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love ;  
 I, for I loved her, graspt the hand she lov'd,  
 And laid it in her own, and sent my cry  
 Thro' the blank night to Him who loving made  
 The happy and the unhappy love, that He  
 Would hold the hand of blessing over them,  
 Lionel, the happy, and her, and her his bride!  
 Let them so love that men and boys may say,  
 "Lo! how they love each other!"  
 till their love  
 Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all  
 Known, when their faces are forgot in the land—  
 One golden dream of love, from which may death  
 Awake them with heaven's music in a life  
 More living to some happier happiness,  
 Swallowing its precedent in victory.  
 And as for me, Camilla, as for me,—  
 The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,  
 They will but sicken the sick plant the more.  
 Deem that I love thee but as brothers do,



So shalt thou love me still as sisters do ;  
 Or if thou dream aught farther, dream  
     but how  
 I could have loved thee, had there  
     been none else  
 To love as lovers, loved again by thee.

Or this, or somewhat like to this, I  
     spake,  
 When I beheld her weep so ruefully ;  
 For sure my love should ne'er indue  
     the front  
 And mask of Hate, who lives on  
     others' moans.  
 Shall Love pledge Hatred in her bit-  
     ter draughts,  
 And batten on her poisons? Love  
     forbid!  
 Love passeth not the threshold of cold  
     Hate,  
 And Hate is strange beneath the root  
     of Love  
 O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up  
     these tears  
 Shed for the love of Love; for tho'  
     mine image,  
 The subject of thy power, be cold in  
     her,  
 Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the  
     source  
 Of these sad tears, and feeds their  
     downward flow.  
 So Love, arraing'd to judgment and to  
     death,  
 Received unto himself a part of blame  
 Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,  
 Who, when the woful sentence hath  
     been past,  
 And all the clearness of his fame hath  
     gone  
 Beneath the shadow of the curse of  
     man,  
 First falls asleep in swoon, wherefrom  
     awaked,  
 And looking round upon his tearful  
     friends,  
 Forthwith and in his agony conceives  
 A shameful sense as of a cleaving  
     crime—  
 For whence without some guilt should  
     such grief be ?

So died that hour, and fell into the  
     abyss  
 Of forms outworn, but not to me out-  
     worn,  
 Who never hail'd another—was there  
     one ?  
 There might be one—one other, worth  
     the life  
 That made it sensible. So that hour  
     died  
 Like odor rapt into the winged wind  
 Born into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built,  
     that they,  
 They—when their love is wreck'd—if  
     Love can wreck—  
 On that sharp ridge of utmost doom  
     ride highly  
 Above the perilous seas of Change and  
     Chance ;  
 Nay, more, hold out the lights of  
     cheerfulness ;  
 As the tall ship, that many a dreary  
     year  
 Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at  
     sea,  
 All thro' the livelong hours of utter  
     dark,  
 Showers slanting light upon the dol-  
     orous wave.  
 For me—what light, what gleam on  
     those black ways  
 Where Love could walk with banish'd  
     Hope no more ?

It was ill done to part you, Sisters  
     fair ;  
 Love's arms were wreath'd about the  
     neck of Hope,  
 And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew  
     in her breath  
 In that close kiss, and drank her whis-  
     per'd tales.  
 They said that Love would die when  
     Hope was gone,  
 And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd  
     after Hope ;  
 At last she sought out Memory, and  
     they trod

The same old paths where Love had  
walk'd with Hope  
And Memory fed the soul of Love with  
tears.

## II.

FROM that time forth I would not see  
her more;

But many weary moons I lived alone—  
Alone, and in the heart of the great  
forest.

Sometimes upon the hills beside the  
sea

All day I watch'd the floating isles of  
shade,

And sometimes on the shore, upon the  
sands

Insensibly I drew her name, until  
The meaning of the letters shot into  
My brain; anon the wanton billow  
wash'd

Them over, till they faded like my  
love.

The hollow caverns heard me—the  
black brooks

Of the mid-forest heard me—the soft  
winds,

Laden with thistle down and seeds of  
flowers,

Paused in their course to hear me, for  
my voice

Was all of thee: the merry linnet  
knew me,

The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-  
fly

Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.  
The rough brier tore my bleeding

palms; the hemlock  
Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I

past;

Yet trod I not the wild flower in my  
path,

Nor bruised the wild bird's egg.

Was this the end?

Why grew we then together in one  
plot?

Why fed we from one fountain? drew  
one sun?

Why were our mothers branches of  
one stem?

Why were we one in all things, save  
in that

Where to have been one had been the  
cope and crown

Of all I hoped and fear'd?—if that  
same nearness

Were father to this distance, and that  
*one*

Vauncourier to this *double*? if Affec-  
tion

Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd  
out

The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the  
hill

Where last we roam'd together, for the  
sound

Of the loud stream was pleasant, and  
the wind

Came wooingly with woodbine smells.  
Sometimes

All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,  
Fixing my eyes on those three cypress

cones

That spired above the wood; and with  
mad hand

Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy-  
screen,

I cast them in the noisy brook be-  
neath,

And watch'd them till they vanish'd  
from my sight

Beneath the bower of wreathed eglan-  
tines:

And all the fragments of the living  
rock

(Huge blocks, which some old trem-  
bling of the world

Had loosen'd from the mountain, till  
they fell

Half digging their own graves) these  
in my agony

Did I make bare of all the golden  
moss,

Wherewith the dashing runnel in the  
spring

Had liveried them all over. In my  
brain

The spirit seem'd to flag from thought  
to thought,

As moonlight wandering thro' a mist :  
 my blood  
 Crept like marsh drains thro' all my  
 languid limbs ;  
 The motions of my heart seem'd far  
 within me,  
 Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its  
 pulses ;  
 And yet it shook me, that my frame  
 would shudder,  
 As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack.  
 But over the deep graves of Hope and  
 Fear,  
 And all the broken palaces of the Past,  
 Brooded one master-passion evermore,  
 Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky  
 Above some fair metropolis, earth-  
 shock'd,—  
 Hung round with ragged ruins and  
 burning folds,—  
 Embathing all with wild and woful  
 hues,  
 Great hills of ruins, and collaps'd  
 masses  
 Of thunder-shaken columns indistinct,  
 And fused together in the tyrannous  
 light—  
 Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me !

Sometimes I thought Camilla was  
 no more,  
 Some one had told she was dead, and  
 ask'd me  
 If I would see her burial; then I  
 seem'd  
 To rise, and through the forest-shadow  
 borne  
 With more than mortal swiftness, I  
 ran down  
 The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon  
 The rear of a procession, curving  
 round  
 The silver-sheeted bay: in front of  
 which  
 Six stately virgins, all in white, up-  
 bare  
 A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest  
 lawn,  
 Wreathed round the bier with gar-  
 lands: in the distance, [hill  
 From out the yellow woods upon the

Look'd forth the summit and the pin-  
 nacles  
 Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals  
 A low bell tolling. All the pageantry,  
 Save those six virgins which upheld  
 the bier,  
 Were stole from head to foot in flow-  
 ing black :  
 One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd  
 his brow,  
 And he was loud in weeping and in  
 praise  
 Of her he follow'd : a strong sympathy  
 Shook all my soul : I flung myself upon  
 him  
 In tears and cries : I told him all my  
 love,  
 How I had loved her from the first;  
 whereat  
 He shrank and howl'd, and from his  
 brow drew back  
 His hand to push me from him ; and  
 the face,  
 The very face and form of Lionel  
 Flash'd thro' my eyes into my inner-  
 most brain,  
 And at his feet I seemed to faint and  
 fall,  
 To fall and die away. I could not  
 rise  
 Albeit I strove to follow. They past  
 on,  
 The lordly Phantasms ! in their floating  
 folds  
 They past and were no more : but I  
 had fallen  
 Prone by the dashing runnel on the  
 grass.

Always the inaudible invisible thought  
 Artificer and subject, lord and slave,  
 Shaped by the audible and visible,  
 Moulded the audible and visible ;  
 All crisped sounds of wave and leaf  
 and wind  
 Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain ;  
 The cloud-pavilion'd element, the  
 wood,  
 The mountain, the three cypresses, the  
 cave, [moon  
 Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the



Below black firs, when silent-creeping  
winds  
Laid the long night in silver streaks  
and bars,  
Were wrought into the tissue of my  
dream :  
The moanings in the forest, the loud  
brook,  
Cries of the partridge like a rusty key  
Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dor-  
hawk-whir  
Awoke me not, but were a part of  
sleep,  
And voices in the distance calling to  
me  
And in my vision bidding me dream  
on,  
Like sounds without the twilight realm  
of dreams,  
Which wander round the bases of the  
hills,  
And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of  
sleep,  
Half-entering the portals. Often-  
times  
The vision had fair prelude, in the  
end  
Opening on darkness, stately vesti-  
bules  
To caves and shows of Death : whether  
the mind,  
With some revenge,—even to itself  
unknown,—  
Made strange division of its suffering  
With her, whom to have suffering  
view'd had been  
Extremest pain; or that the clear-eyed  
Spirit,  
Being blunted in the Present, grew at  
length  
Prophetical and prescient of whate'er  
The Future had in store: or that  
which most  
Enchains belief, the sorrow of my  
spirit  
Was of so wide a compass it took in  
All I had loved, and my dull agony,  
Ideally to her transferr'd, became  
Anguish intolerable.

The day waned ;  
Alone I sat with her: about my brow

Her warm breath floated in the utter-  
ance  
Of silver-chorded tones: her lips were  
sunder'd  
With smiles of tranquil bliss, which  
broke in light  
Like morning from her eyes—her elo-  
quent eyes  
(As I have seen them many a hundred  
times),  
Filled all with pure clear fire, thro'  
mine down rain'd  
Their spirit-searching splendors. As  
a vision  
Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd  
In damp and dismal dungeons under-  
ground,  
Confined on points of faith, when  
strength is shock'd  
With torment, and expectancy of  
worse  
Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged  
walls,  
All unawares before his half-shut  
eyes,  
Comes in upon him in the dead of  
night,  
And with the excess of sweetness and  
of awe,  
Makes the heart tremble, and the sight  
run over  
Upon his steely gyves; so those fair  
eyes  
Shone on my darkness, forms which  
ever stood  
Within the magic cirque of memory,  
Invisible but deathless, waiting still  
The edict of the will to re-assume  
The semblance of those rare realities  
Of which they were the mirrors. Now  
the light  
Which was their life bursts through  
the cloud of thought  
Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room  
Within the summer-house of which I  
spake,  
Hung round with paintings of the sea,  
and one  
A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved  
prow

Clambering, the mast bent and the  
 ravin wind  
 In her sail roaring. From the outer  
 day,  
 Betwixt the close-set ivies came a  
 broad  
 And solid beam of isolated light,  
 Crowded with driving atomies, and  
 fell  
 Slanting upon that picture, from prime  
 youth  
 Well known, well loved. She drew it  
 long ago  
 Forth-gazing on the waste and open  
 sea,  
 One morning when the upblown billow  
 ran  
 Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I  
 had pour'd  
 Into the shadowing pencil's naked  
 forms  
 Color and life : it was a bond and seal  
 Of friendship, spoken of with tearful  
 smiles;  
 A monument of childhood and of  
 love;  
 The poesy of childhood ; my lost love  
 Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it  
 together  
 In mute and glad remembrance, and  
 each heart  
 Grew closer to the other, and the eye  
 Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing  
 like  
 The Indian on a still-eyed snake, low-  
 couch'd —  
 A beauty which is death ; when all at  
 once  
 That painted vessel, as with inner  
 life,  
 Began to heave upon that painted sea ;  
 An earthquake, my loud heart-beats,  
 made the ground  
 Reel under us, and all at once, soul,  
 life,  
 And breath and motion, past and flow'd  
 away  
 To those unreal billows : round and  
 round  
 A whirlwind caught and bore us ;  
 mighty gyves

Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind-  
 driven  
 Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she  
 shriek'd ;  
 My heart was cloven with pain ; I  
 wound my arms  
 About her : we whirl'd giddily ; the  
 wind  
 Sung ; but I claspt her without fear :  
 her weight  
 Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim  
 eyes,  
 And parted lips which drank her  
 breath, down hung  
 The jaws of Death : I, groaning, from  
 me flung  
 Her empty phantom : all the sway and  
 whirl  
 Of the storm dropt to windless calm,  
 and I  
 Down welted thro' the dark ever and  
 ever.

## III.

I CAME one day and sat among the  
 stones  
 Strewn in the entry of the moaning  
 cave ;  
 A morning air, sweet after rain, ran  
 over  
 The rippling levels of the lake, and  
 blew  
 Coolness and moisture and all smells  
 of bud  
 And foliage from the dark and drip-  
 ping woods  
 Upon my fever'd brows that shook and  
 throb'd  
 From temple unto temple. To what  
 height  
 The day had grown I know not. Then  
 came on me  
 The hollow tolling of the bell, and all  
 The vision of the bier. As heretofore  
 I walk'd behind with one who veil'd  
 his brow.  
 Methought by slow degrees the sullen  
 bell  
 Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on  
 the shore

Sloped into louder surf: those that  
 went with me,  
 And those that held the bier before  
 my face,  
 Moved with one spirit round about the  
 bay,  
 Trod swifter steps; and while I walk'd  
 with these  
 In marvel at that gradual change, I  
 thought  
 Four bells instead of one began to  
 ring,  
 Four merry bells, four merry marriage  
 bells,  
 In clanging cadence jangling peal on  
 peal—  
 A long loud clash of rapid marriage  
 bells.  
 Then those who led the van, and those  
 in rear,  
 Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bac-  
 chanals  
 Fled onward to the steeple in the  
 woods:  
 I, too, was borne along and felt the  
 blast  
 Beat on my heated eyelids: all at  
 once  
 The front rank made a sudden halt;  
 the bells  
 Lapsed into frightful stillness; the  
 surge fell  
 From thunder into whispers; those  
 six maids  
 With shrieks and ringing laughter on  
 the sand  
 Threw down the bier; the woods upon  
 the hill  
 Waved with a sudden gust that sweep-  
 ing down  
 Took the edges of the pall, and blew  
 it far  
 Until it hung, a little silver cloud  
 Over the sounding seas: I turn'd: my  
 heart

Shrank in me, like a snow-flake in the  
 hand,  
 Waiting to see the settled countenance  
 Of her I lov'd, adorn'd with fading  
 flowers.  
 But she from out her death-like chrys-  
 alis,  
 She from her bier, as into fresher life,  
 My sister, and my cousin, and my  
 love,  
 Leapt lightly clad in bridal white—her  
 hair  
 Studded with one rich Provence rose  
 —a light  
 Of smiling welcome round her lips—  
 her eyes  
 And cheeks as bright as when she  
 climb'd the hill.  
 One hand she reach'd to those that  
 came behind,  
 And while I mused nor yet endured to  
 take  
 So rich a prize, the man who stood  
 with me  
 Stept gayly forward, throwing down  
 his robes,  
 And claspt her hand in his: again the  
 bells  
 Jangled and clang'd: again the stormy  
 surf  
 Crash'd in the shingle: and the whirl-  
 ing rout  
 Led by those two rush'd into dance,  
 and fled  
 Wind-footed to the steeple in the  
 woods,  
 Till they were swallow'd in the leafy  
 bowers,  
 And I stood sole beside the vacant  
 bier.  
 There, there, my latest vision—then  
 the event!  
 For "THE GOLDEN SUPPER," see  
 page 449.



## CHILD-SONGS.

## THE CITY CHILD.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander ?  
 Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells ?  
 " Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,  
 " All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,  
 Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander ?  
 Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours ?  
 " Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,  
 " All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,  
 Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers."

## MINNIE AND WINNIE.

MINNIE and Winnie  
 Slept in a shell.  
 Sleep, little ladies!  
 And they slept well.

Sleep, little ladies!  
 Wake not soon!  
 Echo on echo  
 Dies to the moon.

Pink was the shell within,  
 Silver without;  
 Sounds of the great sea  
 Wander'd about.

Two bright stars  
 Peep'd into the shell.  
 " What are they dreaming of  
 Who can tell ? "

Started a green linnet  
 Out of the croft ;  
 Wake, little ladies,  
 The sun is aloft !

TO  
ALFRED TENNYSON,

MY GRANDSON.

---

GOLDEN hair'd Ally whose name is one with mine,  
Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine.  
Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine  
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,  
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,  
Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine.  
May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine !

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

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## THE FIRST QUARREL.

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.)

## I.

'WAIT a little,' you say, 'you are sure it'll all come right,'  
But the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white :  
Wait ! an' once I ha' waited—I hadn't to wait for long.  
Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry.—No, no, you are doing me wrong !  
Harry and I were married: the boy can hold up his head,—  
The boy was born in wedlock, but after my man was dead ;  
I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an' I work an' I wait to the end.  
I am all alone in the world, an' you are my only friend.

## II.

Doctor, if *you* can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life.  
When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own little wife ;  
I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was away,  
An' when we play'd together, I loved him better than play ;  
He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cowslip ball,  
He fought the boys that were rude an' I loved him better than all.  
Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at home in disgrace,  
I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in his face.

## III.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need  
Of a good stout lad at his farm ; he sent, an' the father agreed ;  
So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years an' for years ;  
I walked with him down to the quay, poor lad, an' we parted in tears.  
The boat was beginning to move, we heard them a-ringing the bell,  
'I'll never love any but you, God bless you, my own little Nell.'

## IV.

I was a child, an' he was a child, an' he came to harm ;  
There was a girl, a hussy, that workt with him up at the farm,  
One had deceived her an' left her alone with her sin an' her shame,  
And so she was wicked with Harry ; the girl was the most to blame.

## V.

And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall,  
The men would say of the maids 'Our Nelly's the flower of 'em all.'  
I didn't take heed o' *them*, but I taught myself all I could  
To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came home for good.

## VI.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy too,  
For I heard it abroad in the fields 'I'll never love any but you ;'  
'I'll never love any but you' the morning song of the lark,  
'I'll never love any but you' the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

## VII.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd at me sidelong and shy,  
 Vext me a bit, till he told me that so many years had gone by,  
 I had grown so handsome and tall—that I might ha' forgot him somehow,  
 For he thought—there were other lads—he was fear'd to look at me now.

## VIII.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas day,  
 Married among the red berries, an' all as merry as May—  
 Those were the pleasant times, my house an' my man were my pride,  
 We seem'd like ships i' the Channel a-sailing with wind an' tide.

## IX.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he tried the villages round,  
 So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be found;  
 An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I know;  
 I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss you before I go.'

## X.

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?  
 An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd in a corner away,  
 It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest,  
 I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornets' nest.

## XI.

'Sweetheart'—this was the letter—this was the letter I read—  
 'You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was dead—  
 Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it, my lad,  
 An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had.'

## XII.

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had past,  
 Before I quarrell'd with Harry—*my* quarrel—the first an' the last.

## XIII.

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,  
 An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child,  
 'What can it matter, my lass, what I did wi' my single life?  
 I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife;  
 An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst.' 'Then,' I said, 'I'm none o' the best.'  
 An' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let  
 it rest!  
 The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir.'  
 But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said 'You were keeping with her,  
 When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as before.'  
 An' he didn't speak for awhile, an' he anger'd me more and more.  
 Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, 'Let bygones be!'

'By-gones ! you kept yours hush'd,' I said, 'when you married me !  
By-gones ma' be come-agains ; an' *she*—in her shame an' her sin—  
You'll have her to nurse my child, if I die o' my lying in !  
You'll make her its second mother ! I hate her—an' I hate you !'  
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me black an' blue  
Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I were so crazy wi' spite,  
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right.'

## XIV.

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watch'd him, an' when he came in  
I felt that my heart was hard, he was all wet thro' to the skin,  
An' I never said 'off wi' the wet,' I never said 'on wi' the dry,'  
So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to bid me good-by.  
'You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that isn't true, you know ;  
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me before I go?'

## XV.

'Going ! you're going to her—kiss her—if you will,' I said,—  
I was near my time wi' the boy, I must ha' been light i' my head—  
'I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd !'—I didn't know well what I meant,  
But I turn'd my face from *him*, an' he turn'd *his* face an' he went.

## XVI.

And then he sent me a letter, 'I've gotten my work to do ;  
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you.  
I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for what she wrote,  
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go to-night by the boat.'

## XVII.

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,  
An' I felt I had been to blame ; he was always kind to me.  
'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right'—  
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

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 RIZPAH.

## 17—.

## I.

WAILING, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea—  
And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O mother, come out to me.'  
Why should he call me to-night, when he knows that I cannot go ?  
For the downs are as bright as day, and the full moon stares at the snow.



## II.

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.  
The loud black nights for us, and the storm rushing over the down,  
When I cannot see my own hand, but am led by the creak of the chain,  
And grovel and grope for my son till I find myself drenched with the rain.

## III.

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to fall?  
I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden them  
all—  
What am I saying? and what are *you*? do you come as a spy?  
Falls? ~~what~~ falls? who knows? As the tree falls so must it lie.

## IV.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what have you heard?  
Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.  
O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—none of their spies—  
But the night has crept into my heart, and begun to darken my eyes.

## V.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what should *you* know of the night,  
The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright?  
I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only made for the day.  
I have gather'd my baby together—and now you may go your way.

## VI.

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying wife.  
But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.  
I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before he went out to die.  
'They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has told me a lie.  
I whipt him for robbing an orchard once when he was but a child—  
'The farmer dared me to do it,' he said; he was always so wild—  
And idle—and couldn't be idle—my Willy—he never could rest.  
The King should have made him a soldier, he would have been one of the  
best.

## VII.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be  
good;  
They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would;  
And he took no life, but he took one purse, and when all was done  
He flung it among his fellows—I'll none of it, said my son.

## VIII.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them my tale,  
God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for robbing the mail.  
They hang'd him in chains for a show—we had always borne a good  
name—  
To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't that enough shame?

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide ! but they set him so high  
That all the ships of the world could stare at him, passing by.  
God'll pardon the hell-black raven and horrible fowls of the air,  
But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and hang'd him  
there.

## IX.

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last good-by;  
They had fasten'd the door of his cell. 'O mother !' I heard him cry.  
I couldn't get back tho' I tried, he had something further to say,  
And now I never shall know it. The jailer forced me away.

## X.

Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead,  
They seized me and shut me up : they fasten'd me down on my bed.  
'Mother, O mother !'—he call'd in the dark to me year after year—  
They beat me for that, they beat me—you know that I couldn't but hear ;  
And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and still  
They let me abroad again—but the creatures had worked their will.

## XI.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left—  
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call it a theft ?—  
My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laughed and  
had cried—  
Theirs? O no ! they are mine—not theirs—they had moved in my side.

## XII.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em  
all—  
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night by the churchyard wall.  
My Willy'll rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound,  
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

## XIII.

They would scratch him up—they would hang him again on the cursed  
tree.

Sin? O yes—we are sinners, I know—let all that be,  
And read me a Bible verse of the Lord's good will toward men—  
'Full of compassion and mercy, the Lord'—let me hear it again ;  
'Full of compassion and mercy—long-suffering.' Yes, O yes !  
For the lawyer is born but to murder—the Saviour lives but to bless.  
*He'll* never put on the black cap except for the worst of the worst,  
And the first may be last—I have heard it in church—and the last may be  
first.

Suffering—O long-suffering—yes, as the Lord must know,  
Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow

## XIV.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented his sin.  
How do they know it! are *they* his mother? are *you* of his kin?  
Heard! have you ever heard, when the storm on the downs began,  
The wind that'll wail like a child, and the sea that'll moan like a man?

## XV.

Election, Election and Reprobation—it's all very well.  
But I go to-night to my boy, and I shall not find him in Hell.  
For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care,  
And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

## XVI.

And if *he* be lost—but to save *my* soul, that is all your desire:  
Do you think that I care for *my* soul if my boy be gone to the fire?  
I have been with God in the dark—go, go, you may leave me alone—  
You never have borne a child—you are just as hard as a stone.

## XVII.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,  
But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind—  
The snow and the sky so bright—he used but to call in the dark,  
And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet—for hark!  
Nay—you can hear it yourself—it is coming—shaking the walls—  
Willy—the moon's in a cloud—Good night. I am going. He calls.

## THE NORTHERN COBBLER.

## I.

WAAIT till our Sally cooms in, fur thou mun a' sights to tell.\*  
Eh, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha sa 'arty an' well.  
'Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a vartical soon!'+  
Strange fur to goä fur to think what saäilors a' seäan an' a' doon;  
'Summat to drink—sa' 'ot?' I 'a nowt but Adam's wine;  
What's the 'eät o' this little 'ill-side to the 'eät o' the line?

## II.

'What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?' I'll tell tha. Gin.  
But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun goä fur it down to the inn.  
Naäy—fur I be maäin glad, but thaw tha was iver sa dry,  
Thou gits naw gin fro' the bottle theer, an' I'll tell tha why.

\* The vowels *aä*, pronounced separately though in the closest conjunction, best render the sound of the long *i* and *y* in this dialect. But since such words as *cräin'*, *däin'*, *whai'*, *ai'* (1) &c., look awkward except in a page of express phonetics, I have thought it better to leave them simple *i* and *y*, and to trust that my readers will give them the broader pronunciation.

† The *oo* short, as in 'wood.'



## III.

Meä an' thy sister was married, when wur it? back-end o' June,  
 Ten year sin', and wa 'greed as well as a fiddle i' tune:  
 I could fettle and clump owd booöts and shoes wi' the best on 'em all,  
 As fer as fro' Thursby thurn hup to Harmsby and Hutterby Hall.  
 We was busy as beeäs i' the bloom an' as 'appy as 'art could think,  
 An' then the babby wur burn, and then I taäkes to the drink.

## IV.

An' I weänt gaäinsaäy it, my lad, thaw I be hafe shaämed on it now,  
 We could sing a good song at the Plow, we could sing a good song at the  
 Plow;

Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'd an' hurted my huck,\*

An' I coom'd neck-an-crop soometimes slaäpe down i' the squad an' the  
 muck:

An' once I fowt wi' the Taäilor—not hafe ov a man, my lad—

Fur he scrawm'd an' scratted my faäce like a cat, an' it maäde 'er sa mad  
 That Sally she turn'd a tongue-banger,† an' raäted ma, 'Sottin' thy braäins  
 Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoäkin' an' hawmin' ‡ about i' the laänes,  
 Soä sow-droonk that tha doesn not touch thy 'at to the Squire;'

An' I looöked cock-eyed at my noäse an' I seeäd 'im a-gittin' o' fire:  
 But sin' I wur ballus i' liquor, an' hallus as droonk as a king,

Foäls' coostom flitted awaäy like a kite wi' a brokken string.

## V.

An' Sally she wesh'd foäls' cloäths to keep the wolf fro' the door,  
 Eh but the moor she riled me, she druv me to drink the moor,  
 Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd, wheer Sally's owd stockin' wur 'id,  
 An' I grabb'd the munny she maäde, and I weär'd it o' liquor, I did.

## VI.

An' one night I cooms 'oäm like a bull gotten loose at a faäir,  
 An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, an' cryin' an' teärn' 'er 'aäir,  
 An' I tummled athurt the craädle an' sweär'd as I'd breäk ivry stick  
 O' furniture 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied our Sally a kick,  
 An' I maäsh'd the taäbles an' chairs, an' she an' the babby beäl'd,§  
 Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I did nor a mortal beäst o' the feäld.

## VII.

An' when I waäked i' the murnin' I seeäd that our Sally went laämed  
 Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur dreädful ashaämed;  
 An' Sally wur sloomy || an' draggle-taäil'd in an owd turn gown,  
 An the babby's faäce wurn't wesh'd an' the 'ole 'ouse hup-side down.

## VIII.

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty an' neät an' sweeät,  
 Straät as a pole an' cleän as a flower fro' 'eäd to feeät:

\* Hip.

§ Bellowed, cried out.

† Scold.

‡ Lounging.

| Sluggish, out of spirits.

An' then I minded the fust kiss I gied 'er by Thursby thurn ;  
 Theer wur a lark a-singin' 'is best of a Sunday at murn,  
 Couldn't see 'im, we 'eärd 'im a-mountin' oop 'igher an' 'igher,  
 An' then 'e turn'd to the sun, an' 'e shined like a sparkle o' fire.  
 'Doesn't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I can see 'im?' an' I  
 Seeäd nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye ;  
 An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an' Sally says 'Noä, thou moänt,'  
 But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother an' Sally says 'doänt !'

## IX.

An' when we coom'd into Meeätin', at fust she wur all in a tew,  
 But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn together like birds on a beugh ;  
 An' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' Hell-fire an' the loov o' God fur men,  
 An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

## X.

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick like Saätan as fell  
 Down out o' heaven i' Hell-fire—thaw theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell ;  
 Meä fur to kick our Sally as kep' the wolf fro' the door,  
 All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er as well as afoor.

## XI.

Sa like a graät num-cumpus I blubber'd awaäy o' the bed—  
 'Weänt niver do it naw moor ;' an' Sally looökt up an' she said,  
 'I'll upowd it \* tha weänt ; thou'rt laike the rest o' the men,  
 Thou'll goä sniffin' about the tap till tha does it agëan.  
 Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I knaws, as knaws tha sa well,  
 That, if tha seeäs 'im an' smells 'im tha'll foller 'im slick into Hell.'

## XII.

'Naäy,' says I, 'fur I weänt goä sniffin' about the tap.'  
 'Weänt tha?' she says, an' mysen I thowt i' mysen mayhap.  
 'Noa:' an' I started awaäy like a shot, an' down to the Hinn,  
 An' I browt what tha seeäs stannin' theer, yon big black bottle o' gin.

## XIII.

'That caps owt,' † says Sally, an' saw she begins to cry,  
 But I puts it into 'er 'ands, an' I says to 'er, 'Sally,' says I,  
 'Stan' 'im theer i' the naäme o' the Lord an' the power ov 'is Graäce,  
 Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll looök my hennemy strait i' the faäce,  
 Stan' 'm theer i' the winder, an' let ma looök at 'im then,  
 'E seeäms naw moor nor watter, an' 'e's the Devil's oän sen.'

## XIV.

An' I wur down i' tha mouth, couldn't do naw work an' all,  
 Nasty an' snaggy an' shaäky, an' poonch'd my 'and wi' the hawl,  
 But she wur a power o' coomfut, an' sattled 'ersen o' my knee,  
 An' coäx'd an' coodled me oop till agëan I feel'd mysen free.

\* I'll uphold it.

† That's beyond every thing.

## XV.

An' Sally she tell'd it about, and foalk stood a-gawmin' \* in,  
 As thaw it wur summat bewitch'd istsed of a quart o' gin ;  
 An' some on 'em said it wur watter—an' I wur chousin' the wife,  
 Fur I couldn't 'owd 'ands off gin, wur it nobbut to saäve my life ;  
 An' blacksmith 'e strips me the thick ov 'is airm, an' 'e shaws it to me,  
 'Feéal thou this ! thou can't grow this upo' watter !' says he.  
 An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as candles was lit,  
 'Thou moänt do it,' he says, 'tha mun breäk 'im off bit by bit.'  
 'Thou'rt but a Methody-man,' says Parson, and laäys down 'is 'at,  
 An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, 'but I respecks tha fur that ;'  
 An' Squire, his oän very sen, walks down fro' the 'All to see,  
 An' 'e spansk 'is 'and into mine, 'fur I respecks tha,' says 'e ;  
 An' coostom ageän draw'd in like a wind fro' far an' wide,  
 An' browt me the booöts to be cobbled fro' hafe the coontryside.

## XVI.

An' theer 'e stans an' theer 'e shall stan to my dying daäy ;  
 I 'a gotten to loov 'im ageän in anooother kind of a waäy,  
 Proud on 'im, like, my lad, an' I keeäps 'im cleän an' bright,  
 Loovs 'im, an roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back i' the light.

## XVII.

Wouldn't a pint a' sarved as well as a quart ? Naw doubt :  
 But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi' an' fowt it out.  
 Fine an' meller 'e mun be by this, if I cared to taäste,  
 But I moänt, my lad, and I weänt, fur I'd feéal mysen cleän disgräaced.

## XVIII.

An' once I said to the Missis, 'My lass, when I cooms to die,  
 Smash the bottle to smithers, the Devil's in 'im,' said I.  
 But arter I chaänged my mind, an' if Sally be left aloän,  
 I'll hev 'im a-buried wi'mma an' taäke 'im afoor the Throän.

## XIX.

Coom thou 'eer—yon laädy a-steppin' along the streeät,  
 Doesn't tha know 'er—sa pratty, an' feät, an' neät, an' sweeät ?  
 Look at the cloäths on 'er back, thebbe ammost pick-span new,  
 An' Tommy's faäce is as fresh as a codlin 'at's wesh'd i' the dew.

## XX.

'Ere's our Sally an' Tommy, an' we be a-goin' to dine,  
 Bäacon and taätes, an' a beslings-puddin' † an' Adam's wine ;  
 But if tha wants ony grog tha mun goä fur it down to the Hinn,  
 Fur I weänt shed a drop on 'is blood, nöä, not fur Sally's oän kin.

\* Staring vacantly.

† A pudding made with the first milk of the cow after calving.



## THE SISTERS.

THEY have left the doors ajar; and  
 by their clash,  
 And prelude on the keys, I know  
 the song,  
 Their favorite—which I call 'The  
 Tables Turned.'  
 Evelyn begins it 'O diviner Air.'

## EVELYN.

O diviner Air,  
 Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust,  
 the glare,  
 Far from out the west in shadowing  
 showers,  
 Over all the meadow baked and  
 bare,  
 Making fresh and fair  
 All the bowers and the flowers,  
 Fainting flowers, faded bowers,  
 Over all this weary world of ours,  
 Breathe, diviner Air!

A sweet voice that—you scarce could  
 better that.  
 Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn.

## EDITH.

O diviner Light,  
 Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon  
 with night,  
 Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding  
 showers,  
 Far from out a sky forever bright,  
 Over all the woodland's flooded  
 bowers,  
 Over all the meadow's drowning  
 flowers,  
 Over all this ruin'd world of ours,  
 Break, diviner Light!

Marvellously like, their voices—and  
 themselves!  
 Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the  
 other,  
 As one is somewhat graver than the  
 other—  
 Edith than Evelyn. Your good Uncle,  
 whom

You count the father of your fortune,  
 longs  
 For this alliance; let me ask you then,  
 Which voice most takes you? for I do  
 not doubt,  
 Being a watchful parent, you are taken  
 With one or other: tho' sometimes I  
 fear  
 You may be flickering, fluttering in a  
 doubt  
 Between the two—which must not be  
 —which might  
 Be death to one: they both are beautiful:  
 Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says  
 The common voice, if one may trust it:  
 she?  
 No! but the paler and the graver,  
 Edith.  
 Woo her and gain her then: no wavering,  
 boy!  
 The graver is perhaps the one for you  
 Who jest and laugh so easily and so  
 well.  
 For love will go by contrast, as by  
 likes.

No sisters ever prized each other  
 more.  
 Not so: their mother and her sister  
 loved  
 More passionately still.

But that my best  
 And oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes  
 it, [way  
 And that I know you worthy every  
 To be my son, I might, perchance, be  
 loath [yet one  
 To part them, or part from them: and  
 Should marry, or all the broad lands in  
 your view  
 From this bay window—which our  
 house has held  
 Three hundred years—will pass collaterally.

My father with a child on either  
 knee,  
 A hand upon the head of either child,

Smoothing their locks, as golden as his  
 own  
 Were silver, 'get them wedded' would  
 he say.  
 And once my prattling Edith ask'd  
 him 'why?'  
 Ay, why? said he, 'for why should I  
 go lame?'  
 Then told them of his wars, and of his  
 wound.  
 For see—this wine—the grape from  
 whence it flow'd  
 Was blackening on the slopes of Port-  
 ugal,  
 When that brave soldier, down the  
 terrible ridge  
 Plunged in the last fierce charge at  
 Waterloo,  
 And caught the laming bullet. He  
 left me this, [youth,  
 Which yet retains a memory of its  
 As I of mine, and my first passion.  
 Come!  
 Here's to your happy union with my  
 child!

Yet must you change your name: no  
 fault of mine!  
 You say that you can do it as willingly  
 As birds make ready for their bridal-  
 time  
 By change of feather: for all that, my  
 boy,  
 Some birds are sick and sullen when  
 they molt.  
 An old and worthy name! but mine  
 that stirr'd  
 Among our civil wars and earlier too  
 Among the Roses, the more venerable.  
 I care not for a name—no fault of  
 mine,  
 Once more—a happier marriage than  
 my own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the  
 plain.  
 The highway running by it leaves a  
 breadth [ago,  
 Of sward to left and right, where, long

One bright May morning in a world  
 of song,  
 I lay at leisure, watching overhead  
 The aërial poplar wave, an amber  
 spire.

I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet  
 Whirl'd by, which, after it had past  
 me, show'd,  
 Turning my way, the loveliest face on  
 earth.  
 The face of one there sitting opposite,  
 On whom I brought a strange unhap-  
 piness,  
 That time I did not see.

Love at first sight  
 May seem—with goodly rhyme and  
 reason for it—  
 Possible—at first glimpse, and for a  
 face  
 Gone in a moment—strange. Yet  
 once, when first  
 I came on Lake Llanberris in the dark,  
 A moonless night with storm—one  
 lightning-fork  
 Flash'd out the lake; and tho' I loiter'd  
 there  
 The full day after, yet in retrospect  
 That less than momentary thunder-  
 sketch [day.  
 Of lake and mountain conquers all the

The Sun himself has limn'd the face  
 for me.  
 Not quite so quickly, no, nor half as  
 well.  
 For look you here—the shadows are  
 too deep,  
 And like the critic's blurring comment  
 make  
 The veriest beauties of the work appear  
 The darkest faults: the sweet eyes  
 frown: the lips  
 Seem but a gash. My sole memorial  
 Of Edith—no, the other,—both indeed.

So that bright face was flash'd thro'  
 sense and soul [found  
 And by the poplar vanish'd—to be

Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the  
tall  
Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping  
beechen boughs  
Of our New Forest. I was there alone :  
The phantom of the whirling landaulet  
Forever past me by : when one quick  
peal  
Of laughter drew me thro' the glim-  
mering glades  
Down to the snowlike sparkle of a  
cloth [again,  
On fern and foxglove. Lo, the face  
My Rosalind in this Arden—Edith—all  
One bloom of youth, health, beauty,  
happiness, [jest.  
And moved to merriment at a passing

There one of those about her know-  
ing me  
Call'd me to join them ; so with these  
I spent

What seem'd my crowning hour, my  
day of days.

I woo'd her then, nor unsuccessfully,  
The worse for her, for me ! was I  
content ?

Ay—no, not quite ; for now and then I  
thought

Laziness, vague love-longings, the  
bright May,

Had made a heated haze to magnify  
The charm of Edith—that a man's  
ideal

Is high in 'Heaven, and lodged with  
Plato's God,

Not findable here—content, and not  
content,

In some such fashion as a man may be  
That having had the portrait of his  
friend [says,

Drawn by an artist, looks at it, and  
' Good ! very like ! not altogether he.'

As yet I had not bound myself by  
words,

Only, believing I loved Edith, made  
Edith love *me*. Then came the day  
when I,

Flattering myself that all my doubts  
were fools

Born of the fool this Age that doubts  
of all—

Not I that day of Edith's love or  
mine—

Had braced my purpose to declare my-  
self :

I stood upon the stairs of Paradise.  
The golden gates would open at a word.

I spoke it—told her of my passion,  
seen

And lost and found again, had got so  
far,

Had caught her hand, her eyelids fell—  
I heard

Wheels, and a noise of welcome at the  
doors—

On a sudden, after two Italian years  
Had set the blossom of her health again,  
The younger sister, Evelyn, enter'd—  
there,

There was the face, and altogether she.  
The mother fell about the daughter's  
neck, [arms,

The sisters closed in one another's  
Their people throng'd about them from  
the hall,

And in the thick of question and reply  
I fled the house, driven by one angel  
face,

And all the Furies.

I was bound to her ;  
I could not free myself in honor—  
bound

Not by the sounded letter of the word,  
But counter-pressures of the yielded  
hand

That timorously and faintly echoed  
mine, [her eyes

Quick blushes, the sweet dwelling of  
Upon me when she thought I did not  
see—

Were these not bonds ? nay, nay, but  
could I wed her

Loving the other ? do her that great  
wrong ? [morn ?

Had I not dream'd I loved her yester-



Had I not known where Love, at first  
a fear,

Grew after marriage to full height and  
form?

Yet after marriage, that mock-sister  
there— [it—

Brother-in-law—the fiery nearness of  
Unlawful and disloyal brotherhood—

What end but darkness could ensue  
from this [jarr'd

For all the three? So Love and Honor  
Tho' Love and Honor join'd to raise  
the full

High-tide of doubt that sway'd me up  
and down

Advancing nor retreating.

Edith wrote:

'My mother bids me ask' (I did not  
tell you—

A widow with less guile than many a  
child.

God help the wrinkled children that are  
Christ's

As well as the plump cheek—she  
wrought us harm,

Poor soul, not knowing) 'are you ill?'  
(so ran

The letter) 'you have not been here of  
late.

You will not find me here. At last I go  
On that long-promised visit to the  
North.

I told your way side story to my mother  
And Evelyn. She remembers you.  
Farewell

Pray come and see my mother. Almost  
blind

With ever-growing cataract, yet she  
thinks

She sees you when she hears. Again  
farewell.'

Cold words from one I had hoped  
to warm so far

That I could stamp my image on her  
heart!

'Pray come and see my mother and  
farewell.'

Cold, but as welcome as free airs of  
heaven

After a dungeon's closeness. Selfish,  
strange!

What dwarfs are men! my strangled  
vanity [self

Utter'd a stifled cry—to have vex't my—  
And all in vain for her—cold heart or

none—

No bride for me. Yet so my path was  
clear

To win the sister.

Whom I woo'd and won.

For Evelyn knew not<sup>o</sup> of my former  
suit, [upon

Because the simple mother work'd  
By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of  
it.

And Edith would be bridesmaid on the  
day.

But on that day, not being all at ease,  
I from the altar glancing back upon  
her,

Before the first 'I will' was utter'd  
saw

The bridesmaid pale, statuelike, pas-  
sionless—

'No harm, no harm' I turn'd again,  
and placed

My ring upon the finger of my bride.

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no  
word,

She wept no tear, but round my  
Evelyn clung

In utter silence for so long, I thought  
'What! will she never set her sister

free?'

We left her, happy each in each, and  
then,

As tho' the happiness of each in each  
Were not enough, must fain have  
torrents, lakes,

Hills, the great things of Nature and  
the fair,

To lift us as it were from commonplace,

And help us to our joy. Better have  
sent

Our Edith thro' the glories of the earth,  
To change with her horizon, if true  
Love

Were not his own imperial all-in-all,  
Far off we went. My God, I would  
not live

Save that I think this gross hard-seem-  
ing world

Is our misshaping vision of the Powers  
Behind the world, that make our griefs  
our gains.

For on the dark night of our mar-  
riage-day

The great Tragedian, that had quench'd  
herself

In that assumption of the bridesmaid  
—she

That loved me—our true Edith—her  
brain broke

With over-acting, till she rose and fled  
Beneath a pitiless rush of Autumn rain  
To the deaf church—to be let in—to  
pray [there

Before *that* altar—so I think; and  
They found her beating the hard Prot-  
estant doors.

She died and she was buried ere we  
knew.

I learnt it first. I had to speak. At  
once

The bright quick smile of Evelyn, that  
had sunn'd [away:

The morning of our marriage, past  
And on our home-return the daily want  
Of Edith in the house, the garden, still  
Haunted us like her ghost; and by and  
by,

Either from that necessity for talk  
Which lives with blindness, or plain  
innocence

Of nature, or desire that her lost child  
Should earn from both the praise of  
heroism,

The mother broke her promise to the  
dead,

And told the living daughter with what  
love

Edith had welcomed my short wooing  
of her,

And all her sweet self-sacrifice and  
death.

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt  
the twins—

Did I not tell you they were twins?—  
prevail'd

So far that no caress could win my wife  
Back to that passionate answer of full  
heart [love,

I had from her at first. Not that her  
Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power  
of love,

Had lessen'd, but the mother's garru-  
lous wail

Forever woke the unhappy Past again,  
Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be  
my bride,

Put forth cold hands between us, and I  
fear'd [chill'd;

The very fountains of her life were  
So took her thence, and brought her  
here, and here

She bore a child, whom reverently we  
call'd

Edith; and in the second year was born  
A second—this I named from her own  
self,

Evelyn; then two weeks—no more—  
she joined,

In and beyond the grave, that one she  
loved.

Now in this quiet of declining life,  
Thro' dreams by night and trances of  
the day,

The sisters glide about me hand in  
hand,

Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell  
One from the other, no, nor care to tell  
One from the other, only know they  
come,

They smile upon me, till, remembering  
all

The love they both have borne me, and  
the love

I bore them both—divided as I am  
From either by the stillness of the  
grave— [best.  
I know not which of these I love the

But *you* love Edith; and her own  
true eyes  
Are traitors to her; our quick Evelyn—  
The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they  
talk,

And not without good reason, my good  
son— [both  
Is yet untouch'd; and I that hold them  
Dearest of 'all things—well, I am not  
sure—

But if there lie a preference either  
way,  
And in the rich vocabulary of Love  
'Most dearest' be a true superlative—  
I think I likewise love your Edith most.

## THE VILLAGE WIFE; OR, THE ENTAIL.\*

## I.

OUSE-KEEPER sent tha my lass, fur new Squire coom'd last night,  
Butter an' heggs—yis—yis. I'll goä wi' tha back: all right;  
Butter I warrants be prime, an' I warrants the heggs be as well,  
Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya breaks the shell.

## II.

Sit thysen down fur a bit: hev a glass o' cowslip wine!  
I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells as thaw they was gells o' mine,  
Fur then we was all es one, the Squire an' 'is darters an' me,  
Hall but Miss Annie, the heldest, I niver not took to she:  
But Nelly, the last of the cletch,† I liked 'er the fust on 'em all,  
Fur hoffens we talkt o' my darter es died o' the fever at fall:  
An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord, but Miss Annie she said it wur  
draäins,  
Fur she hedn't naw coomfut in 'er, an' arn'd naw thanks fur 'er paäins.  
Eh! thebbe all wi' the Lord my childer, I han't gotten none!  
Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone.

## III.

Fur staäte be i' taäil, my lass: tha dosn' know what that be?  
But I knows the law, I does, for the lawyer ha tow'd it me.  
'When theer's naw 'eäd to a Ouse by the fault o' that ere maäle—  
The gells they counts fur nowt, and the next un he taäkes the taäil.'

## IV.

What be the next un like? can tha tell ony harm on 'im lass?—  
Naäy sit down—naw 'urry—sa cowl!—hev another glass!  
Straänge an' cowl fur the time! we may happen a fall o' snaw—  
Not es I cares fur to hear ony harm, but I likes to know.  
An' I 'oäps es 'e beänt booäklarn'd: but 'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere;  
We'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we haätes booäklarnin' ere.

\* See note to 'Northern Cobbler.'

† A brood of chickens.



## V.

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholard, an' niver lookt arter the land—  
Whoäts or turmuts or taätes—'e 'ed hallus a booök i' 'is 'and,  
Hallus aloän wi' 'is booöks, thaw nigh upo' seventy year.  
An' booöks, what's booöks? thou knaws thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer.

## VI.

An' the gells, they hedn't naw taäils, an' the lawyer he tow'd it me  
That 'is taäil were soä tied up es he couldn't cut down a tree !  
'Drat the trees,' says I, to be sewer I haätes 'em, my lass,  
Fur we puts the muck o' the land, an' they sucks the muck fro' the grass.

## VII.

An' Squire wur hallus a-smilin', an' gied to the tramps goin' by—  
An' all o' the wust i' the parish—wi' hoffens a drop in 'is eye.  
An' ivry darter o' Squire's hed her awn ridin-erse to 'ersen,  
An' they rampaged about wi' their grooms, an' was 'untin' arter the men,  
An' hallus a-dallackt \* an' dizen'd out, an' a-buyin' new cloäthes,  
While 'e sit like a graät glimmer-gowk † wi' 'is glasses athurt 'is noäse,  
An' 'is noäse sa grufted wi' snuff as it couldn't be scroob'd awaäy,  
Fur atween 'is reaädin' and writin' 'e snifft up a box in a daäy,  
An' 'e niver runn'd arter the fox, nor arter the birds wi' 'is gun,  
An' 'e niver not shot one 'are, but 'e leäved it to Charlie 'is son,  
An' 'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds, but Charlie 'e cotch'd the pike,  
Fur 'e warn't not burn to the land, an' 'e didn't take kind to it like ;  
But I eärs es 'e'd gie fur a howry ‡ owd book thutty pound an' moor,  
An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, his awn sen, sa I knaw'd es 'e'd coom to be  
poor ;  
An' 'e gied—I be fear'd fur to tell tha 'ow much—fur an owd scratted  
stoän,  
An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land an' 'e got a brown pot an' a boän,  
An' 'e bowt owd money, es wouldn't goä, wi' good gowd o' the Queen,  
An' 'e bowt little statutes all-naäkt an' which was a shaämeg to be seen ;  
But 'e niver looökt ower a bill, nor 'e niver not seed to owt,  
An' 'e niver knawd nowt but booöks, an' booöks, as thou knaws, beänt  
nowt.

## VIII.

But owd Squire's laädy es long es she lived she kep' 'em all clear,  
Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed none of 'er darters 'ere ;  
But arter she died we was all es one, the childer and me,  
An' sarvints runn'd in an' out, an' offens we hed 'em to tea.  
Lawk ! 'ow I laugh'd when the lasses 'uotalk o' their Missis's waäys,  
An' the Missis's talk'd o'the lasses.—I'll tell tha some o' these daäys.  
Hoänly Miss Annie were saw stuck oop, like 'er mother afoor—  
'Er an' 'er blessed darter—they niver derken'd my door.

\* Overdrest in gay colors.

† Owl.

‡ Filthy.

## IX.

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till 'e'd gotten a fright at last,  
 An' 'e calls fur 'is son, fur the 'turney's letters they foller'd sa fast;  
 But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an' 'e says to 'im, meek as a mouse,  
 'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taail, or the gells 'ull goä to the 'Ouse,  
 Fur I finds es I be that i' debt, es I 'oaps es thou'll 'elp me a bit,  
 An' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy taail I may saäve mysen yit.'

## X.

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e sweärs, an' 'e says to 'im Noa.  
 'I've gotten the 'staäte by the taail an' be dang'd if I iver let goä!  
 Coom! coom! feyther,' 'e says, 'why shouldn't thy booöks be sowd?  
 I hears es soom o' thy booöks mebbe worth their weight i' gowd.'

## XI.

Heäps an' heäps o' booöks, I ha' see'd 'em, belong'd to the Squire,  
 But the lasses 'ed teärd out leaves i' the middle to kindle the fire;  
 Sa moäst on 'is owd big booöks fetch'd nigh to nowt at the saäle,  
 And Squire were at Charlie ageän to git 'im to cut off 'is taail.

## XII.

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes—'e were that outdacious at 'oäm,  
 Not thaw ya went fur to raäke out Hell wi' a small-tooth coämb—  
 Droonk wi' the Quoloty's wine, an' droonk wi' the farmer's aäle,  
 Mad wi' the lasses an' all—an' 'e wouldn't cut off the taail.

## XIII.

Thou's coom'd oop by the beck; and a thurn be a-grawin' theer,  
 I niver ha seed it sa white wi' the Maäy es I see'd it to-year—  
 Theerabouts Charlie joompt—and it gied me a scare tother night,  
 Fur I thowt it wur Charlie's ghoäst i' the derk, fur it looökt sa white,  
 'Billy,' says 'e, 'hev a joomp!—thaw the banks o' the beck be sa high,  
 Fur he ca'd 'is 'erse Billy-rough-un, thaw niver a hair wur awry;  
 But Billy fell bakkuds o' Charlie, an' Charlie 'e brok 'is neck,  
 So theer wur a hend o' the taail, fur 'e lost 'is taail i' the beck.

## XIV.

Sa 'is taail wur lost an' 'is booöks wur gone an' 'is boy wur deäd,  
 An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled, but 'e niver not lift oop 'is eäd:  
 Hallus a soft un Squire! an' 'e smiled, fur 'e hedn't naw friend,  
 Sa feyther an' son was buried together, an' this wur the hend.

## XV.

An' Parson as hesn't the call, nor the mooney, but hes the pride,  
 'E reäds of a sewer an' sartan 'oäp o' the tother side;  
 But I beänt that sewer es the Lord, howsiver they praäy'd an' praäy'd  
 Lets them inter 'eaven eäsy es leäves their debts to be paäid.  
 Siver the mou'ds rattled down upo' poor owd Squire i' the wood,  
 An' I cried along wi' the gells, fur they weänt niver coom to naw good.

## XVI.

Fur Molly the youngest she walkt awaäy wi' a hoffer lad,  
 An' nawbody 'eärd on 'er sin, sa o' coorse she be gone to the bad !  
 An' Lucy wur laäme o' one leg, sweet-'arts she niver 'ed none—  
 Straänge an' unheppen \* Miss Lucy ! we naämed her 'Dot an' gaw one : '  
 An' Hetty wur weak i' the hattics, wi'out ony harm i' the legs,  
 An' the fever 'ed baäked Jinny's eäd as bald as one o' them heggs,  
 An' Nelly wur up fro' the craädle as big i' the mouth as a cow,  
 An' saw she mun hammergrate,† lass, or she weänt git a maäte onyhow !  
 An' es fur Miss Annie es call'd me afoor my awn foälks to my faäce  
 'A ignorant village wife as 'ud hev to be larn'd her awn plaäce,'  
 Hes fur Miss Hannie the heldest hes now be a-grawin' sa howd,  
 I knaws that mooch o' sheä, es it beänt not fit to be towd !

## XVII.

Sa I didn't not taäke it kindly ov owd Miss Annie to saäy  
 Es I should be talkin' ageän em, es soon es they went awaäy,  
 Fur, lawks ! 'ow I cried when they went, an' our Nelly she gied me 'et  
 'and,  
 Fur I'd ha' done owt fur the Squire an' 'is gells es belong'd to the land;  
 Booöks, es I said afoor, thebbe neyther 'ere nor theer !  
 But I sarved 'em wi' butter an' heggs fur huppuds o' twenty year.

## XVIII.

An' they hallus paiäd what I hax'd, sa I hallus deal'd wi' the Hall,  
 An' they knaw'd what butter wur, an' they knaw'd what a hegg wur  
 an' all;  
 Hugger-mugger they lived, but they wasn't that eäsy to pleäse,  
 Till I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they laäid big heggs es tha seeäs;  
 An' I niver puts saäme ‡ i' my butter, they does it at Willis's farm,  
 Taäste another drop o' the wine—tweänt do tha naw harm.

## XIX.

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäl in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone;  
 I heard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter my nightcap wur on;  
 Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur he coom'd last night sa laäte—  
 Pluksh !!! § the hens i' the peäs ! why didn't tha hesp the gaäte ?

\* Ungainly, awkward.

† Emigrate.

‡ Lard.

§ A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to scare trespassing fowl.



## IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

## EMMIE.

## I.

OUR doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before,  
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,  
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—  
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands !  
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him  
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,  
And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red,  
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,  
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—  
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be !

## II.

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die  
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—  
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—  
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case :  
And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face were not  
kind,  
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,  
And he said to me roughly, 'The lad will need little more of your care.'  
'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer ;  
They are all his children here, and I pray for them all as my own :'  
But he turn'd to me 'Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone ?'  
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say,  
'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'

## III.

Had ? has it come ? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.  
O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie ?  
How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,  
But that He said 'Ye do it to me, when you do it to these' ?

## IV.

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are  
laid :  
Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid ;  
Empty you see just now ! We have lost her who loved her so much—  
Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch ;  
Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often moved me to tears,  
Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of her years—  
Nay, you remember our Emmie ; you used to send her the flowers ;  
How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours !

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are reveal'd  
 Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field ;  
 Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of the spring,  
 They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an Angel's wing ;  
 And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her  
 breast—

Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at rest,  
 Quietly sleeping—so quiet, our doctor said ' Poor little dear,  
 Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live thro' it, I fear.'

## V.

I walk'd with our kindly old Doctor as far as the head of the stair,  
 Then I return'd to the ward ; the child didn't see I was there.

## VI.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext !  
 Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next,  
 ' He says I shall never live thro' it, O Annie, what shall I do ?  
 Annie consider'd. ' If I,' said the wise little Annie, ' was you,  
 I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for, Emmie, you see,  
 It's all in the picture there: " Little children should come to me." '——  
 (Meaning the print that you gave us, I find that it always can please  
 Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)  
 ' Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, ' but then if I call to the Lord,  
 How should he know that it's me ? such a lot of beds in the ward !'  
 That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she consider'd and said:  
 ' Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the bed—  
 The Lord has so *much* to see to ! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain,  
 It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.'

## VII.

I had sat three nights by the child—I could not watch her for four—  
 My brain had begun to reel—I felt I could do it no more.  
 That was my sleeping-night, but I thought that it never would pass,  
 There was a thunder-clap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,  
 And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,  
 The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness without ;  
 My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife  
 And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life ;  
 Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled,  
 And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

## VIII.

He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed her asleep again—  
 Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane ;  
 Say that His day is done ! Ah why should we care what they say ?  
 The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE  
PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that,  
which lived  
True life, live on—and if the fatal  
kiss,  
Born of true life and love, divorce thee  
not  
From earthly love and life—if what we  
call  
The spirit flash not all at once from  
out  
This shadow into Substance—then per-  
haps  
The mellow'd murmur of the people's  
praise  
From thine own State, and all our  
breadth of realm,  
Where Love and Longing dress thy  
deeds in light,  
Ascends to thee; and this March morn  
that sees  
Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-  
bloom  
Break thro' the yews and cypress of  
thy grave,  
And thine Imperial mother smile  
again,  
May send one ray to thee! and who  
can tell—  
Thou—England's England-loving  
daughter—  
Dying so English thou wouldst have  
her flag  
Borne on thy coffin—where is he can  
swear  
But that some broken gleam from our  
poor earth  
May touch thee, while remembering  
thee, I lay  
At thy pale feet this ballad of the  
deeds  
Of England, and her banner in the  
East?

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD  
COBHAM.

(IN WALES.)

My friend should meet me somewhere  
hereabout  
To take me to that hiding in the hills.

I have broke their cage, no gilded  
one, I trow—  
I read no more the prisoner's mute  
    wail  
Scribbled or carved upon the pitiless  
stone;                     [or none,  
I find hard rocks, hard life, hard cheer,  
For I am emptier than a friar's brains;  
But God is with me in this wilder-  
    ness,  
These wet black passes and foam-  
churning chasms,—  
And God's free air, and hope of better  
things.

I would I knew their speech ; not  
now to glean  
Not now—I hope to do it—some scat-  
ter'd ears,  
Some ears for Christ in this wild field  
of Wales—  
But, bread, merely for bread. This  
tongue that wagg'd  
They said with such heretical arro-  
gance  
Against the proud archbishop Arun-  
del—  
So much God's cause was fluent in it—  
is here  
But as a Latin Bible to the crowd :  
' Bara ! '—what use ? The Shepherd,  
when I speak,  
Veiling a sullen eyelid with his hard  
' Dim Saesneg ' passes, wroth at things  
of old—  
No fault of mine. Had he God's word  
in Welsh  
He might be kindlier : happily come  
the day !

Not least art thou, thou little Bethle-  
hem



In Judah, for in thee the Lord was  
born ;  
Nor thou in Britain, little Lutterworth,  
Least, in thee the word was born  
again.

Heaven-sweet Evangel, ever-living  
word,  
Who whilom spakest to the South in  
Greek

About the soft Mediterranean shores,  
And then in Latin to the Latin crowd,  
As good need was—thou hast come to  
talk our isle.

Hereafter thou, fulfilling Pentecost,  
Must learn to use the tongues of all  
the world.

Yet art thou thine own witness that  
thou bringest

Not peace, a sword, a fire.

What did he say,

My frighted Wiclif-preacher whom I  
crost

In flying hither ? that one night a crowd  
Throng'd the waste field about the city  
gates : [host.

The king was on them suddenly with a  
Why there ? they came to hear their  
preacher. Then

Some cried on Cobham, on the good  
Lord Cobham ;

Ay, for they love me ! but the king—  
nor voice

Nor finger raised against him—took  
and hang'd,

Took, hang'd and burnt—how many—  
thirty-nine—

Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor friends,  
as rebels [Priest

And burn'd alive as heretics ! for your  
Labels—to take the king along with  
him— [traitors

All heresy, treason : but to call men  
May make men traitors.

Rose of Lancaster,

Red in thy birth, redder with house-  
hold war,

Now reddest with the blood of holy  
men,

Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—  
If somewhere in the North, as Rumor  
sang

Fluttering the hawks of this crown-lust-  
ing line—

By firth and loch thy silver sister grow,\*  
That were my rose, there my allegiance  
due

Self-starved, they say—nay, murder'd :  
doubtless dead.

So to this king I cleaved : my friend  
was he.

Once my fast friend : I would have  
given my life

To help his own from scathe, a thou-  
sand lives

To save his soul. He might have come  
to learn

Our Wiclif's learning : but the worldly  
Priests

Who fear the king's hard common-  
sense should find

What rotten piles uphold their mason-  
work,

Urge him to foreign war. O had he  
will'd [him.

I might have stricken a lusty stroke for  
But he would not ; far liefer led my  
friend

Back to the pure and universal church,  
But he would not : whether that heir-  
less flaw

In his throne's title make him feel so  
frail, [mind,

He leans on Antichrist ; or that his  
So quick, so capable in soldiership,

In matter of the faith, alas the while !  
More worth than all the kingdoms of

this world,

Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest  
Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my

dear friend ! [ley !

Burnt too, my faithful preacher, Bever-  
Lord give thou power to thy two wit-  
nesses !

\* Richard II.

Lest the false faith make merry over them !

Two—nay but thirty-nine have risen and stand,

Dark with the smoke of human sacrifice,

Before thy light, and cry continually—  
Cry—against whom ?

Him, who should bear the sword  
Of Justice—what ! the kindly, kindly boy ;

Who took the world so easily heretofore,

My boon companion, tavern-fellow—him

Who gibed and japed—in many a merry tale

That shook our sides—at Pardoners, Summoners,

Friars, absolution-sellers, monkeries  
And nunneries, when the wild hour and the wine

Had set the wits aflame.

Harry of Monmouth,  
Or Amurath of the East ?

Better to sink  
Thy fleurs-de-lys in slime again, and fling

Thy royalty back into the riotous fits  
Of wine and harlotry—thy shame, and mine,

Thy comrade—than to persecute the Lord, [Paul.

And play the Saul that never will be

Burnt, burnt ! and while this mitred Arundel

Dooms our unlicensed preacher to the flame, [clerks

The mitre-sanction'd harlot draws his  
Into the suburb—their hard celibacy,

Sworn to be veriest ice of pureness, molten

Into adulterous living, or such crimes  
As holy Paul—a shame to speak of them—

Among the heathen—

Sanctuary granted  
To bandit, thief, assassin—yea to him

Who hacks his mother's throat—denied to him,

Who finds the Saviour in his mother tongue.

The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, flung down to swine—

The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who will come,

God willing, to outlearn the filthy friar.  
Ah rather, Lord, than that thy Gospel, meant

To course and range thro' all the world, should be

Tether'd to these dead pillars of the Church—

Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,  
Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart,

and life [long,  
Pass in the fire of Babylon ! but how

O Lord, how long !

My friend should meet me here.  
Here is the copse, the fountain and—a Cross !

To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor knees. [God,

Rather to thee, green boscage, work of Black holly, and white-flower'd way-faring-tree !

Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn  
By this good Wiclif mountain down from heaven,

And speaking clearly in thy native tongue— [drink !

No Latin—He that thirsteth, come and

Eh ! how I anger'd Arundel asking me

To worship Holy Cross ! I spread mine arms,

God's work, I said, a cross of flesh and blood

And holier. That was heresy. (My good friend

By this time should be with me.) 'Images ?'

'Bury them as God's truer images  
Are daily buried.' 'Heresy.—Per-

ance ?' 'Fast,

Hairshirt and scourge—nay, let a man  
repent,  
Do penance in his heart, God hears  
him.’ ‘Heresy—  
Not shaven, not saved?’ ‘What profits  
its an ill Priest  
Between me and my God? I would  
not spurn  
Good counsel of good friends, but  
shrive myself,  
No, not to an Apostle.’ ‘Heresy.’  
(My friend is long in coming.) ‘Pil-  
grimages?’  
‘Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil’s-  
dances, vice. [friar.  
The poor man’s money gone to fat the  
Who reads of begging saints in Scrip-  
ture?’—‘Heresy’—  
(Hath he been here—not found me—  
gone again?  
Have I mislearnt our place of meet-  
ing?) ‘Bread—  
Bread left after the blessing?’ how  
they stared,  
That was their main test-question—  
glared at me!  
‘He veil’d Himself in flesh, and now  
He veils [gether.’  
His flesh in bread, body and bread to-  
Then rose the howl of all the cassock’d  
wolves,  
‘No bread, no bread. God’s body!’  
Archbishop, Bishop,  
Priors, Canons, Friars, bell-ringers,  
Parish-clerks—  
‘No bread, no bread!’—‘Authority  
of the Church,  
Power of the keys!’—Then I, God  
help me, I  
So mock’d, so spurn’d, so baited two  
whole days—  
I lost myself and fell from evenness,  
And rail’d at all the Popes, that ever  
since  
Sylvester shed the venom of world-  
wealth [selves  
Into the church, had only prov’n them-  
Poisoners, murderers. Well—God  
pardon all—

Me, them, and all the world—yea, that  
proud Priest,  
That mock-meek mouth of utter Anti-  
christ,  
That traitor to King Richard and the  
truth,  
Who rose and doom’d me to the fire.

Amen!

Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord of  
life

Be by me in my death.

Those three! the fourth  
Was like the son of God. Not burnt  
were they. [past

On *them* the smell of burning had not  
That was a miracle to convert the king.  
These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Arun-  
del

What miracle could turn? *He* here  
again,

*He* thwarting their traditions of Him-  
self,

*He* would be found a heretic to Him-  
self,

And doom’d to burn alive.

So, caught, I burn.  
Burn? heathen men have borne as  
much as this

For freedom, or the sake of those they  
loved,

Or some less cause, some cause far less  
than mine;

For every other cause is less than  
mine.

The moth will singe her wings, and  
singed return,

Her love of light quenching her fear of  
pain—

How now, my soul, we do not heed the  
fire?

Faint-hearted? tut!—faint-stomach’d,  
faint as I am,

God willing, I will burn for Him.

Who comes?

A thousand marks are set upon my  
head. [then

Friend?—foe perhaps—a tussle for it



Nay, but my friend. Thou art so well disguised,  
 I knew thee not. Hast thou brought bread with thee?  
 I have not broken bread for fifty hours.  
 None? I am damn'd already by the Priest  
 For holding there was bread where bread was none—  
 No bread. My friends await me yonder? Yes.  
 Lead on then. Up the mountain? Is it far?  
 Not far. Climb first and reach me down thy hand.  
 I am not like to die for lack of bread,  
 For I must live to testify by fire.\*

## COLUMBUS.

CHAINS, my good lord: in your raised brows I read  
 Some wonder at our chamber ornaments. [gold.  
 We brought this iron from our isles of

Does the king know you deign to visit him  
 Whom once he rose from off his throne to greet  
 Before his people, like his brother king?  
 I saw your face that morning in the crowd.

At Barcelona—tho' you were not then so bearded. Yes. The city deck'd herself  
 To meet me, roar'd my name; the king, the queen  
 Bade me be seated, speak, and tell them all [spoke  
 The story of my voyage, and while I  
 The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace, be still!'

And when I ceased to speak, the king, the queen,  
 Sank from their thrones, and melted into tears,  
 And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice  
 In praise to God who led me thro' the waste.  
 And then the great 'Laudamus' rose to heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean, chains [earth,  
 For him who gave a new heaven, a new As holy John had prophesied of me,  
 Gave glory and more empire to the kings  
 Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him [sun,  
 Who push'd his prows into the setting And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth,  
 And came upon the Mountain of the World,  
 And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we,  
 We and our sons forever. Ferdinand Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic queen—  
 Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals we—  
 Our title, which we never mean to yield,  
 Our guerdon not alone for what we did, But our amends for all we might have done—  
 The vast occasion of our stronger life— Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your Spain,  
 Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe [earth  
 Will suck in with his milk hereafter— A sphere.

Were you at Salamanca? No.  
 We fronted there the learning of all Spain,

\* He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417.

All their cosmogonies, their astronomies:

Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the golden guess [truth.

Is morning-star to the full round of No guess-work! I was certain of my goal;

Some thought it heresy; that would not hold. [a tent

King David call'd the heavens a hide, Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat:

Some cited old Lactantius: could it be That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men

Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and besides,

The great Augustine wrote that none could breathe

Within the zone of heat; so might there be

Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean [back

Against God's word: thus was I beaten And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,

And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal

Once more to France or England; but our Queen

Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses

Were half-assured this earth might be a sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity,  
All glory to the mother of our Lord,  
And Holy Church, from whom I never swerved

Not even by onë hair's-breadth of heresy,

I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Not yet—not all—last night a dream—I sail'd

On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights

Of my first crew, their curses and their groans.

The great flame-banner borne by Ten-eriffe,

The compass, like an old friend false at last

In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind

Still westward, and the weedy seas—at length

The landbird, and the branch with berries on it,

The carven staff—and last the light, the light [name;

On Guanahani! but I changed the San Salvador I call'd it; and the light Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad sky

Of dawning over—not those alien palms, [not

The marvel of that fair new nature—That Indian isle, but our most ancient East

Moriah with Jerusalem; and I saw The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat

Thro' all the homely town from jasper, sapphire,

Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase, Jacinth, and amethyst—and those twelve gates,

Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death—I shall die—

I am written in the Lamb's own Book of Life

To walk within the glory of the Lord Sunless and moonless, utter light—but no!

The Lord had sent this bright, strange dream to me

To mind me of the secret vow I made When Spain was waging war against the Moor—

I strove myself with Spain against the Moor.

There came two voices from the Sepulchre, [oust

Two friars crying that if Spain should The Moslem from her limit, he, the fierce

fierce

Soldan of Egypt, would break down  
and raze  
The blessed tomb of Christ ; whereon  
I vow'd  
That, if our Princes harken'd to my  
prayer,  
Whatever wealth I brought from that  
new world [lead  
Should, in this old, be consecrate to  
A new crusade against the Saracen,  
And free the Holy Sepulchre from  
thrall.

Gold? I had brought your Princes  
gold enough  
If left alone ! Being but a Genovese,  
I am handled worse than had I been a  
Moor,  
And breach'd the belting wall of Cam-  
balu,  
And given the Great Khan's palaces to  
the Moor,  
Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester  
John,  
And cast it to the Moor : but *had* I  
brought [all  
From Solomon's now-recovered Ophir  
The gold that Solomon's navies carried  
home,  
Would that have gilded *me* ? Blue  
blood of Spain,  
Tho' quartering your own royal arms  
of Spain,  
I have not : blue blood and black blood  
of Spain,  
The noble and the convict of Castile,  
Howl'd me from Hispaniola ; for you  
know  
The flies at home, that ever swarm  
about  
And cloud the highest heads, and mur-  
mur down  
Truth in the distance—these out-buzz'd  
me so  
That even our prudent king, our right-  
eous queen—  
I pray'd them being so calumniated  
They would commission one of weight  
and worth

To judge between my slander'd self  
and me—  
Fonseca my main enemy at their court,  
They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla,  
one  
As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—  
Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—  
who sack'd  
My dwelling, seized upon my papers,  
loosed  
My captives, fed the rebels of the  
crown,  
Sold the crown-farms for all but noth-  
ing, gave  
All but free leave for all to work the  
mines,  
Drove me and my good brothers home  
in chains,  
And gathering ruthless gold—a single  
piece [—so  
Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castillanos  
They tell me—weigh'd him down into  
the abyss—  
The hurricane of the latitude on him  
fell,  
The seas of our discovering over-roll  
Him and his gold ; the frailer caravel,  
With what was mine, came happily to  
the shore.  
*There was a glimmering of God's  
hand.*

And God  
Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O  
my lord,  
I swear to you I heard his voice be-  
tween  
The thunders in the black Veragua  
nights,  
'O soul of little faith, slow to believe !  
Have I not been about thee from thy  
birth ? [sea ?  
Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-  
Set thee in light till time shall be no  
more ?  
Is't it I who have deceived thee or the  
world ?  
Endure ! thou hast done so well for  
men, that men



Cry out against thee; was it otherwise  
With mine own Son?'

And more than once in days  
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when  
drowning hope  
Sank all but out of sight, I heard his  
voice, [hand,  
'Be not cast down. I lead thee by the  
Fear not.' And I shall hear his voice  
again—

I know that he has led me all my life,  
I am not yet too old to work his will—  
His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord,  
I lying here bedridden and alone,  
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and  
king,  
The first discoverer starves—his fol-  
lowers, all  
Flower into fortune—our world's way  
—and I,  
Without a roof that I can call mine own,  
With scarce a coin to buy a meal  
withal,  
And seeing what a door for scoundrel  
scum [lust,  
I open'd to the West, thro' which the  
Villany, violence, avarice, of your  
Spain  
Pour'd in on all those happy naked  
isles—  
Their kindly native princes slain or  
slaved,  
Their wives and children Spanish con-  
cubines,  
Their innocent hospitalities quench'd  
in blood,  
Some dead of hunger, some beneath  
the scourge,  
Some over-labor'd, some by their own  
hands,—  
Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature,  
kill  
Their babies at the breast for hate of  
Spain—  
Ah, God, the harmless people whom  
we found

In Hispaniola's island-Paradise!  
Who took us for the very Gods from  
Heaven,  
And we have sent them very fiends  
from Hell;  
And I myself, myself not blameless, I  
Could sometimes wish I had never led  
the way.

Only the ghost of our great Cath-  
olic Queen [forted!  
Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou com-  
This creedless people will be brought  
to Christ  
And own the holy governance of  
Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who  
bore the Cross  
Thither, were excommunicated there,  
For curbing crimes that scandalized  
the Cross,  
By him, the Catalonian Minorite,  
Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who be-  
lieve [Spain  
These hard memorials of our truth to  
Clung closer to us for a longer term  
Than any friend of ours at Court? and  
yet  
Pardon—too harsh, unjust. I am rack'd  
with pains.

You see that I have hung them by  
my bed,  
And I will have them buried in my  
grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are  
God's [chance  
Own voice to justify the dead—per-  
Spain once the most chivalric race on  
earth,  
Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest  
realm on earth,  
So made by me, may seek to unbury me,  
To lay me in some shrine of this old  
Spain,  
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to  
Spain.

Then some one standing by my grave  
 will say,  
 'Behold the bones of Christopher Col-  
 lon'—  
 'Ay, but the chains, what do *they* mean  
 —the chains?'—  
 I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain.  
 Who then will have to answer, 'These  
 same chains  
 Bound these same bones back thro' the  
 Atlantic sea,  
 Which he unchain'd for all the world to  
 come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the  
 souls in Hell  
 And purgatory, I suffer all as much  
 As they do—for the moment. Stay,  
 my son  
 Is here anon : my son will speak for  
 me  
 Ablier than I can in these spasms that  
 grind  
 Bone against bone. You will not.  
 One last word.

You move about the Court, I pray  
 you tell  
 King Ferdinand who plays with me,  
 that one,  
 Whose life has been no play with him  
 and his  
 H/ Valgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers,  
 fights,

Mutinies, treacheries—wink'd at, and  
 condoned—  
 That I am loyal to him till the death,  
 And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic  
 Queen,  
 Who fain had pledged her jewels on  
 my first voyage,  
 Whose hope was mine to spread the  
 Catholic faith,  
 Who wept with me when I return'd in  
 chains,  
 Who sits beside the blessed Virgin  
 now,  
 To whom I send my prayer by night  
 and day—  
 She is gone—but you will tell the King,  
 that I,  
 Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd  
 with pains  
 Gain'd in the service of His Highness,  
 yet  
 Am ready to sail forth on one last voy-  
 age,  
 And readier, if the King would hear, to  
 lead  
 One last crusade against the Saracen,  
 And save the Holy Sepulchre from  
 thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted : you  
 have dared  
 Somewhat perhaps in coming? my  
 poor thanks!  
 I am but an alien and a Genovese.

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 THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

(Founded on an Irish Legend. A.D. 700.)

I.

I WAS the chief of the race—he had stricken my father dead—  
 But I gather'd my fellows together, I swore I would strike off his head.  
 Each of them look'd like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth,  
 And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.  
 Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song,  
 And each of them liefer had died than have done one another a wrong.  
 He lived on an isle in the ocean—we sail'd on a Friday morn—  
 He that had slain my father the day before I was born.

## II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he.  
But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea.

## III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touch'd at before,  
Where a silent ocean always broke on a silent shore, [falls  
And the brooks glitter'd on in the light without sound, and the long water-  
Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,  
And the poplar and cypress unshaken by storm flourish'd up beyond sight,  
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to an unbelievable height,  
And high in the heaven above there flicker'd a songless lark,  
And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog  
couldn't bark.

And round it we went, and thro' it, but never a murmur, a breath—  
It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death,  
And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we strove to speak  
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flitter-mouse shriek;  
And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a battle-cry  
That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die—  
O they to be dumb'd by the charm !—so fluster'd with anger were they  
They almost fell on each other ; but after we sail'd away.

## IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a score of wild birds  
Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words ;  
Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices peal'd  
The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field,  
And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of the cattle went lame,  
And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame ;  
And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,  
Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and slew ;  
But I drew them the one from the other ; I saw that we could not stay,  
And we left the dead to the birds and we sail'd with our wounded away.

## V.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers : their breath met us out on the seas,  
For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze ;  
And the red passion-flower to the cliffs, and the dark blue clematis, clung,  
And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung ;  
And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,  
And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below  
Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the blush  
Of millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from the bush ;  
And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a tree  
Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea ;  
And we roll'd upon capes of crocus and vaunted our kith and our kin,  
And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and chanted the triumph of Finn,



Till each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to feet,  
 And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.  
 Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit !  
 And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute,  
 And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight and bay,  
 And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sail'd away.

## VI.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits : all round from the cliffs and the capes,  
 Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,  
 And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,  
 And the fig ran up from the beech and rioted over the land,  
 And the mountain arose like a jewell'd throne thro' the fragrant air,  
 Glowing with all-color'd plums and with golden masses of pear,  
 And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and vine,  
 But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine ;  
 And the peak of the mountain was apples, the hugest that ever were seen,  
 And they prest, as they grew, on each other, with hardly a leaflet between,  
 And all of them redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame,  
 And setting, when Even descended, the very sunset aflame ; [drew  
 And we stay'd three days, and we gorged and we madden'd, till every one  
 His sword on his fellow to slay him, and ever they struck and they slew ;  
 And myself, I had eaten but sparingly, and fought till I sunder'd the fray,  
 Then I bade them remember my father's death, and we sail'd away.

## VII.

And we came to the Isle of Fire : we were lured by the light from afar,  
 For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern Star ;  
 Lured by the glare and the blare, but scarcely could stand upright,  
 For the whole isle shudder'd and shook like a man in a mortal affright ;  
 We were giddy besides with the fruits we had gorged, and so crazed that  
 at last

There were some leap'd into the fire ; and away we sail'd, and we past  
 Over that undersea isle, where the water is clearer than air :  
 Down we look'd : what a garden ! O bliss, what a Paradise there !  
 Towers of a happier time, low down in a rainbow deep  
 Silent palaces, quiet fields of eternal sleep !  
 And three of the gentlest and best of my people, whate'er I could say,  
 Plunged head down in the sea, and the Paradise trembled away.

## VIII.

And we came to the Bounteous Isle, where the heavens lean low on the  
 land,  
 And ever at dawn from the cloud glitter'd o'er us a sunbright hand,  
 Then it open'd and dropt at the side of each man, as he rose from his rest  
 Bread enough for his need till the laborless day dipt under the West ;  
 And we wander'd about it and thro' it. O never was time so good !  
 And we sang of the triumphs of Finn, and the boast of our ancient blood,

And we gazed at the wandering wave as we sat by the gurgle of springs,  
 And we chanted the songs of the Bards and the glories of fairy kings ;  
 But at length we began to be weary, to sigh, and to stretch and yawn,  
 Till we hated the Bounteous Isle and the sunbright hand of the dawn,  
 For there was not an enemy near, but the whole green isle was our own,  
 And we took to playing at ball, and we took to throwing the stone,  
 And we took to playing at battle, but that was a perilous play,  
 For the passion of battle was in us, we slew and we sail'd away.

## IX.

And we came to the Isle of Witches and heard their musical cry—  
 'Come to us, O come, come' in the stormy red of a sky  
 Dashing the fires and the shadows of dawn on the beautiful shapes,  
 For a wild witch naked as heaven stood on each of the loftiest capes,  
 And a hundred ranged on the rock like white sea-birds in a row,  
 And a hundred gamboll'd and pranced on the wrecks in the sand below,  
 And a hundred splash'd from the ledges, and bosom'd the burst of the  
 spray,  
 But I knew we should fall on each other, and hastily sail'd away.

## X.

And we came in an evil time to the Isle of the Double Towers :  
 One was of smooth-cut stone, one carved all over with flowers :  
 But an earthquake always moved in the hollows under the dells,  
 And they shock'd on each other and butted each other with clashing of  
 bells,  
 And the daws flew out of the Towers and jangled and wrangled in vain,  
 And the clash and boom of the bells ran into the heart and the brain,  
 Till the passion of battle was on us, and all took sides with the Towers,  
 There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more for the carven  
 flowers,  
 And the wrathful thunder of God peal'd over us all the day,  
 For the one half slew the other, and after we sail'd away.

## XI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sail'd with St. Brendan of yore,  
 He had lived ever since on the isle and his winters were fifteen-score,  
 And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eyes were sweet,  
 And his white hair sank to his heels and his white beard fell to his feet,  
 And he spake to me, 'O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine !  
 Remember the words of the Lord when he told us "Vengeance is mine !"  
 His fathers have slain thy fathers in war or in single strife,  
 Thy fathers have slain his fathers, each taken a life for a life,  
 Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last ?  
 Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past.'  
 And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard, and we pray'd as we heard him pray,  
 And the Holy man he assoil'd us, and sadly we sail'd away.

## XII.

And we came to the Isle we were blown from, and there on the shore was  
he,

The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.  
O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife and the sin,  
When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

## DE PROFUNDIS.

## THE TWO GREETINGS.

## I

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the  
deep,  
Where all that was to be, in all that  
was,  
Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the  
vast  
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddy-  
ing light—  
Out of the deep, my child, out of the  
deep,  
Thro' all this changing world of change-  
less law,  
And every phase of ever-heightening  
life,  
And nine long months of ante-natal  
gloom,  
With this last moon, this crescent—her  
dark orb  
Touch'd with earth's light—thou  
comest, darling boy;  
Our own; a babe in lineament and  
limb  
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect  
man;  
Whose face and form are hers and  
mine in one,  
Indissolubly married like our love;  
Live, and be happy in thyself, and  
serve  
This mortal race thy kin so well, that  
men  
May bless thee as we bless thee, O  
young life  
Breaking with laughter from the dark;  
and may

The fated channel where thy motion  
lives  
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy  
course  
Along the years of haste and random  
youth  
Unshatter'd; then full-current thro'  
full man;  
And last in kindly curves, with gentlest  
fall,  
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,  
To that last deep where we and thou  
are still.

## II

## I.

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the  
deep,  
From that great deep, before our world  
begins,  
Whereon the Spirit of God moves as  
he will—  
Out of the deep, my child, out of the  
deep,  
From that true world within the world  
we see,  
Whereof our world is but the bounding  
shore—  
Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,  
With this ninth moon, that sends the  
hidden sun  
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, dar-  
ling boy.

## II.

For in the world, which is not ours  
they said  
'Let us make man' and that which  
should be man,



From that one light no man can look  
 upon,  
 Drew to this shore lit by the suns and  
 moons  
 And all the shadows, O dear Spirit  
 half-lost [sign  
 In thine own shadow and this fleshly  
 That thou art thou—who wailest being  
 born pain  
 And banish'd into mystery, and the  
 Of this divisible-indivisible world,  
 Among the numerable-innumerable  
 Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite  
 space  
 In finite-infinite Time—our mortal veil  
 And shatter'd phantom of that infinite  
 One,  
 Who made thee unconceivably Thyself  
 Out of His whole World-self and all in  
 all—  
 Live thou ! and of the grain and husk,  
 the grape  
 And ivy-berry, choose ; and still depart  
 From death to death thro' life and life,  
 and find  
 Nearer and ever nearer Him, who  
 wrought  
 Not Matter, nor the finite-infinite,  
 But this main-miracle, that thou art  
 thou,  
 With power on thine own act and on  
 the world.

### THE HUMAN CRY.

#### I.

HALLOWED be Thy name—Halle-  
 luiah !—  
 Infinite Ideality !  
 Immeasurable Reality !  
 Infinite Personality !  
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah !

#### II.

We feel we are nothing—for all is Thou  
 and in Thee ;  
 We feel we are something—that also  
 has come from Thee ;

We know we are nothing—but Thou  
 wilt help us to be.  
 Hallowed be Thy name—Halleluiah !

### PREFATORY SONNET

TO THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY.'

THOSE that of late had fled far and  
 fast  
 To touch all shores, now leaving to the  
 skill  
 Of others their old craft seaworthy  
 still,  
 Have charter'd this ; where, mindful of  
 the past,  
 Our true co-mates regather round the  
 mast ;  
 Of diverse tongue, but with a common  
 will  
 Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil  
 And crocus, to put forth and brave the  
 blast ;  
 For some, descending from the sacred  
 peak  
 Of hoar high-templed Faith, have  
 leagued again  
 Their lot with ours to rove the world  
 about ;  
 And some are wilder comrades, sworn  
 to seek  
 If any golden harbor be for men  
 In seas of Death and sunless gulfs of  
 Doubt.

### TO THE REV. W. H. BROOK- FIELD.

BROOKS, for they call'd you so that  
 knew you best,  
 Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth  
 my rhymes,  
 How oft we two have heard St. Mary's  
 chimes !  
 How oft the Cantab supper, host and  
 guest,

Would echo helpless laughter to your  
jest !

How oft with him we paced that walk  
of limes,

Him, the lost light of those dawn-  
golden times,

Who loved you well ! Now both are  
gone to rest.

Yon man of humorous melancholy  
mark,

Dead of some inward agony—is it so ?  
Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, past  
away !

I cannot laud this life, it looks so  
dark :

Εκίās ὕπαρ—dream of a shadow, go—  
God bless you. I shall join you in a  
day.

#### MONTENEGRO.

THEY rose to where their sovran eagle  
sails,

They kept their faith, their freedom, on  
the height,

Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day  
and night

Against the Turk ; whose inroad no-  
where scales

Their headlong passes, but his footstep  
fails,

And red with blood the Crescent reels  
from fight

Before their dauntless hundreds, in  
prone flight

By thousands down the crags and thro'  
the vales.

¶ smallest among peoples ! rough  
rock-throne

Of Freedom ! warriors beating back  
the swarm

Of Turkish Islam for five hundred  
years,

Great Tsernogora ! never since thine  
own

Black ridges drew the cloud and brake  
the storm

Has breathed a race of mightier moun-  
taineers.

#### TO VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romance,  
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and  
fears,

French of the French, and Lord of  
human tears ;

Child-lover ; Bard whose fame-lit lau-  
rels glance

Darkening the wreaths of all that would  
advance,

Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy  
peers ;

Weird Titan by thy winter weight of  
years

As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of  
France !

Who does not love our England—so  
they say ;

I know not—England, France, all man  
to be

Will make one people ere man's race  
be run :

And I, desiring that diviner day,  
Yield thee full thanks for thy full cour-  
tesy

To younger England in the boy my  
son.

## BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

Constantinus, King of the Scots, after having sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading England, was defeated by Athelstan and his brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 937.

## I.

\* ATHELSTAN King,  
Lord among Earls,  
Bracelet-bestower and  
Baron of Barons,  
He with his brother,  
Edmund Atheling,  
Gaining a lifelong  
Glory in battle,  
Slew with the sword-edge  
There by Brunanburh,  
Brake the shield-wall,  
Hew'd the linden-wood,†  
Hack'd the battle-shield,  
Sons of Edward with hammer'd  
brands.

## II.

Theirs was a greatness  
Got from their Grandsires—  
Theirs that so often in  
Strife with their enemies  
Struck for their hoards and their hearths  
and their homes.

## III.

Bow'd the spoiler,  
Bent the Scotsman,  
Fell the ship-crews  
Doom'd to the death.

All the field with blood of the fight-  
ers  
Flow'd, from when first the great  
Sun-star of morning-tide,  
Lamp of the Lord God  
Lord everlasting,  
Glode over earth till the glorious  
creature  
Sunk to his setting.

## IV.

There lay many a man  
Marr'd by the javelin,  
Men of the Northland  
Shot over shield.  
There was the Scotsman  
Weary of war.

## V.

We the West-Saxons,  
Long as the daylight  
Lasted, in companies  
Troubled the track of the host that  
we hated,  
Grimly with swords that were sharp  
from the grindstone,  
Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before  
us.

\* I have more or less availed myself of my son's prose translation of this poem in the *Contemporary Review* (November 1876).

† Shields of Haden-wood.



VI.

Mighty the Mercian,  
Hard was his hand-play,  
Sparing not any of  
Those that with Anlaf,  
Warriors over the  
Weltering waters  
Borne in the bark's bosom  
Drew to this island,  
Doom'd to the death.

VII.

Five young kings put asleep by the  
sword-stroke,  
Seven strong Earls of the army of  
Anlaf  
Fell on the war-field, numberless  
numbers,  
Shipmen and Scotsmen.

VIII.

Then the Norse leader,  
Dire was his need of it,  
Few were his following,  
Fled to his war-ship :  
Fleeted his vessel to sea with the king  
in it,  
Saving his life on the fallow flood.

IX.

Also the crafty one,  
Constantinus,  
Crept to his North again  
Hoar-headed hero !

X.

Slender reason had  
*He* to be proud of  
The welcome of war-knives—  
He that was reft of his  
Folk and his friends that had  
Fallen in conflict,  
Leaving his son too  
Lost in the carnage,  
Mangled to morsels,  
A youngster in war !

XI.

Slender reason had  
*He* to be glad of  
The clash of the war-graive—  
Traitor and trickster  
And spurner of treaties—  
He nor had Anlaf  
With armies so broken  
A reason for bragging  
That they had the better  
In perils of battle  
On places of slaughter—  
The struggle of standards,  
The rush of the javelins,  
The crash of the charges,\*  
The wielding of weapons—  
The play that they play'd with  
The children of Edward.

XII.

Then with their nail'd prows  
Parted the Norsemen, a  
Blood-redden'd relic of  
Javelins over  
The jarring breaker, the deep-  
sea billow,  
Shaping their way toward Dye-  
fin † again,  
Shamed in their souls.

XIII.

Also the brethren,  
King and Atheling,  
Each in his glory,  
Went to his own in his own West-Sax-  
onland,  
Glad of the war.

XIV.

Many a carcass they left to the car-  
rion,  
Many a livid one, many a sallow-  
skin—  
Left for the white-tail'd eagle to  
tear it, and  
Left for the horny-nibb'd raven to  
rend it, and

\* Lit. 'the gathering of men.' † Dublin.

Gave to the garbaging war-hawk  
to gorge it, and  
That gray beast, the wolf of the  
weald.

## XV.

Never had huger  
Slaughter of heroes  
Slain by the sword-edge—  
Such as old writers

Have writ of in histories—  
Hapt in this isle, since  
Up from the East hither  
Saxon and Angle from  
Over the broad billow  
Broke into Britain with  
Haughty war-workers who  
Harried the Welshman, when  
Earls that were lured by the  
Hunger of glory gat  
Hold of the land.

## ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

ILIAD, xviii, 202.

So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd away.  
Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and  
round

The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas  
flung

Her fringed ægis, and around his head  
The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden  
cloud,

And from it lighted an all-shining  
flame.

As when a smoke from a city goes to  
heaven

Far off from out an island girt by foes,  
All day the men contend in grievous war  
From their own city, but with set of sun  
Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the  
glare

Flies streaming, if perchance the neigh-  
bors round

May see, and sail to help them in the  
war;

So from his head the splendor went to  
heaven.

From wall to dike he stept, he stood,  
nor join'd

The Achæans — honoring his wise  
mother's word—

There standing, shouted, and Pallas far  
away

Call'd; and a boundless panic shook  
the foe.

For like the clear voice when a trumpet  
shrills,

Blown by the fierce beleaguers of a  
town,

So rang the clear voice of Æakidês;  
And when the brazen cry of Æakidês  
Was heard among the Trojans, all their  
hearts

Were troubled, and the full-maned  
horses whirl'd

The chariots backward, knowing griefs  
at hand;

And sheer-astounded were the chariot-  
eers

To see the dread, unweariable fire  
That always o'er the great Peleion's  
head

Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess  
made it burn.

Thrice from the dike he sent his mighty  
shout,

Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans and  
allies;

And there and then twelve of their  
noblest died

Among their spears and chariots.

## DESPAIR.

## A DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE.

uttered the  
A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being  
miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but  
he is rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

## I.

Is it you, that preach'd in the chapel there looking over the sand?  
Follow'd us too, that night, and dogg'd us, and drew me to land?

## II.

What did I feel that night? You are curious. How should I tell?  
Does it matter so much what I felt? You rescued me—yet—was it well  
That you came unwish'd for, uncall'd, between me and the deep and my doom  
Three days since, three more dark days of the Godless gloom  
Of a life without sun, without health, without hope, without any delight  
In anything here upon earth? but ah God, that night, that night  
When the rolling eyes of the light-house there on the fatal neck  
Of land running out into rock—they had saved many hundreds from wreck—  
Glared on our way toward death, I remember I thought as we past  
Does it matter how many they saved? we are all of us wreck'd at last—  
“Do you fear,” and there came thro' the roar of the breaker a whisper, a  
breath—  
“Fear? am I not with you? I am frightened at life, not death.”

## III.

And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,  
Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—  
Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,  
The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our  
own—  
No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,  
A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe,

## IV.

See, we were nursed in the dark night-fold of your fatalist creed,  
And we turn'd to the growing dawn, we had hoped for a dawn indeed,  
When the light of a Sun that was coming would scatter the ghosts of the  
Past,  
And the cramping creeds than had madden'd the peoples would vanish at last,  
And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,  
For He spoke, or it seem'd that He spoke, of a Hell without help, without  
end.

## V.

Hoped for a dawn and it came, but the promise had faded away;  
We had past from a cheerless night to the glare of a drearier day;



He is only a cloud and a smoke who was once a pillar of fire,  
 The guess of a worm in the dust and the shadow of its desire—  
 Of a worm as it writhes in a world of the weak trodden down by the strong,  
 Of a dying worm in a world all massacre, murder, and wrong.

## VI.

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that lonely shore—  
 Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore !  
 Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit—  
 Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—and to die with the brute—

## VII.

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity : I know you of old—  
 Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of your fold  
 Where you bawl'd the dark side of your faith and a God of eternal rage,  
 Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

## VIII.

But pity—the Pagan held it a vice—was in her and in me,  
 Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be !  
 Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,  
 And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower ;  
 Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,  
 And pity for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

## IX.

"Lightly step over the sands ! the waters—you hear them call !  
 Life with its anguish, and horrors, and errors—away with it all !"  
 And she laid her hand in my own—she was always loyal and sweet—  
 Till the points of the foam in the dusk came playing about our feet.  
*There was a strong sea-current would sweep us out to the main.*  
 "Ah God," tho' I felt as I spoke, I was taking the name in vain—  
 "Ah God," and we turn'd to each other, we kiss'd, we embraced, she and I,  
 Knowing the Love we were used to believe everlasting would die :  
 We had read their know-nothing books, and we lean'd to the darker side—  
 Ah God, should we find Him, perhaps, perhaps, if we died, if we died ;  
 We never had found Him on earth, this earth is a fatherless Hell—  
 "Dear Love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever farewell,"  
 Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began !  
 Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man.

## X.

But the blind wave cast me ashore, and you saved me, a valueless life.  
 Not a grain of gratitude mine ! You have parted the man from the wife.  
 I am left alone on the land, she is all alone in the sea,  
 If a curse meant aught, I would curse you for not having let me be.

## XI.

Visions of youth—for my brain was drunk with the water, it seems;  
 I had past into perfect quiet at length out of pleasant dreams,  
 And the transient trouble of drowning—what was it when match'd with the  
 pains  
 Of the hellish heat of a wretched life rushing back thro' the veins?

## XII.

Why should I live? one son had forged on his father and fled,  
 And if I believed in a God, I would thank him the other is dead,  
 And there was a baby-girl, that had never look'd on the light:  
 Happiest she of us all, for she past from the night to the night.

## XIII.

But the crime, if a crime, of her eldest-born, her glory, her boast,  
 Struck hard at the tender heart of the mother, and broke it almost;  
 Tho', name and fame dying out for ever in endless time,  
 Does it matter so much whether crown'd for a virtue, or hang'd for a crime?

## XIV.

And ruin'd by *him*, by *him*, I stood there, naked, amazed  
 In a world of arrogant opulence, fear'd myself turning crazed,  
 And I would not be mock'd in a madhouse! and she, the delicate wife,  
 With a grief that could only be cured, if cured, by the surgeon's knife,—

## XV.

Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain  
 If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,  
 And the homeless planet will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,  
 Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,  
 When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will  
 have fled  
 From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead?

## XVI.

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings? O yes,  
 For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press,  
 When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon,  
 And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows to the sun and the moon,  
 Till the Sun and the Moon of our science are both of them turn'd into blood,  
 And Hope will have broken her heart, running after a shadow of good;  
 For their knowing and know-nothing books are scatter'd from hand to  
 hand—  
 We have knelt in your know-all chapel too looking over the sand.

## XVII.

What! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well?  
 Infinite wickedness rather that made everlasting Hell,

Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what he will with his own;  
Better our dead brute mother who never has heard us groan !

## XVIII.

Hell ? if the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,  
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold,  
And so there were Hell for ever ! but were there a God as you say,  
His Love would have power over Hell till it utterly vanish'd away.

## XIX.

Ah yet—I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,  
Of a God behind all—after all—the great God for aught that I know ;  
But the God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought,  
If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to naught !

## XX.

Blasphemy ! whose is the fault ? is it mine ? for why would you save  
A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his grave ?  
Blasphemy ! ay, why not, being damn'd beyond hope of grace ?  
O would I were yonder with her, and away from your faith and your face !  
Blasphemy ! true ! I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk,  
But the blasphemy to *my* mind lies all in the way that you walk.

## XXI.

Hence ! she is gone ! can I stay ? can I breathe divorced from the Past ?  
You needs must have good lynx-eyes if I do not escape you at last.  
Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a felo-de-se,  
And the stake and the cross-road, fool, if you will, does it matter to me ?

## THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE AT BALACLAVA.

OCTOBER 25TH, 1854.

[The "three hundred" of the "Heavy Brigade" who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the 2d squadron of Inniskillings ; the remainder of the "Heavy Brigade" subsequently dashing up to their support.

The "three" were Elliot, Scarlett's aid-de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter and Shogog the orderly, who had been close behind him.]

## I.

THE charge of the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade !—  
Down the hill, down the hill, thousands of Russians,  
Thousands of horsemen, drew to the valley—and stay'd ;  
For Scarlett and Scarlett's three hundred were riding by

When the points of the Russian lances  
broke in on the sky ;  
And he call'd "Left wheel into line !" and they wheel'd and obey'd.  
Then he look'd at the host that had halted he knew not why,  
And he turn'd half round, and he bade his trumpeter sound  
To the charge, and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade



To the gallant three hundred whose  
glory will never die—

“Follow,” and up the hill, up the hill,  
up the hill,

Follow’d the Heavy Brigade.

## II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge,  
and the might of the fight !—

Down the hill, slowly, thousands of  
Russians

Drew to the valley, and halted at last  
on the height,

With a wing push’d out to the left,  
and a wing to the right—

But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he  
dash’d up alone

Thro’ the great gray slope of men,  
And he wheel’d his sabre, he held his  
own

Like an Englishman there and then ;  
And the three that were nearest him

follow’d with force,  
Weged themselves between horse and  
horse,

Fought for their lives in the narrow  
gap they had made,

Four amid thousands, and up the hill,  
up the hill

Gallop’d the gallant three hundred, the  
Heavy Brigade.

## III.

Fell like a cannonshot,  
Burst like a thunderbolt,

Crash’d like a hurricane,  
Broke thro’ the mass from below,

Drove thro’ the midst of the foe,  
Plunged up and down, to and fro,

Rode flashing blow upon blow,  
Brave Inniskillens and Greys

Whirling their sabres in circles of light,  
And some of us, all in amaze,

Who were held for a while from the  
fight,

And were only standing at gaze,  
When the dark-muffled Russian crowd

Folded its wings from the left and the  
right,

And roll’d them around like a cloud,—  
O mad for the charge and the battle

were we,  
When our own good redcoats sank  
from sight,

Like drops of blood in a dark-gray sea,  
And we turn’d to each other, mutter-

ing, all dismay’d,  
Lost are the gallant three hundred, the

Heavy Brigade !

## IV.

But they rode like Victors and Lords  
Thro’ the forest of lances and swords

In the heart of the Russian hordes ;  
They rode, or they stood at bay—

Struck with the sword-hand and slew,  
Down with the bridle-hand drew

The foe from the saddle and threw  
Underfoot there in the fray—

Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock  
In the wave of a stormy day ;

Till suddenly shock upon shock  
Stagger’d the mass from without,

For our men gallopt up with a cheer  
and a shout,

And the Russian surged, and waver’d,  
and reel’d

Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out  
of the field,

Over the brow and away.

## V.

Glory to each and to all, and the  
charge that they made !

Glory to all the three hundred, the  
Heavy Brigade !

## TO THE PRINCESS FREDERICA ON HER MARRIAGE.

O you that were eyes and light to the  
King till he passed away

From the darkness of life—  
He saw not his daughter—he blessed

her : the blind King sees you  
to-day,

He blesses the wife.

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER  
ABBEY.

NOT here ! the white North has thy  
bones ; and thou,  
Heroic sailor-soul,  
Art passing on thine happier voyage  
now  
Toward no earthly pole.

## TO DANTE.

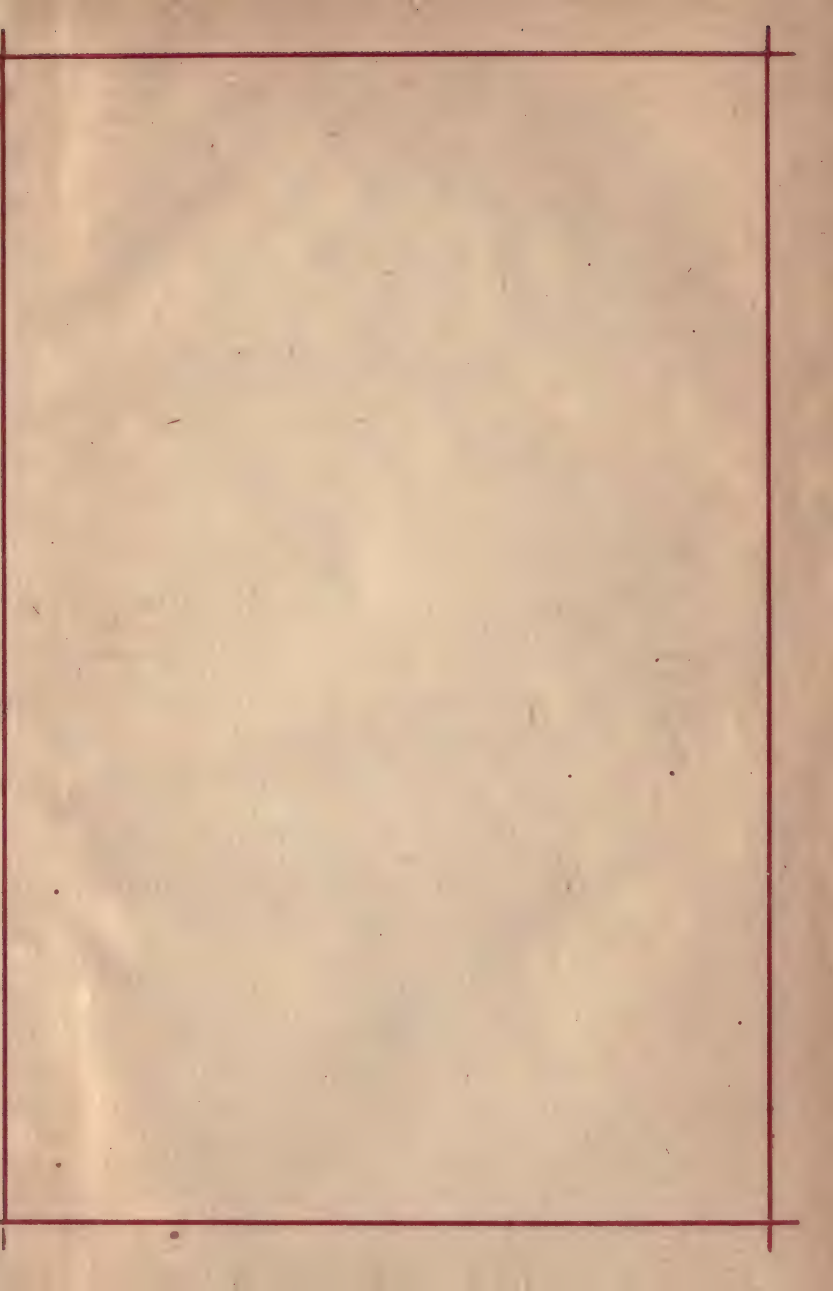
(WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF THE  
FLORENTINES.)

KING, that hast reigned six hundred  
years, and grown [own  
In power, and ever growest, since thine  
Fair Florence, honoring thy nativity,  
Thy Florence, now the crown of Italy,  
Hath sought the tribute of a verse  
from me,  
I, wearing but the garland of a day,  
Cast at thy feet one flower that fader  
away.

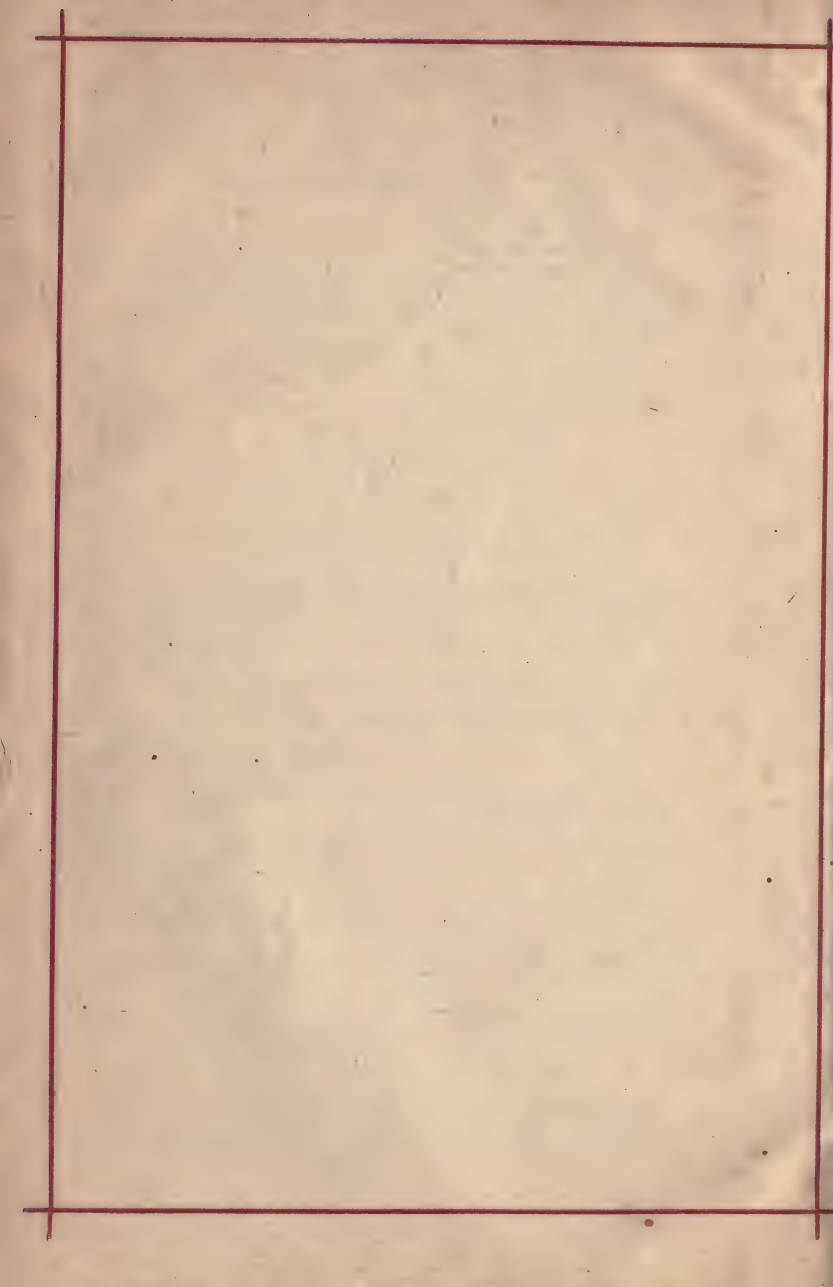
## TO VIRGIL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE MANTUANS FOR THE NINETEENTH  
CENTENARY OF VIRGIL'S DEATH.

ROMAN VIRGIL, thou that singest Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,  
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre ;  
Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he that sang the Works and  
Days,  
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phrase ;  
Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and  
herd ;  
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word ;  
Poet of the happy Tityrus, piping underneath his beechen bowers ;  
Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers ;  
Chanter of the Pollio, glorifying in the blissful years again to be,  
Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea ;  
Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind ;  
Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind ;  
Light among the vanished ages ; star that gilded yet this phantom shore :  
Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to rise no more ;  
Now thy Forum roars no longer ; fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—  
Though thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound forever of Imperial Rome—  
Now the Rome of slaves hath perished, and the Rome of freemen holds her  
place ;  
I, from out the Northern Island sundered once from all the human race,  
I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wieler of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.









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